THE SECOND PART OF THE FAERIE QVEENE.

Containing

THE FOVRTH, FIFTH, AND SIXTH BOOKES.

By Ed. Spenser.



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Containing

The Legend of CAMBEL and TELAMOND, OR OF FRIENDSHIP.

THe rugged forhead that with graue foresight
Welds kingdomes causes, & affaires of state,
My looser rimes (I wote) doth sharply wite,
For praising loue, as I haue done of late,
And magnifying louers deare debate;
By which fraile youth is oft to follie led,
Through falſe allurement of that pleasing baite,
That better were in vertues discipled,
Then with vaine poemes weeds to haue their fancies fed.

Such ones ill iudge of loue, that cannot loue,
Ne in their froſen hearts feele kindly flame:
For thy they ought not thing vnknowne reproue,
Ne naturall affection faultleſſe blame,
For fault of few that haue abusd the same.
For it of honor and all vertue is
The roote, and brings forth glorious flowres of fame,
That crowne true louers with immortall blis,
The meed of them that loue, and do not liue amiſſe.

Which who so list looke backe to former ages,
And call to count the things that then were donne,
Shall find, that all the workes of those wise sages,
And braue exploits which great Heroes wonne,
In loue were either ended or begunne:
Witnesse the father of Philosophie,
Which to his *Critias*, shaded oft from sunne,
Of loue full manie lessons did apply,
The which these Stoicke censours cannot well deny.

To such therefore I do not sing at all,
But to that sacred Saint my soueraigne Queene,
In whose chast breast all bountie naturall,
And treasures of true loue enlocked beene;
Boue all her sexe that euer yet was seene;
To her I sing of loue, that loueth best,
And best is lou'd of all aliue I weene:
To her this song most fitly is addrest,
The Queene of loue, & Prince of peace frō heauen blest.

Which that she may the better deigne to heare,
Do thou dred infant, *Venus* dearling doue,
From her high spirit chase imperious feare,
And vse of awfull Maiestie remoue:
In sted thereof with drops of melting loue,
Deawd with ambrosiall kisses, by thee gotten
From thy sweete smyling mother from aboue,
Sprinckle her heart, and haughtie courage soften,
That she may hearke to loue, and reade this lesson often.

CANT.

Cant. I.

Fayre Britomart saues Amoret,
Duessa discord breedes
Twixt Scudamour and Blandamour:
Their fight and warlike deedes.

OF louers sad calamities of old,
Full many piteous stories doe remaine,
But none more piteous euer was ytold,
Then that of *Amorets* hart-binding chaine,
And this of *Florimels* vnworthie paine:
The deare compassion of whose bitter fit
My softened heart so sorely doth constraine,
That I with teares full oft doe pittie it,
And oftentimes doe wish it neuer had bene writ.

For from the time that *Scudamour* her bought
In perilous fight, she neuer ioyed day,
A perilous fight when he with force her brought
From twentie Knights, that did him all assay:
Yet fairely well he did them all dismay:
And with great glorie both the shield of loue,
And eke the Ladie selfe he brought away,
Whom hauing wedded as did him behoue,
A new vnknowen mischiefe did from him remoue.

For that same vile Enchauntour *Busyran*,
The very selfe same day that she was wedded,
Amidst the bridale feast, whilest euery man
Surcharg'd with wine, were heedlesse and ill hedded,

All bent to mirth before the bride was bedded,
Brought in that mask of loue which late was shown:
And there the Ladie ill of friends bestedded,
By way of sport, as oft in maskes is knowen,
Conueyed quite away to liuing wight vnknowen.

Seuen moneths he so her kept in bitter smart,
Because his sinfull lust she would not serue,
Vntill such time as noble *Britomart*
Released her, that else was like to sterue,
Through cruell knife that her deare heart did kerue.
And now she is with her vpon the way,
Marching in louely wise, that could deserue
No spot of blame, though spite did oft assay
To blot her with dishonor of so faire a pray.

Yet should it be a pleasant tale, to tell
The diuerse vsage and demeanure daint,
That each to other made, as oft befell.
For *Amoret* right fearefull was and faint,
Lest sne with blame her honor should attaint,
That euerie word did tremble as she spake,
And euerie looke was coy, and wondrous quaint,
And euerie limbe that touched her did quake:
Yet could she not but curteous coũtenance to her make.

For well she wist, as true it was indeed,
That her liues Lord and patrone of her health
Right well deserued as his duefull meed,
Her loue, her seruice, and her vtmost wealth.
All is his iustly, that all freely dealth:
Nathlesse her honor dearer then her life,
She sought to saue, as thing reseru'd from stealth;
Die had she leuer with Enchanters knife,
Then to be false in loue, profest a virgine wife.

Thereto

Thereto her feare was made so much the greater
Through fine abusion of that Briton mayd:
Who for to hide her fained sex the better,
And maske her wounded mind, both did and sayd
Full many things so doubtfull to be wayd,
That well she wist not what by them to gesse,
For other whiles to her she purpos made
Of loue, and otherwhiles of lustfulnesse,
That much she feard his mind would grow to some ex-
(cesse
His will she feard; for him she surely thought
To be a man, such as indeed he seemed,
And much the more, by that he lately wrought,
When her from deadly thraldome he redeemed,
For which no seruice she too much esteemed;
Yet dread of shame, and doubt of fowle dishonor
Made her not yeeld so much, as due she deemed.
Yet *Britomart* attended duly on her,
As well became a knight, and did to her all honor.

It so befell one euening, that they came
Vnto a Castell, lodged there to bee,
Where many a knight, and many a louely Dame
Was then assembled, deeds of armes to see:
Amongst all which was none more faire then shee,
That many of them mou'd to eye her sore.
The custome of that place was such, that hee
Which had no loue nor lemman there in store,
Should either winne him one, or lye without the dore.

Amongst the rest there was a iolly knight,
Who being asked for his loue, auow'd
That faireſt *Amoret* was his by right,
And offred that to iustifie alowd.

The warlike virgine seeing his so prowd
And boastfull chalenge, wexed inlie wroth,
But for the present did her anger shrowd;
And sayd, her loue to lose she was full loth,
But either he should neither of them haue, or both.

So foorth they went, and both together giusted;
But that same younker soone was ouerthrowne,
And made repent, that he had rashly lusted
For thing vnlawfull, that was not his owne:
Yet since he seemed valiant, though vnknowne,
She that no lesse was courteous then stout,
Cast how to salue, that both the custome showne
Were kept, and yet that Knight not locked out,
That seem'd full hard t'accord two things so far in dout.

The Seneschall was cal'd to deeme the right,
Whom she requir'd, that first fayre *Amoret*
Might be to her allow'd, as to a Knight,
That did her win and free from chalenge set:
Which straight to her was yeelded without let.
Then since that strange Knights loue from him was quitted,
She claim'd that to her selfe, as Ladies det,
He as a Knight might iustly be admitted;
So none should be out shut, sith all of loues were fitted.

With that her glistring helmet she vnlaced;
Which doft, her golden lockes, that were vp bound
Still in a knot, vnto her heeles downe traced,
And like a silken veile in compasse round
About her backe and all her bodie wound:
Like as the shining skie in summers night,
What time the dayes with scorching heat abound,
Is creasted all with lines of firie light,
That it prodigious seemes in common peoples sight.

Such

Such when thoſe Knights and Ladies all about
Beheld her, all were with amazement ſmit,
And euery one gan grow in ſecret dout
Of this and that, according to each wit:
Some thought that ſome enchantment faygned it;
Some, that *Bellona* in that warlike wiſe
To them appear'd, with ſhield and armour fit;
Some, that it was a maske of ſtrange diſguiſe:
So diuerſely each one did ſundrie doubts deuiſe.

But that young Knight, which through her gentle deed
Was to that goodly fellowſhip reſtor'd,
Ten thouſand thankes did yeeld her for her meed,
And doubly ouercommen, her ador'd:
So did they all their former ſtrife accord;
And eke fayre *Amoret* now freed from feare,
More franke affection did to her afford,
And to her bed, which ſhe was wont forbeare,
Now freely drew, and found right ſafe aſſurance theare.

Where all that night they of their loues did treat,
And hard aduentures twixt themſelues alone,
That each the other gan with paſſion great,
And griefull pittie priuately bemone.
The morow next ſo ſoone as *Titan* ſhone,
They both vproſe, and to their waies them dight:
Long wandred they, yet neuer met with none,
That to their willes could them direct aright,
Or to them tydings tell, that mote their harts delight.

So thus they rode, till at the laſt they ſpide
Two armed Knights, that toward them did pace,
And ech of them had ryding by his ſide
A Ladie, ſeeming in ſo farre a ſpace,

But Ladies none they were, albee in face
And outward shew faire semblance they did beare;
For vnder maske of beautie and good grace,
Vile treason and fowle falshood hidden were,
That mote to none but to the warie wise appeare.

The one of them the false *Duessa* hight,
That now had chang'd her former wonted hew:
For she could d'on so manie shapes in sight,
As euer could Cameleon colours new;
So could she forge all colours, saue the trew.
The other no whit better was then shee,
But that such as she was, she plaine did shew;
Yet otherwise much worse, if worse might bee,
And dayly more offensiue vnto each degree.

Her name was *Ate*, mother of debate,
And all dissention, which doth dayly grow
Amongst fraile men, that many a publike state
And many a priuate oft doth ouerthrow.
Her false *Duessa* who full well did know,
To be most fit to trouble noble knights,
Which hunt for honor, raised from below,
Out of the dwellings of the damned sprights,
Where she in darknes wastes her cursed daies & nights.

Hard by the gates of hell her dwelling is,
There whereas all the plagues and harmes abound,
Which punish wicked men, that walke amisse,
It is a darksome delue farre vnder ground,
With thornes and barren brakes enuirond round,
That none the same may easily out win;
Yet many waies to enter may be found,
But none to issue forth when one is in:
For discord harder is to end then to begin.

And

And all within the riuen walls were hung
With ragged monuments of times forepaſt,
All which the ſad effects of diſcord ſung:
There were rent robes, and broken ſcepters plaſt,
Altars defyl'd, and holy things defaſt,
Diſſhiuered ſpeares, and ſhields ytorne in twaine,
Great cities ranſackt, and ſtrong caſtles raſt,
Nations captiued, and huge armies ſlaine:
Of all which ruines there ſome relicks did remaine.

There was the ſigne of antique Babylon,
Of fatall Thebes, of Rome that raigned long,
Of ſacred Salem, and ſad Ilion,
For memorie of which on high there hong
The golden Apple, cauſe of all their wrong,
For which the three faire Goddeſſes did ſtriue:
There alſo was the name of *Nimrod* ſtrong,
Of *Alexander*, and his Princes fiue,
Which ſhar'd to them the ſpoiles that he had got aliue.

And there the relicks of the drunken fray,
The which amongſt the *Lapithees* befell,
And of the bloodie feaſt, which ſent away
So many *Centaures* drunken ſoules to hell,
That vnder great *Alcides* furie fell:
And of the dreadfull diſcord, which did driue
The noble *Argonauts* to outrage fell,
That each of life ſought others to depriue,
All mindleſſe of the Golden fleece, which made them (ſtriue.

And eke of priuate perſons many moe,
That were too long a worke to count them all;
Some of ſworne friends, that did their faith forgoe;
Some of borne brethren, prov'd vnnaturall;

Some of deare louers, foes perpetuall:
Witneſſe their broken bandes there to be ſeene,
Their girlonds rent, their bowres deſpoyled all;
The moniments whereof there byding beene,
As plaine as at the firſt, when they were freſh and greene.

Such was her houſe within; but all without,
The barren ground was full of wicked weedes,
Which ſhe her ſelfe had ſowen all about,
Now growen great, at firſt of little ſeedes,
The ſeedes of euill wordes, and factious deedes;
Which when to ripeneſſe due they growen arre,
Bring foorth an infinite increaſe, that breedes
Tumultuous trouble and contentious iarre,
The which moſt often end in bloudſhed and in warre.

And thoſe ſame curſed ſeedes doe alſo ſerue
To her for bread, and yeeld her liuing food:
For life it is to her, when others ſterue
Through miſchieuous debate, and deadly feood,
That ſhe may ſucke their life, and drinke their blood,
With which ſhe from her childhood had bene fed.
For ſhe at firſt was borne of helliſh brood,
And by infernall furies nouriſhed,
That by her monſtrous ſhape might eaſily be red.

Her face moſt fowle and filthy was to ſee,
With ſquinted eyes contrarie wayes intended,
And loathly mouth, vnmeete a mouth to bee,
That nought but gall and venim comprehended,
And wicked wordes that God and man offended:
Her lying tongue was in two parts diuided,
And both the parts did ſpeake, and both contended;
And as her tongue, ſo was her hart diſcided,
That neuer thoght one thing, but doubly ſtil was guided.

Als

Als as she double spake, so heard she double,
With matchlesse eares deformed and distort,
Fild with false rumors and seditious trouble,
Bred in assemblies of the vulgar sort,
That still are led with euery light report.
And as her eares so eke her feet were odde,
And much vnlike, th'one long, the other short,
And both misplast; that when th'one forward yode,
The other backe retired, and contrarie trode.

Likewise vnequall were her handes twaine,
That one did reach, the other pusht away,
That one did make, the other mard againe,
And sought to bring all things vnto decay;
Whereby great riches gathered manie a day,
She in short space did often bring to nought,
And their possessours often did dismay.
For all her studie was and all her thought,
How she might ouerthrow the things that Concord wrought.

So much her malice did her might surpas,
That euen th'Almightie selfe she did maligne,
Because to man so mercifull he was,
And vnto all his creatures so benigne,
Sith she her selfe was of his grace indigne:
For all this worlds faire workmanship she tride,
Vnto his last confusion to bring,
And that great golden chaine quite to diuide,
With which it blessed Concord hath together tide.

Such was that hag, which with *Duessa* roade,
And seruing her in her malitious vse,
To hurt good knights, was as it were her baude,
To sell her borrowed beautie to abuse.

For though like withered tree, that wanteth iuyce,
She old and crooked were, yet now of late,
As freſh and fragrant as the floure deluce
She was become, by chaunge of her eſtate,
And made full goodly ioyance to her new found mate.

Her mate he was a iollie youthfull knight,
That bore great ſway in armes and chiualrie,
And was indeed a man of mickle might:
His name was *Blandamour*, that did deſcrie
His fickle mind full of inconſtancie.
And now himſelfe he fitted had right well,
With two companions of like qualitie,
Faithleſſe *Dueſſa*, and falſe *Paridell*,
That whether were more falſe, full hard it is to tell.

Now when this gallant with his goodly crew,
From farre eſpide the famous *Britomart*,
Like knight aduenturous in outward vew,
With his faire paragon, his conqueſts part,
Approching nigh, eftſoones his wanton hart
Was tickled with delight, and ieſting ſayd;
Lo there Sir *Paridel*, for your deſart,
Good lucke preſents you with yond louely mayd,
For pitie that ye want a fellow for your ayd.

By that the louely paire drew nigh to hond:
Whom when as *Paridel* more plaine beheld,
Albee in heart he like affection fond,
Yet mindfull how he late by one was feld,
That did thoſe armes and that ſame ſcutchion weld,
He had ſmall luſt to buy his loue ſo deare,
But anſwerd, Sir him wiſe I neuer held,
That hauing once eſcaped perill neare,
Would afterwards afreſh the ſleeping euill reare.

This

This knight too late his manhood and his might,
I did assay, that me right dearely cost,
Ne list I for reuenge prouoke new fight,
Ne for light Ladies loue, that soone is lost.
The hot-spurre youth so scorning to be crost,
Take then to you this Dame of mine (quoth hee)
And I without your perill or your cost,
Will chalenge yond same other for my fee:
So forth he fiercely prickt, that one him scarce could see.

The warlike Britonesse her soone addrest,
And with such vncouth welcome did receaue
Her fayned Paramour, her forced guest,
That being forst his saddle soone to leaue,
Him selfe he did of his new loue deceaue:
And made him selfe thensample of his follie,
Which done, she passed forth not taking leaue,
And left him now as sad, as whilome iollie,
Well warned to beware with whom he dar'd to dallie.

Which when his other companie beheld,
They to his succour ran with readie ayd:
And finding him vnable once to weld,
They reared him on horseback, and vpstayd,
Till on his way they had him forth conuayd:
And all the way with wondrous griefe of mynd,
And shame, he shewd him selfe to be dismayd,
More for the loue which he had left behynd,
Then that which he had to Sir *Paridel* resynd.

Nathlesse he forth did march well as he might,
And made good semblance to his companie,
Dissembling his disease and cuill plight;
Till that ere long they chaunced to espie
Two other knights, that towards them did ply.

With speedie course, as bent to charge them new.
Whom when as *Blandamour* approching nie,
Perceiu'd to be such as they seemd in vew,
He was full wo, and gan his former griefe renew.

For th'one of them he perfectly descride,
To be Sir *Scudamour*, by that he bore
The God of loue, with wings displayed wide,
Whom mortally he hated euermore,
Both for his worth, that all men did adore,
And eke because his loue he wonne by right:
Which when he thought, it grieued him full sore,
That through the bruses of his former fight,
He now vnable was to wreake his old despight.

For thy he thus to *Paridel* bespake,
Faire Sir, of friendship let me now you pray,
That as I late aduentured for your sake,
The hurts whereof me now from battell stay,
Ye will me now with like good turne repay,
And iustifie my cause on yonder knight.
Ah Sir (said *Paridel*) do not dismay
Your selfe for this, my selfe will for you fight,
As ye haue done for me: the left hand rubs the right.

With that he put his spurres vnto his steed,
With speare in rest, and toward him did fare,
Like shaft out of a bow preuenting speed.
But *Scudamour* was shortly well aware
Of his approch, and gan him selfe prepare
Him to receiue with entertainment meete.
So furiously they met, that either bare
The other downe vnder their horses feete,
That what of them became, themselues did scarsly weete.

As

As when two billowes in the Iriſh ſowndes,
Forcibly driuen with contrarie tydes
Do meete together, each abacke rebowndes
With roaring rage; and daſhing on all ſides,
That filleth all the ſea with ſome, diuydes
The doubtfull current into diuers wayes:
So fell thoſe two in ſpight of both their prydes,
But *Scudamour* himſelfe did ſoone vprayſe,
And mounting light his foe for lying long vpbrayes.

Who rolled on an heape lay ſtill in ſwound,
All careleſſe of his taunt and bitter rayle,
Till that the reſt him ſeeing lie on ground,
Ran haſtily, to weete what did him ayle.
Where finding that the breath gan him to fayle,
With buſie care they ſtroue him to awake,
And doft his helmet, and vndid his mayle:
So much they did, that at the laſt they brake
His ſlomber, yet ſo mazed, that he nothing ſpake.

Which when as *Blandamour* beheld, he ſayd,
Falſe faitour *Scudamour*, that haſt by ſlight
And foule aduantage this good Knight diſmayd,
A Knight much better then thy ſelfe behight,
Well falles it thee that I am not in plight
This day, to wreake the dammage by thee donne:
Such is thy wont, that ſtill when any Knight
Is weakned, then thou doeſt him ouerronne:
So haſt thou to thy ſelfe falſe honour often wonne.

He little anſwer'd, but in manly heart
His mightie indignation did forbeare,
Which was not yet ſo ſecret, but ſome part
Thereof did in his frouning face appeare:

Like as a gloomie cloud, the which doth beare
An hideous ſtorme, is by the Northerne blaſt
Quite ouerblowne, yet doth not paſſe ſo cleare,
But that it all the skie doth ouercaſt
With darknes dred, and threatens all the world to waſt.

Ah gentle knight then falſe *Dueſſa* ſayd,
Why do ye ſtriue for Ladies loue ſo ſore,
Whoſe chiefe deſire is loue and friendly aid
Mongſt gentle Knights to nouriſh euermore?
Ne be ye wroth Sir *Scudamour* therefore,
That ſhe your loue liſt loue another knight,
Ne do your ſelfe diſlike a whit the more;
For Loue is free, and led with ſelfe delight,
Ne will enforced be with maiſterdome or might.

So falſe *Dueſſa*, but vile *Ate* thus;
Both fooliſh knights, I can but laugh at both,
That ſtriue and ſtorme with ſtirre outrageous,
For her that each of you alike doth loth,
And loues another, with whom now ſhe goth
In louely wiſe, and ſleepes, and ſports, and playes;
Whileſt both you here with many a curſed oth,
Sweare ſhe is yours, and ſtirre vp bloudie frayes,
To win a willow bough, whileſt other weares the bayes.

Vile hag (ſayd *Scudamour*) why doſt thou lye?
And falſly ſeekſt a vertuous wight to ſhame?
Fond knight (ſayd ſhe) the thing that with this eye
I ſaw, why ſhould I doubt to tell the ſame?
Then tell (quoth *Blandamour*) and feare no blame,
Tell what thou ſaw'ſt, maulgre who ſo it heares.
I ſaw (quoth ſhe) a ſtranger knight, whoſe name
I wote not well, but in his ſhield he beares
(That well I wote) the heads of many broken ſpeares.

I ſaw

I saw him haue your *Amoret* at will,
I saw him kisse, I saw him her embrace,
I saw him sleepe with her all night his fill,
All manie nights, and manie by in place,
That present were to testifie the case.
Which when as *Scudamour* did heare, his heart
Was thrild with inward griefe, as when in chace
The Parthian strikes a stag with shiuering dart,
The beast astonisht stands in middest of his smart.

So stood Sir *Scudamour*, when this he heard,
Ne word he had to speake for great dismay,
But lookt on *Glauce* grim, who woxe afeard
Of outrage for the words, which she heard say,
Albee vntrue she wist them by assay.
But *Blandamour*, whenas he did espie
His chaunge of cheere, that anguish did bewray,
He woxe full blithe, as he had got thereby,
And gan thereat to triumph without victorie.

Lo recreant (sayd he) the fruitlesse end
Of thy vaine boast, and spoile of loue misgotten,
Whereby the name of knight-hood thou dost shend,
And all true louers with dishonor blotten,
All things not rooted well, will soone be rotten,
Fy fy false knight (then false *Duessa* cryde)
Vnworthy life that loue with guile hast gotten,
Be thou, where euer thou do go or ryde,
Loathed of ladies all, and of all knights defyde.

But *Scudamour* for passing great despight
Staid not to answer, scarcely did refraine,
But that in all those knights and ladies sight,
He for reuenge had guiltlesse *Glauce* slaine:

But being past, he thus began amaine;
False traitour squire, false squire, of falsest knight,
Why doth mine hand from thine auenge abstaine,
Whose Lord hath done my loue this foule despight?
Why do I not it wreake, on thee now in my might?

Discourteous, disloyall *Britomart*,
Vntrue to God, and vnto man vniust,
What vengeance due can equall thy desart,
That hast with shamefull spot of sinfull lust
Defil'd the pledge committed to thy trust?
Let vgly shame and endlesse infamy
Colour thy name with foule reproaches rust.
Yet thou false Squire his fault shalt deare aby,
And with thy punishment his penance shalt supply.

The aged Dame him seeing so enraged,
Was dead with feare, nathlesse as neede required,
His flaming furie sought to haue assuaged
With sober words, that sufferance desired,
Till time the tryall of her truth expyred:
And euermore sought *Britomart* to cleare.
But he the more with furious rage was fyred,
And thrise his hand to kill her did vpreare,
And thrise he drew it backe: so did at last forbeare.

CANT.

Cant. II.

Blandamour winnes false Florimell,
Paridell for her striues,
They are accorded: Agape
doth lengthen her sonnes liues.

FIrebrand of hell first tynd in Phlegeton,
By thousand furies, and from thence out throwen
Into this world, to worke confusion,
And set it all on fire by force vnknowen,
Is wicked discord, whose small sparkes once blowen
None but a God or godlike man can slake;
Such as was *Orpheus*, that when strife was growen
Amongst those famous ympes of Greece, did take
His siluer Harpe in hand, and shortly friends them make.

Or such as that celestiall Psalmist was,
That when the wicked feend his Lord tormented,
With heauenly notes, that did all other pas,
The outrage of his furious fit relented.
Such Musicke is wise words with time concented,
To moderate stiffe minds, disposd to striue:
Such as that prudent Romane well inuented,
What time his people into partes did riue,
Them reconcyld againe, and to their homes did driue.

Such vsd wise *Glauce* to that wrathfull knight,
To calme the tempest of his troubled thought:
Yet *Blandamour* with termes of foule despight,
And *Paridell* her scornd, and set at nought,

As old and crooked and not good for ought.
Both they vnwiſe, and wareleſſe of the euill,
That by themſelues vnto themſelues is wrought,
Through that falſe witch, and that foule aged dreuill,
The one a feend, the other an incarnate deuill.

With whom as they thus rode accompanide,
They were encountred of a luſtie Knight,
That had a goodly Ladie by his ſide,
To whom he made great dalliance and delight.
It was to weete the bold Sir *Ferraugh* hight,
He that from *Braggadocchio* whilome reft
The ſnowy *Florimell*, whoſe beautie bright
Made him ſeeme happie for ſo glorious theft;
Yet was it in due triall but a wandring weft.

Which when as *Blandamour*, whoſe fancie light
Was alwaies flitting as the wauering wind,
After each beautie, that appeard in ſight,
Beheld, eftſoones it prickt his wanton mind
With ſting of luſt, that reaſons eye did blind,
That to Sir *Paridell* theſe words he ſent;
Sir knight why ride ye dumpiſh thus behind,
Since ſo good fortune doth to you preſent
So fayre a ſpoyle, to make you ioyous meriment?

But *Paridell* that had too late a tryall
Of the bad iſſue of his counſell vaine,
Liſt not to hearke, but made this faire denyall;
Laſt turne was mine, well proued to my paine,
This now be yours, God ſend you better gaine.
Whoſe ſcoffed words he taking halfe in ſcorne,
Fiercely forth prickt his ſteed as in diſdaine,
Againſt that Knight, ere he him well could torne
By meanes whereof he hath him lightly ouerborne.

Who

Who with the ſudden ſtroke aſtoniſht ſore,
Vpon the ground a while in ſlomber lay;
The whiles his loue away the other bore,
And ſhewing her, did *Paridell* vpbray;
Lo ſluggiſh Knight the victors happie pray:
So fortune friends the bold: whom *Paridell*
Seeing ſo faire indeede, as he did ſay,
His hart with ſecret enuie gan to ſwell,
And inly grudge at him, that he had ſped ſo well.

Nathleſſe proud man himſelfe the other deemed,
Hauing ſo peereleſſe paragon ygot:
For ſure the fayreſt *Florimell* him ſeemed,
To him was fallen for his happie lot,
Whoſe like aliue on earth he weened not:
Therefore he her did court, did ſerue, did wooe,
With humbleſt ſuit that he imagine mot,
And all things did deuiſe, and all things dooe,
That might her loue prepare, and liking win theretoo.

She in regard thereof him recompenſt
With golden words, and goodly countenance,
And ſuch fond fauours ſparingly diſpenſt:
Sometimes him bleſſing with a light eye-glance,
And coy lookes tempring with looſe dalliance;
Sometimes eſtranging him in ſterner wiſe,
That hauing caſt him in a fooliſh trance,
He ſeemed brought to bed in Paradiſe,
And prou'd himſelfe moſt foole, in what he ſeem'd moſt wiſe.

So great a miſtreſſe of her art ſhe was,
And perfectly practiz'd in womans craft,
That though therein himſelfe he thought to pas,
And by his falſe allurements wylie draft,

Had thousand women of their loue beraft,
Yet now he was surpriz'd: for that false spright,
Which that same witch had in this forme engraft,
Was so expert in euery subtile slight,
That it could ouerreach the wisest earthly wight.

Yet he to her did dayly seruice more,
And dayly more deceiued was thereby;
Yet *Paridell* him enuied therefore,
As seeming plast in sole felicity:
So blind is lust, false colours to descry.
But *Ate* soone discouering his desire,
And finding now fit opportunity
To stirre vp strife, twixt loue and spight and ire,
Did priuily put coles vnto his secret fire.

By sundry meanes thereto she prickt him forth,
Now with remembrance of those spightfull speaches,
Now with opinion of his owne more worth,
Now with recounting of like former breaches
Made in their friendship, as that Hag him teaches:
And euer when his passion is allayd,
She it reuiues and new occasion reaches:
That on a time as they together way'd,
He made him open chalenge, and thus boldly sayd.

Too boastfull *Blandamour*, too long I beare
The open wrongs, thou doest me day by day,
Well know'st thou, whē we friendship first did sweare,
The couenant was, that euery spoyle or pray
Should equally be shard betwixt vs tway:
Where is my part then of this Ladie bright,
Whom to thy selfe thou takest quite away?
Render therefore therein to me my right,
Or answere for thy wrong, as shall fall out in fight.

Exceeding

Exceeding wroth thereat was *Blandamour*,
And gan this bitter anſwere to him make;
Too fooliſh *Paridell*, that fayreſt floure
Wouldſt gather faine, and yet no paines wouldſt take:
But not ſo eaſie will I her forſake;
This hand her wonne, this hand ſhall her defend.
With that they gan their ſhiuering ſpeares to ſhake,
And deadly points at eithers breaſt to bend,
Forgetfull each to haue bene euer others frend.

Their firie Steedes with ſo vntamed forſe
Did beare them both to fell auenges end,
That both their ſpeares with pitileſſe remorſe,
Through ſhield and mayle, and haberieon did wend,
And in their fleſh a grieſly paſſage rend,
That with the furie of their owne affret,
Each other horſe and man to ground did ſend;
Where lying ſtill a while, both did forget
The perilous preſent ſtownd, in which their liues were (ſet.

As when two warlike Brigandines at ſea,
With murdrous weapons arm'd to cruell fight,
Doe meete together on the watry lea,
They ſtemme ech other with ſo fell deſpight,
That with the ſhocke of their owne heedleſſe might,
Their wooden ribs are ſhaken nigh a ſonder;
They which from ſhore behold the dreadfull ſight
Of flaſhing fire, and heare the ordenance thonder,
Do greatly ſtand amaz'd at ſuch vnwonted wonder.

At length they both vpſtarted in amaze;
As men awaked raſhly out of dreme,
And round about themſelues a while did gaze,
Till ſeeing her, that *Florimell* did ſeme,

In doubt to whom ſhe victorie ſhould deeme,
Therewith their dulled ſprights they edgd anew,
And drawing both their ſwords with rage extreme,
Like two mad maſtiffes each on other flew,
And ſhields did ſhare, & mailes did raſh, and helmes did hew.

So furiouſly each other did aſſayle,
As if their ſoules they would attonce haue rent
Out of their breſts, that ſtreames of bloud did rayle
Adowne, as if their ſprings of life were ſpent;
That all the ground with purple bloud was ſprent,
And all their armours ſtaynd with bloudie gore,
Yet ſcarcely once to breath would they relent,
So mortall was their malice and ſo ſore,
Become of fayned friendſhip which they vow'd afore.

And that which is for Ladies moſt beſitting,
To ſtint all ſtrife, and foſter friendly peace,
Was from thoſe Dames ſo farre and ſo vnfitting,
As that in ſtead of praying them ſurceaſe,
They did much more their cruelty encreaſe;
Bidding them fight for honour of their loue,
And rather die then Ladies cauſe releaſe.
With which vaine termes ſo much they did thẽ moue,
That both reſolu'd the laſt extremities to proue.

There they I weene would fight vntill this day,
Had not a Squire, euen he the Squire of Dames,
By great aduenture trauelled that way;
Who ſeeing both bent to ſo bloudy games,
And both of old well knowing by their names,
Drew nigh, to weete the cauſe of their debate:
And firſt laide on thoſe Ladies thouſand blames,
That did not ſeeke t'appeaſe their deadly hate,
But gazed on their harmes, not pittying their eſtate.

And

And then those Knights he humbly did beseech,
To stay their hands, till he a while had spoken:
Who lookt a little vp at that his speech,
Yet would not let their battell so be broken,
Both greedie fiers on other to be wroken.
Yet he to them so earnestly did call,
And them coniur'd by some well knowen token,
That they at last their wrothfull hands let fall,
Content to heare him speake, and glad to rest withall.

First he desir'd their cause of strife to see:
They said, it was for loue of *Florimell*,
Ah gentle knights (quoth he) how may that bee,
And she so farre astray, as none can tell,
Fond Squire, full angry then sayd *Paridell*,
Seest not the Ladie there before thy face?
He looked backe, and her aduizing well,
Weend as he said, by that her outward grace,
That fayrest *Florimell* was present there in place.

Glad man was he to see that ioyous sight,
For none aliue but ioy'd in *Florimell*,
And lowly to her lowting thus behight;
Fayrest of faire, that faireneſſe doest excell,
This happie day I haue to greete you well,
In which you safe I see, whom thousand late,
Misdoubted lost through mischiefe that befell;
Long may you liue in health and happie state,
She litle answer'd him, but lightly did aggrate.

Then turning to those Knights, he gan a new;
And you Sir *Blandamour* and *Paridell*,
That for this Ladie present in your vew,
Haue rays'd this cruell warre and outrage fell,

Certes me seemes bene not aduised well,
But rather ought in friendship for her sake
To ioyne your force, their forces to repell,
That seeke perforce her from you both to take,
And of your gotten spoyle their owne triumph to make.

Thereat Sir *Blandamour* with countenance sterne,
All full of wrath, thus fiercely him bespake;
A read thou Squire, that I the man may learne,
That dare fro me thinke *Florimell* to take.
Not one (quoth he) but many doe partake
Herein, as thus. It lately so befell,
That *Satyran* a girdle did vptake,
Well knowne to appertaine to *Florimell*,
Which for her sake he wore, as him beseemed well.

But when as she her selfe was lost and gone,
Full many knights, that loued her like deare,
Thereat did greatly grudge, that he alone
That lost faire Ladies ornament should weare,
And gan therefore close spight to him to beare:
Which he to shun, and stop vile enuies sting,
Hath lately caus'd to be proclaim'd each where
A solemne feast, with publike turneying,
To which all knights with them their Ladies are to bring.

And of them all she that is fayrest found,
Shall haue that golden girdle for reward,
And of those Knights who is most stout on ground,
Shall to that faireſt Ladie be prefard.
Since therefore she her selfe is now your ward,
To you that ornament of hers pertaines,
Against all those, that chalenge it to gard,
And saue her honour with your ventrous paines;
That shall you win more glory, then ye here find gaines.

When

When they the reaſon of his words had hard,
They gan abate the rancour of their rage,
And with their honours and their loues regard,
The furious flames of malice to aſſwage.
Tho each to other did his faith engage,
Like faithfull friends thenceforth to ioyne in one
With all their force, and battell ſtrong to wage
Gainſt all thoſe knights, as their profeſſed fone,
That chaleng'd ought in *Florimell*, ſaue they alone.

So well accorded forth they rode together
In friendly ſort, that laſted but a while;
And of all old diſlikes they made faire weather,
Yet all was forg'd and ſpred with golden foyle,
That vnder it hidde hate and hollow guyle.
Ne certes can that friendſhip long endure,
How euer gay and goodly be the ſtyle,
That doth ill cauſe or euill end enure:
For vertue is the band, that bindeth harts moſt ſure.

Thus as they marched all in cloſe diſguiſe,
Of fayned loue, they chaunſt to ouertake
Two knights, that lincked rode in louely wiſe,
As if they ſecret counſels did partake;
And each not farre behinde him had his make,
To weete, two Ladies of moſt goodly hew,
That twixt themſelues did gentle purpoſe make,
Vnmindfull both of that diſcordfull crew,
The which with ſpeedie pace did after them purſew.

Who as they now approched nigh at hand,
Deeming them doughtie as they did appeare,
They ſent that Squire afore, to vnderſtand,
What mote they be: who viewing them more neare

Returned readie newes, that those same weare
Two of the proweſt Knights in Faery lond;
And those two Ladies their two louers deare,
Couragious *Cambell*, and ſtout *Triamond*,
With *Canacee* and *Cambine* linckt in louely bond.

Whylome as antique ſtories tellen vs,
Those two were foes the felloneſt on ground,
And battell made the dreddeſt daungerous,
That euer ſhrilling trumpet did reſound;
Though now their acts be no where to be found,
As that renowmed Poet them compyled,
With warlike numbers and Heroicke ſound,
Dan *Chaucer*, well of Engliſh vndefyled,
On Fames eternall beadroll worthie to be fyled.

But wicked Time that all good thoughts doth waſte,
And workes of nobleſt wits to nought out weare,
That famous moniment hath quite defaſte,
And robd the world of threaſure endleſſe deare,
The which mote haue enriched all vs heare.
O curſed Eld the cankerworme of writs,
How may theſe rimes, ſo rude as doth appeare,
Hope to endure, ſith workes of heauenly wits
Are quite deuourd, and brought to nought by little bits?

Then pardon, O moſt ſacred happie ſpirit,
That I thy labours loſt may thus reuiue,
And ſteale from thee the meede of thy due merit,
That none durſt euer whileſt thou waſt aliue,
And being dead in vaine yet many ſtriue:
Ne dare I like, but through infuſion ſweete
Of thine owne ſpirit, which doth in me ſurviue,
I follow here the footing of thy feete,
That with thy meaning ſo I may the rather meete.

Cambelloes

Cambelloes sister was fayre *Canacee*,
That was the learnedst Ladie in her dayes,
Well seene in euerie science that mote bee,
And euery secret worke of natures wayes,
In wittie riddles, and in wise soothsayes,
In power of herbes, and tunes of beasts and burds;
And, that augmented all her other prayse,
She modest was in all her deedes and words,
And wondrous chast of life, yet lou'd of Knights & Lords.

Full many Lords, and many Knights her loued,
Yet she to none of them her liking lent,
Ne euer was with fond affection moued,
But rul'd her thoughts with goodly gouernement,
For dread of blame and honours blemishment;
And eke vnto her lookes a law she made,
That none of them once out of order went,
But like to warie Centonels well stayd,
Still watcht on euery side, of secret foes affrayd.

So much the more as she refusd to loue,
So much the more she loued was and sought,
That oftentimes vnquiet strife did moue
Amongst her louers, and great quarrels wrought,
That oft for her in bloudie armes they fought.
Which whenas *Cambell*, that was stout and wise,
Perceiu'd would breede great mischiefe, he bethought
How to preuent the perill that mote rise,
And turne both him and her to honour in this wise.

One day, when all that troupe of warlike wooers
Assembled were, to weet whose she should bee,
All mightie men and dreadfull derring dooers,
(The harder it to make them well agree)

Amongſt them all this end he did decree;
That of them all, which loue to her did make,
They by conſent ſhould choſe the ſtouteſt three,
That with himſelfe ſhould combat for her ſake,
And of them all the victour ſhould his ſiſter take.

Bold was the chalenge, as himſelfe was bold,
And courage full of haughtie hardiment,
Approued oft in perils manifold,
Which he atchieu'd to his great ornament:
But yet his ſiſters skill vnto him lent
Moſt confidence and hope of happie ſpeed,
Conceiued by a ring, which ſhe him ſent,
That mongſt the manie vertues, which we reed,
Had power to ſtaunch al wounds, that mortally did bleed.

Well was that rings great vertue knowen to all,
That dread thereof, and his redoubted might
Did all that youthly rout ſo much appall,
That none of them durſt vndertake the fight;
More wiſe they weend to make of loue delight,
Then life to hazard for faire Ladies looke,
And yet vncertaine by ſuch outward ſight,
Though for her ſake they all that perill tooke,
Whether ſhe would them loue, or in her liking brooke.

Amongſt thoſe knights there were three brethren bold,
Three bolder brethren neuer were yborne,
Borne of one mother in one happie mold,
Borne at one burden in one happie morne,
Thriſe happie mother, and thriſe happie morne,
That bore three ſuch, three ſuch not to be fond;
Her name was *Agape* whoſe children werne
All three as one, the firſt hight *Priamond*,
The ſecond *Dyamond*, the youngeſt *Triamond*.

Stout

Stout *Priamond*, but not so strong to strike,
Strong *Diamond*, but not so stout a knight,
But *Triamond* was stout and strong alike:
On horsebacke vsed *Triamond* to fight,
And *Priamond* on foote had more delight,
But horse and foote knew *Diamond* to wield:
With curtaxe vsed *Diamond* to smite,
And *Triamond* to handle speare and shield,
But speare and curtaxe both vsd *Priamond* in field.

These three did loue each other dearely well,
And with so firme affection were allyde,
As if but one soule in them all did dwell,
Which did her powre into three parts diuyde;
Like three faire branches budding farre and wide,
That from one roote deriu'd their vitall sap:
And like that roote that doth her life diuide,
Their mother was, and had full blessed hap,
These three so noble babes to bring forth at one clap.

Their mother was a Fay, and had the skill
Of secret things, and all the powres of nature,
Which she by art could vse vnto her will,
And to her seruice bind each liuing creature:
Through secret vnderstanding of their feature.
Thereto she was right faire, when so her face
She list discouer, and of goodly stature;
But she as Fayes are wont, in priuie place
Did spend her dayes, and lov'd in forests wyld to space.

There on a day a noble youthly knight
Seeking aduentures in the saluage wood,
Did by great fortune get of her the sight,
As she sate careless by a cristall flood,

Combing her golden locks, as seemd her good:
And vnawares vpon her laying hold,
That stroue in vaine him long to haue withstood,
Oppressed her, and there (as it is told)
Got these three louely babes, that prov'd three chãpions (bold.
Which she with her long fostred in that wood,
Till that to ripenesse of mans state they grew:
Then shewing forth signes of their fathers blood,
They loued armes, and knighthood did ensew,
Seeking aduentures, where they anie knew.
Which when their mother saw, she gan to dout
Their safetie, least by searching daungers new,
And rash prouoking perils all about,
Their days mote be abridged through their corage stout

Therefore desirous th'end of all their dayes
To know, and them t'enlarge with long extent,
By wondrous skill, and many hidden wayes,
To the three fatall sisters house she went.
Farre vnder ground from tract of liuing went,
Downe in the bottome of the deepe *Abysse*,
Where *Demogorgon* in dull darknesse pent,
Farre from the view of Gods and heauens blis,
The hideous *Chaos* keepes, their dreadfull dwelling is.

There she them found, all sitting round about
The direfull distaffe standing in the mid,
And with vnwearied fingers drawing out
The lines of life, from liuing knowledge hid.
Sad *Clotho* held the rocke, the whiles the thrid
By griesly *Lachesis* was spun with paine,
That cruell *Atropos* eftsoones vndid,
With cursed knife cutting the twist in twaine:
Most wretched men, whose dayes depend on thrids so (vaine.

She them saluting, there by them sate still,
Beholding how the thrids of life they span:
And when at last she had beheld her fill,
Trembling in heart, and looking pale and wan,
Her cause of comming she to tell began.
To whom fierce *Atropos*, Bold Fay, that durst
Come see the secret of the life of man,
Well worthie thou to be of *Ioue* accurst,
And eke thy childrens thrids to be a sunder burst.

Whereat she sore affrayd, yet her besought
To graunt her boone, and rigour to abate,
That she might see her childres thrids forth brought,
And know the measure of their vtmost date,
To them ordained by eternall fate.
Which *Clotho* graunting, shewed her the same:
That when she saw, it did her much amate,
To see their thrids so thin, as spiders frame,
And eke so short, that seemd their ends out shortly came

She then began them humbly to intreate,
To draw them longer out, and better twine,
That so their liues might be prolonged late.
But *Lachesis* thereat gan to repine,
And sayd, fond dame that deem'st of things diuine
As of humane, that they may altred bee,
And chaung'd at pleasure for those impes of thine.
Not so; for what the Fates do once decree,
Not all the gods can chaunge, nor *Ioue* him self can free.

Then since (quoth she) the terme of each mans life
For nought may lessened nor enlarged bee,
Graunt this, that when ye shred with fatall knife
His line, which is the eldest of the three,

Which is of them the shortest, as I see,
Eftsoones his life may passe into the next;
And when the next shall likewise ended bee,
That both their liues may likewise be annext
Vnto the third, that his may so be trebly wext.

They graunted it; and then that carefull Fay
Departed thence with full contented mynd;
And comming home, in warlike fresh aray
Them found all three according to their kynd:
But vnto them what destinie was assynd,
Or how their liues were rekt, she did not tell;
But euermore, when she fit time could fynd,
She warned them to tend their safeties well,
And loue each other deare, what euer them befell.

So did they surely during all their dayes,
And neuer discord did amongst them fall;
Which much augmented all their other praise.
And now t'increase affection naturall,
In loue of *Canacee* they ioyned all:
Vpon which ground this fame great battell grew,
Great matter growing of beginning small;
The which for length I will not here pursew,
But rather will reserue it for a Canto new.

CANT.

Cant. III.

The battell twixt three brethren with
Cambell for Canacee
Cambina with true friendships bond
doth their long strife agree.

O Why doe wretched men so much desire,
To draw their dayes vnto the vtmost date,
And doe not rather wish them soone expire,
Knowing the miserie of their estate,
And thousand perills which them still awate,
Tossing them like a boate amid the mayne,
That euery houre they knocke at deathes gate?
And he that happie seemes and least in payne,
Yet is as nigh his end, as he that most doth playne.

Therefore this Fay I hold but fond and vaine,
The which in seeking for her children three
Long life, thereby did more prolong their paine.
Yet whilest they liued none did euer see
More happie creatures, then they seem'd to bee,
Nor more ennobled for their courtesie,
That made them dearely lou'd of each degree;
Ne more renowmed for their cheualrie,
That made them dreaded much of all men farre and nie.

These three that hardie chalenge tooke in hand,
For *Canacee* with *Cambell* for to fight:
The day was set, that all might vnderstand,
And pledges pawnd the same to keepe a right,

That day, the dreddeſt day that liuing wight
Did euer ſee vpon this world to ſhine,
So ſoone as heauens window ſhewed light,
Theſe warlike Champions all in armour ſhine,
Aſſembled were in field, the chalenge to define.

The field with liſtes was all about encloſ'd,
To barre the preaſe of people farre away;
And at th'one ſide ſixe iudges were diſpoſ'd,
To view and deeme the deedes of armes that day;
And on the other ſide in freſh aray,
Fayre *Canacee* vpon a ſtately ſtage
Was ſet, to ſee the fortune of that fray,
And to be ſeene, as his moſt worthie wage,
That could her purchaſe with his liues aduentur'd gage.

Then entred *Cambell* firſt into the liſt,
With ſtately ſteps, and feareleſſe countenance,
As if the conqueſt his he ſurely wiſt.
Soone after did the brethren three aduance,
In braue aray and goodly amenance,
With ſcutchins gilt and banners broad diſplayd:
And marching thriſe in warlike ordinance,
Thriſe lowted lowly to the noble Mayd,
The whiles ſhril trompets & loud clarions ſweetly playd.

Which doen the doughty chalenger came forth,
All arm'd to point his chalenge to abet:
Gainſt whom Sir *Priamond* with equall worth
And equall armes himſelfe did forward ſet.
A trompet blew; they both together met,
With dreadfull force, and furious intent,
Careleſſe of perill in their fiers affret,
As if that life to loſſe they had forelent,
And cared not to ſpare, that ſhould be ſhortly ſpent.

Right

Right practicke was Sir *Priamond* in fight,
And throughly skild in vse of shield and speare;
Ne lesse approued was *Cambelloes* might,
Ne lesse his sill in weapons did appeare,
That hard it was to weene which harder were.
Full many mightie strokes on either side
Were sent, that seemed death in them to beare,
But they were both so watchfull and well eyde,
That they auoyded were, and vainely by did slyde.

Yet one of many was so strongly bent
By *Priamond*, that with vnluckie glaunce
Through *Cambels* shoulder it vnwarely went,
That forced him his shield to disaduaunce,
Much was he grieued with that graceless chaunce,
Yet from the wound no drop of bloud there fell,
But wondrous paine, that did the more enhaunce
His haughtie courage to aduengement fell:
Smart daunts not mighty harts, but makes them more to swell.

With that his poynant speare he fierce auentred,
With doubled force close vnderneath his shield,
That through the mayles into his thigh it entred,
And there arresting, readie way did yield,
For bloud to gush forth on the grassie field;
That he for paine himselfe not right vpreare,
But too and fro in great amazement reel'd,
Like an old Oke whose pith and sap is seare,
At puffe of euery storme doth stagger here and theare.

Whom so dismayd when *Cambell* had espide,
Againe he droue at him with double might,
That nought mote stay the steele, till in his side
The mortall point most cruelly empight:

Where faſt infixed, whileſt he ſought by ſlight
It forth to wreſt, the ſtaffe a ſunder brake,
And left the head behind: with which deſpight
He all enrag'd, his ſhiuering ſpeare did ſhake,
And charging him a freſh thus felly him beſpake.

Lo faitour there thy meede vnto thee take,
The meede of thy miſchalenge and abet:
Not for thine owne, but for thy ſiſters ſake,
Haue I thus long thy life vnto thee let:
But to forbeare doth not forgiue the det.
The wicked weapon heard his wrathfull vow,
And paſſing forth with furious affret,
Pierſt through his beuer quite into his brow,
That with the force it backward forced him to bow.

Therewith a ſunder in the midſt it braſt,
And in his hand nought but the troncheon left,
The other halfe behind yet ſticking faſt,
Out of his headpeece *Cambell* fiercely reft,
And with ſuch furie backe at him it heft,
That making way vnto his deareſt life,
His weaſand pipe it through his gorget cleft:
Thence ſtreames of purple bloud iſſuing rife,
Let forth his wearie ghoſt and made an end of ſtrife.

His wearie ghoſt aſſoyld from fleſhly band,
Did not as others wont, directly fly
Vnto her reſt in Plutoes grieſly land,
Ne into ayre did vaniſh preſently,
Ne chaunged was into a ſtarre in ſky:
But through traduction was eſtſoones deriued,
Like as his mother prayd the Deſtinie,
Into his other brethren, that ſuruiued,
In whom he liu'd a new, of former life depriued.

Whom

Whom when on ground his brother next beheld,
Though ſad and ſorie for ſo heauy ſight,
Yet leaue vnto his ſorrow did not yeeld,
But rather ſtird to vengeance and deſpight,
Through ſecret feeling of his generous ſpright,
Ruſht fiercely forth, the battell to renew,
As in reuerſion of his brothers right;
And chalenging the Virgin as his dew.
His foe was ſoone addreſt: the trompets freſhly blew.

With that they both together fiercely met,
As if that each ment other to deuoure;
And with their axes both ſo ſorely bet,
That neither plate nor mayle, whereas their powre
They felt, could once ſuſtaine the hideous ſtowre,
But riued were like rotten wood a ſunder, (ſhowre
Whileſt through their rifts the ruddie bloud did
And fire did flaſh, like lightning after thunder,
That fild the lookers on attonce with ruth and wonder.

As when two Tygers prickt with hungers rage,
Haue by good fortune found ſome beaſts freſh ſpoyle,
On which they weene their famine to aſſwage,
And gaine a feaſtfull guerdon of their toyle,
Both falling out doe ſtirre vp ſtrifefull broyle,
And cruell battell twixt themſelues doe make,
Whiles neither lets the other touch the ſoyle,
But either ſdeignes with other to partake:
So cruelly theſe Knights ſtroue for that Ladies ſake.

Full many ſtrokes, that mortally were ment,
The whiles were enterchaunged twixt them two;
Yet they were all with ſo good wariment
Or warded, or auoyded and let goe,

That ſtill the life ſtood feareleſſe of her foe:
Till *Diamond* diſdeigning long delay
Of doubtfull fortune wauering to and fro,
Reſolu'd to end it one or other way;
And heau'd his murdrous axe at him with mighty ſway.

The dreadfull ſtroke in caſe it had arriued,
Where it was ment, (ſo deadly it was ment)
The ſoule had ſure out of his bodie riued,
And ſtinted all the ſtrife incontinent.
But *Cambels* fate that fortune did preuent:
For ſeeing it at hand, he ſwaru'd aſyde,
And ſo gaue way vnto his fell intent:
Who miſſing of the marke which he had eyde,
Was with the force nigh feld whilſt his right foot did ſlyde.

As when a Vulture greedie of his pray,
Through hunger long, that hart to him doth lend,
Strikes at an Heron with all his bodies ſway,
That from his force ſeemes nought may it defend;
The warie fowle that ſpies him toward bend
His dreadfull ſouſe, auoydes it ſhunning light,
And maketh him his wing in vaine to ſpend;
That with the weight of his owne weeldleſſe might,
He falleth nigh to ground, and ſcarſe recouereth flight.

Which faire aduenture when *Cambello* ſpide,
Full lightly, ere himſelfe he could recower,
From daungers dread to ward his naked ſide,
He can let driue at him with all his power,
And with his axe him ſmote in euill hower,
That from his ſhoulders quite his head he reft:
The headleſſe tronke, as heedleſſe of that ſtower,
Stood ſtill a while, and his faſt footing kept,
Till feeling life to fayle, it fell, and deadly ſlept.

They

They which that piteous spectacle beheld,
Were much amaz'd the headlesse tronke to see
Stand vp so long, and weapon vaine to weld,
Vnweeting of the Fates diuine decree,
For lifes succession in those brethren three.
For notwithstanding that one soule was reft,
Yet, had the bodie not dismembred bee,
It would haue liued, and reuiued eft;
But finding no fit seat, the lifelesse corse it left.

It left; but that same soule, which therein dwelt,
Streight entring into *Triamond*, him fild
With double life, and griefe, which when he felt,
As one whose inner parts had bene ythrild
With point of steele, that close his hartbloud spild,
He lightly lept out of his place of rest,
And rushing forth into the emptie field,
Against *Cambello* fiercely him addrest;
Who him affronting soone to fight was readie prest.

Well mote ye wonder how that noble Knight,
After he had so often wounded beene,
Could stand on foot, now to renew the fight.
But had ye then him forth aduauncing seene,
Some newborne wight ye would him surely weene:
So fresh he seemed and so fierce in sight;
Like as a Snake, whom wearie winters teene,
Hath worne to nought, now feeling sommers might,
Casts off his ragged skin and freshly doth him dight.

All was through vertue of the ring he wore,
The which not onely did not from him let
One drop of bloud to fall, but did restore
His weakned powers, and dulled spirits whet,

Through working of the ſtone therein yſet.
Elſe how could one of equall might with moſt,
Againſt ſo many no leſſe mightie met,
Once thinke to match three ſuch on equall coſt,
Three ſuch as able were to match a puiſſant hoſt.

Yet nought thereof was *Triamond* adredde,
Ne deſperate of glorious victorie,
But ſharpely him aſſayld, and ſore beſtedde,
With heapes of ſtrokes, which he at him let flie,
As thicke as hayle forth poured from the skie:
He ſtroke, he ſouſt, he foynd, he hewd, he laſht,
And did his yron brond ſo faſt applie,
That from the ſame the fierie ſparkles flaſht,
As faſt as water-ſprinkles gainſt a rocke are daſht.

Much was *Cambello* daunted with his blowes,
So thicke they fell, and forcibly were ſent,
That he was forſt from daunger of the throwes
Backe to retire, and ſomewhat to relent,
Till th'heat of his fierce furie he had ſpent:
Which when for want of breath gan to abate,
He then afreſh with new encouragement
Did him aſſayle, and mightily amate,
As faſt as forward erſt, now backward to retrate.

Like as the tide that comes fro th'Ocean mayne,
Flowes vp the Shenan with contrarie forſe,
And ouerruling him in his owne rayne,
Driues backe the current of his kindly courſe,
And makes it ſeeme to haue ſome other ſourſe:
But when the floud is ſpent, then backe againe
His borrowed waters forſt to redisbourſe,
He ſends the ſea his owne with double gaine,
And tribute eke withall, as to his Soueraine.

Thus

Thus did the battell varie to and fro,
With diuerse fortune doubtfull to be deemed:
Now this the better had, now had his fo;
Then he halfe vanquisht, then the other seemed,
Yet victors both themselues alwayes esteemed.
And all the while the disentrayled blood
Adowne their sides like lidle riuers stremed,
That with the wasting of his vitall flood,
Sir *Triamond* at last full faint and feeble stood.

But *Cambell* still more strong and greater grew,
Ne felt his blood to wast, ne powres emperisht,
Through that rings vertue, that with vigour new,
Still when as he enfeebled was, him cherisht,
And all his wounds, and all his bruses guarisht,
Like as a withered tree through husbands toyle
Is often seene full freshly to haue florisht,
And fruitfull apples to haue borne awhile,
As fresh as when it first was planted in the soyle.

Through which aduantage, in his strength he rose,
And smote the other with so wondrous might,
That through the seame, which did his hauberk close,
Into his throate and life it pierced quight,
That downe he fell as dead in all mens sight:
Yet dead he was not, yet he sure did die,
As all men do, that lose the liuing spright:
So did one soule out of his bodie flie
Vnto her natiue home from mortall miserie.

But natheless whilst all the lookers on
Him dead behight, as he to all appeard,
All vnawares he started vp anon,
As one that had out of a dreame beene reard,

And freſh aſſayld his foe, who halfe affeard
Of th'vncouth ſight, as he ſomeghoſt had ſeene,
Stood ſtill amaz'd, holding his idle ſweard;
Till hauing often by him ſtricken beene,
He forced was to ſtrike, and ſaue him ſelfe from teene.

Yet from thenceforth more warily he fought,
As one in feare the Stygian gods t'offend,
Ne followd on ſo faſt, but rather ſought
Him ſelfe to ſaue, and daunger to defend,
Then life and labour both in vaine to ſpend.
Which *Triamond* perceiuing, weened ſure
He gan to faint, toward the battels end,
And that he ſhould not long on foote endure,
A ſigne which did to him the victorie aſſure.

Whereof full blith, eftſoones his mightie hand
He heav'd on high, in mind with that ſame blow
To make an end of all that did withſtand:
Which *Cambell* ſeeing come, was nothing ſlow
Him ſelfe to ſaue from that ſo deadly throw;
And at that inſtant reaching forth his ſweard
Cloſe vnderneath his ſhield, that ſcarce did ſhow,
Stroke him, as he his hand to ſtrike vpreard,
In th'arm-pit full, that through both ſides the wound ap)
(peard.

Yet ſtill that direfull ſtroke kept on his way,
And falling heauie on *Cambelloes* creſt,
Strooke him ſo hugely, that in ſwowne he lay,
And in his head an hideous wound impreſt:
And ſure had it not happily found reſt
Vpon the brim of his brode plated ſhield,
It would haue cleft his braine downe to his breſt.
So both at once fell dead vpon the field,
And each to other ſeemd the victorie to yield.

Which

Which when as all the lookers on beheld,
They weened sure the warre was at an end,
And Iudges rose, and Marshals of the field
Broke vp the listes, their armes away to rend;
And *Canacee* gan wayle her deerest frend.
All suddenly they both vpstarted light,
The one out of the swownd, which him did blend,
The other breathing now another spright,
And fiercely each assayling, gan afresh to fight.

Long while they then continued in that wize,
As if but then the battell had begonne:
Strokes, wounds, wards, weapons, all they did despise,
Ne either car'd to ward, or perill shonne,
Desirous both to haue the battell donne;
Ne either cared life to saue or spill,
Ne which of them did winne, ne which were wonne:
So wearie both of fighting had their fill,
That life it selfe seemd loathsome, and long safetie ill.

Whilst thus the case in doubtfull ballance hong,
Vnsure to whether side it would incline,
And all mens eyes and hearts, which there among
Stood gazing, filled were with rufull tine,
And secret feare, to see their fatall fine;
All suddenly they heard a troublous noyes,
That seemd some perilous tumult to define,
Confusd with womens cries, and shouts of boyes,
Such as the troubled Theaters oftimes annoyes.

Thereat the Champions both stood still a space;
To weeten what that sudden clamour ment;
Lo where they spyde with speedie whirling pace,
One in a charet of straunge furniment,

Towards them driuing like a storme out sent.
The charet decked was in wondrous wize,
With gold and many a gorgeous ornament,
After the Persian Monarks antique guize,
Such as the maker selfe could best by art deuize.

And drawne it was (that wonder is to tell)
Of two grim lyons, taken from the wood,
In which their powre all others did excell;
Now made forget their former cruell mood,
T'obey their riders hest, as seemed good.
And therein sate a Ladie passing faire
And bright, that seemed borne of Angels brood,
And with her beautie bountie did compare,
Whether of them in her should haue the greater share.

Thereto she learned was in Magicke leare,
And all the artes, that subtill wits discouer,
Hauing therein bene trained many a yeare,
And well instructed by the Fay her mother,
That in the same she farre exceld all other.
Who vnderstanding by her mightie art,
Of th'euill plight, in which her deareſt brother
Now stood, came forth in hast to take his part,
And pacifie the strife, which caused so deadly smart.

And as she passed through th'vnruly preace
Of people, thronging thicke her to behold,
Her angrie teame breaking their bonds of peace,
Great heapes of them, like sheepe in narrow fold,
For hast did ouer-runne, in dust enrould,
That thorough rude confusion of the rout,
Some fearing shriekt, some being harmed hould,
Some laught for sport, some did for wonder shout,
And some that would seeme wise, their wonder turnd to

(dout.

In her right hand a rod of peace shee bore,
About the which two Serpents weren wound,
Entrayled mutually in louely lore,
And by the tailes together firmely bound,
And both were with one oliue garland crownd,
Like to the rod which *Maias* sonne doth wield,
Wherewith the hellishfiends he doth confound.
And in her other hand a cup she hild,
The which was with Nepenthe to the brim vpfild.

Nepenthe is a drinck of soueravne grace,
Deuized by the Gods, for to asswage
Harts grief, and bitter gall away to chace,
Which stirs vp anguish and contentious rage:
In stead thereof sweet peace and quiet age
It doth establish in the troubled mynd.
Few men, but such as sober are and sage,
Are by the Gods to drinck thereof assynd;
But such as drinck, eternall happinesse do synd.

Such famous men, such worthies of the earth,
As *Ioue* will haue aduaunced to the skie,
And there made gods, though borne of mortall berth,
For their high merits and great dignitie,
Are wont, before they may to heauen flie,
To drincke hereof, whereby all cares forepast
Are washt away quite from their memorie.
So did those olde Heroes hereof taste,
Before that they in blisse amongst the Gods were plaste.

Much more of price and of more gratious powre
Is this, then that same water of Ardenne,
The which *Rinaldo* drunck in happie howre,
Described by that famous Tuscane penne:

With whom he ledd a long and happie life;
And *Cambel* tooke *Cambina* to his fere,
The which as life were each to other liefe.
So all alike did loue, and loued were,
That since their days such louers were not found elswere.

Cant. IIII.

Satyrane makes a Turneyment
For loue of Florimell:
Britomart winnes the prize from all,
And Arteg all doth quell.

IT often fals, (as here it earst befell)
That mortall foes doe turne to faithfull frends,
And friends profest are chaungd to foemen fell:
The cause of both, of both their minds depends.
And th'end of both likewise of both their ends.
For enmitie, that of no ill proceeds,
But of occasion, with th'occasion ends;
And friendship, which a faint affection breeds
Without regard of good, dyes like ill grounded seeds.

That well (me seemes) appeares, by that of late
Twixt *Cambell* and Sir *Triamond* befell,
As els by this, that now a new debate
Stird vp twixt *Scudamour* and *Paridell*,
The which by course befals me here to tell:
Who hauing those two other Knights espide
Marching afore, as ye remember well,
Sent forth their Squire to haue them both descride,
And eke those masked Ladies riding them beside.

Who

Who backe returning, told as he had seene,
That they were doughtie knights of dreaded name;
And those two Ladies, their two loues vnseene;
And therefore wisht them without blot or blame,
To let them passe at will, for dread of shame.
But *Blandamour* full of vainglorious spright,
And rather stird by his discordfull Dame,
Vpon them gladly would haue prov'd his might,
But that he yet was sore of his late luckless fight.

Yet nigh approching, he them fowle bespake,
Disgracing them, him selfe thereby to grace,
As was his wont, so weening way to make
To Ladies loue, where so he came in place,
And with lewd termes their louers to deface.
Whose sharpe prouokement them incenst so sore,
That both were bent t'auenge his vsage base,
And gan their shields addresse them selues afore:
For euill deedes may better then bad words be bore.

But faire *Cambina* with perswasions myld,
Did mitigate the fiercenesse of their mode,
That for the present they were reconcyld,
And gan to treate of deeds of armes abrode,
And strange aduentures, all the way they rode:
Amongst the which they told, as then befell,
Of that great turney, which was blazed brode,
For that rich girdle of faire *Florimell*,
The prize of her, which did in beautie most excell.

To which folke-mote they all with one consent,
Sith each of them his Ladie had him by,
Whose beautie each of them thought excellent,
Agreed to trauell, and their fortunes try.

So as they passed forth, they did espy
One in bright armes, with ready speare in rest,
That toward them his course seem'd to apply,
Gainst whom Sir *Paridell* himselfe addrest,
Him weening, ere he nigh approcht to haue repreſt.

Which th'other seeing, gan his course relent,
And vaunted speare eftsoones to disaduaunce,
As if he naught but peace and pleasure ment,
Now falne into their fellowship by chance,
Whereat they shewed curteous countenaunce.
So as he rode with them accompanide,
His rouing eie did on the Lady glaunce,
Which *Blandamour* had riding by his side:
Whō sure he weend, that he some wher tofore had eide.

It was to weete that snowy *Florimell*,
Which *Ferrat* late from *Braggadochio* wonne,
Whom he now seeing, her remembred well,
How hauing reft her from the witches sonne,
He soone her lost: wherefore he now begunne
To challenge her anew, as his owne prize,
Whom formerly he had in battell wonne,
And proffer made by force her to reprize,
Which scornefull offer, *Blandamour* gan soone despize.

And said, Sir Knight, sith ye this Lady clame,
Whom he that hath, were loth to lose so light,
(For so to lose a Lady, were great shame)
Yee shall her winne, as I haue done in fight:
And lo shee shall be placed here in sight,
Together with this Hag beside her set,
That who so winnes her, may her haue by right:
But he shall haue the Hag that is ybet,
And with her alwaies ride, till he another get.

That

That offer pleaſed all the company,
So *Florimell* with *Ate* forth was brought,
At which they all gan laugh full merrily:
But *Braggadochio* ſaid, he neuer thought
For ſuch an Hag, that ſeemed worſt then nought,
His perſon to emperill ſo in fight.
But if to match that Lady they had ſought
Another like, that were like faire and bright,
His life he then would ſpend to iuſtifie his right.

At which his vaine excuſe they all gan ſmile,
As ſcorning his vnmanly cowardize:
And *Florimell* him fowly gan reuile,
That for her ſake refuſ'd to enterprize
The battell, offred in ſo knightly wize.
And *Ate* eke prouokt him priuily,
With loue of her, and ſhame of ſuch meſprize.
But naught he car'd for friend or enemy,
For in baſe mind nor friendſhip dwels nor enmity.

But *Cambell* thus did ſhut vp all in ieſt,
Braue Knights and Ladies, certes ye doe wrong
To ſtirre vp ſtrife, when moſt vs needeth reſt,
That we may vs reſerue both freſh and ſtrong,
Againſt the Turneiment which is not long.
When who ſo liſt to fight, may fight his fill,
Till then your challenges ye may prolong;
And then it ſhall be tried, if ye will,
Whether ſhall haue the Hag, or hold the Lady ſtill.

They all agreed, ſo turning all to game,
And pleaſaunt bord, they paſt forth on their way,
And all that while, where ſo they rode or came,
That masked Mock-knight was their ſport and play.

Till that at length vpon th'appointed day,
Vnto the place of turneyment they came;
Where they before them found in freſh aray
Manie a braue knight, and manie a daintie dame
Aſſembled, for to get the honour of that game.

There this faire crewe arriuing, did diuide
Them ſelues aſunder: *Blandamour* with thoſe
Of his, on th'one; the reſt on th'other ſide.
But boaſtfull *Braggadocchio* rather choſe,
For glorie vaine their fellowſhip to loſe,
That men on him the more might gaze alone.
The reſt them ſelues in troupes did elſe diſpoſe,
Like as it ſeemed beſt to euery one;
The knights in couples marcht, with ladies linckt attone.

Then firſt of all forth came Sir *Satyrane*,
Bearing that precious relicke in an arke
Of gold, that bad eyes might it not prophane:
Which drawing ſoftly forth out of the darke,
He open ſhewd, that all men it mote marke.
A gorgeous girdle, curiouſly emboſt
With pearle & precious ſtone, worth many a marke;
Yet did the workmanſhip farre paſſe the coſt:
It was the ſame, which lately *Florimel* had loſt.

That ſame aloft he hong in open vew,
To be the prize of beautie and of might;
The which eftſoones diſcouered, to it drew
The eyes of all, allur'd with cloſe delight,
And hearts quite robbed with ſo glorious ſight,
That all men threw out vowes and wiſhes vaine.
Thriſe happie Ladie, and thriſe happie knight,
Them ſeemd that could ſo goodly riches gaine,
So worthie of the perill, worthy of the paine.

Then

Then tooke the bold Sir *Satyrane* in hand
An huge great ſpeare, ſuch as he wont to wield,
And vauncing forth from all the other band
Of knights, addreſt his maiden-headed ſhield,
Shewing him ſelfe all ready for the field.
Gainſt whom there ſingled from the other ſide
A Painim knight, that well in armes was skild,
And had in many a battell oft bene tride,
Hight *Bruncheual* the bold, who fierſly forth did ride.

So furiouſly they both together met,
That neither could the others force ſuſtaine;
As two fierce Buls, that ſtriue the rule to get
Of all the heard, meete with ſo hideous maine,
That both rebutted, tumble on the plaine:
So theſe two champions to the ground were feld,
Where in a maze they both did long remaine,
And in their hands their idle troncheons held,
Which neither able were to wag, or once to weld.

Which when the noble *Ferramont* eſpide,
He pricked forth in ayd of *Satyran*;
And him againſt Sir *Blandamour* did ride
With all the ſtrength and ſtifneſſe that he can.
But the more ſtrong and ſtiffely that he ran,
So much more ſorely to the ground he fell,
That on an heape were tumbled horſe and man.
Vnto whoſe reſcue forth rode *Paridell*;
But him likewiſe with that ſame ſpeare he eke did quell.

Which *Braggadocchio* ſeeing, had no will
To haſten greatly to his parties ayd,
Albee his turne were next; but ſtood there ſtill,
As one that ſeemed doubtfull or diſmayd.

But *Triamond* halfe wroth to see him staid,
Sternly stept forth, and raught away his speare,
With which so sore he *Ferramont* assaid,
That horse and man to ground he quite did beare,
That neither could in hast themselues againe vpreare.

Which to auenge, Sir *Deuon* him did dight,
But with no better fortune then the rest:
For him likewise he quickly downe did smight,
And after him Sir *Douglas* him addrest,
And after him Sir *Paliamord* forth prest,
But none of them against his strokes could stand,
But all the more, the more his praise increst.
For either they were left vppon the land,
Or went away sore wounded of his hapless hand.

And now by this, Sir *Satyrane* abraid,
Out of the swowne, in which too long he lay;
And looking round about, like one dismaid,
When as he saw the mercilesse affray.
Which doughty *Triamond* had wrought that day,
Vnto the noble Knights of Maidenhead.
His mighty heart did almost rend in tway,
For very gall, that rather wholly dead
Himselfe he wisht haue beene, then in so bad a stead.

Eftsoones he gan to gather vp around
His weapons, which lay scattered all abrode,
And as it fell, his steed he ready found.
On whom remounting, fiercely forth he rode,
Like sparke of fire that from the anduile glode.
There where he saw the valiant *Triamond*
Chasing, and laying on them heauy lode.
That none his force were able to withstond,
So dreadfull were his strokes, so deadly was his hond.

With

With that at him his brauelike ſpeare he aimed,
And thereto all his power and might applide:
The wicked ſteele for miſchiefe firſt ordained,
And hauing now misfortune got for guide.
Staid not, till it arriued in his ſide.
And therein made a very grieſly wound,
That ſtreames of bloud his armour all bedide.
Much was he daunted with that direfull ſtound,
That ſcarſe he him vpheld from falling in a ſound.

Yet as he might, himſelfe he ſoft withdrew
Out of the field, that none perceiu'd it plaine,
Then gan the part of Chalengers anew
To range the field, and victorlike to raine,
That none againſt them battell durſt maintaine.
By that the gloomy euening on them fell,
That forced them from fighting to refraine,
And trumpets ſound to ceaſe did them compell,
So *Satyrane* that day was iudg'd to beare the bell.

The morrow next the Turney gan anew,
And with the firſt the hardy *Satyrane*
Appear'd in place, with all his noble crew,
On th'other ſide, full many a warlike ſwaine,
Aſſembled were, that glorious prize to gaine.
But mongſt them all, was not Sir *Triamond*,
Vnable he new battell to darraine,
Through grieuaunce of his late receiued wound,
That doubly did him grieue, when ſo himſelfe he found.

Which *Cambell* ſeeing, though he could not ſalue,
Ne done vndoe, yet for to ſalue his name,
And purchaſe honour in his friends behalue.
This goodly counterfeſaunce he did frame.

The ſhield and armes well knowne to be the ſame,
Which *Triamond* had worne, vnwares to wight,
And to his friend vnwiſt, for doubt of blame,
If he miſdid; he on himſelfe did dight,
That none could him diſcerne, and ſo went forth to fight

There *Satyrane* Lord of the field he found,
Triumphing in great ioy and iolity;
Gainſt whom none able was to ſtand on ground;
That much he gan his glorie to enuy,
And caſt t'auenge his friends indignity.
A mightie ſpeare eftſoones at him he bent;
Who ſeeing him come on ſo furiouſly,
Met him mid-way with equall hardiment,
That forcibly to ground they both together went.

They vp againe them ſelues can lightly reare,
And to their tryed ſwords them ſelues betake;
With which they wrought ſuch wondrous maruels there,
That all the reſt it did amazed make,
Ne any dar'd their perill to partake;
Now cuffling cloſe, now chacing to and fro,
Now hurtling round aduantage for to take:
As two wild Boares together grapling go,
Chauſing and foming choler each againſt his fo.

So as they courſt, and turneyd here and theare,
It chaunſt Sir *Satyrane* his ſteed at laſt,
Whether through foundring or through ſodein feare
To ſtumble, that his rider nigh he caſt;
Which vauntage *Cambell* did purſue ſo faſt,
That ere him ſelfe he had recouered well,
So ſore he ſowſt him on the compaſt creaſt,
That forced him to leaue his loftie ſell,
And rudely tumbling downe vnder his horſe feete fell.

Lightly *Cambello* leapt downe from his steed,
For to haue rent his shield and armes away,
That whylome wont to be the victors meed;
When all vnwares he felt an hideous sway
Of many swords, that lode on him did lay.
An hundred knights had him enclosed round,
To rescue *Satyrane* out of his pray;
All which at once huge strokes on him did pound,
In hope to take him prisoner, where he stood on ground.

He with their multitude was nought dismayd,
But with stout courage turnd vpon them all,
And with his brondiron round about him layd;
Of which he dealt large almes, as did befall:
Like as a Lion that by chaunce doth fall
Into the hunters toile, doth rage and rore,
In royall heart disdaining to be thrall.
But all in vaine: for what might one do more?
They haue him taken captiue, though it grieue him sore.

Whereof when newes to *Triamond* was brought,
There as he lay, his wound he soone forgot,
And starting vp, streight for his armour sought:
In vaine he sought; for there he found it not;
Cambello it away before had got:
Cambelloes armes therefore he on him threw,
And lightly issewd forth to take his lot.
There he in troupe found all that warlike crew,
Leading his friend away, full sorie to his vew.

Into the thickest of that knightly preasse
He thrust, and smote downe all that was betweene,
Caried with feruent zeale, ne did he ceasse,
Till that he came, where he had *Cambell* seene,

Like captiue thral two other Knights atweene,
There be amongst them cruell hatrocke makes.
That they which lead him, soone enforced beene
To let him loose, to saue their proper stakes,
Who being freed, from one a weapon fiercely takes.

With that he driues at them with dreadfull might,
Both in remembrance of his friends late harme,
And in reuengement of his owne despight,
So both together giue a new allarme,
As if but now the battell wexed warme.
As when two greedy Wolues doe breake by force
Into an heard, farre from the husband farme,
They spoile and rauine without all remorse,
So did these two through all the field their foes enforce.

Fiercely they followd on their bolde emprize,
Till trumpets sound did warne them all to rest;
Then all with one consent did yeeld the prize
To *Triamond* and *Cambell* as the best.
But *Triamond* to *Cambell* it releast.
And *Cambell* it to *Triamond* transferd;
Each labouring t'aduance the others gest,
And make his praise before his owne preferd:
So that the doome was to another day differd.

The last day came, when all those knightes againe
Assembled were their deedes of armes to shew.
Full many deedes that day were shewed plaine:
But *Satyrane* boue all the other crew,
His wondrous worth declared in all mens view.
For from the first he to the last endured,
And though somewhile Fortune from him withdrew,
Yet euermore his honour he recured,
And with vnwearied powre his party still assured.

Ne

Ne was there Knight that euer thought of armes,
But that his vtmoſt proweſſe there made knowen,
That by their many wounds, and careleſſe harmes,
By ſhiuered ſpeares, and ſwords all vnder ſtrowen,
By ſcattered ſhields was eaſie to be ſhowen.
There might ye ſee looſe ſteeds at randon ronne,
Whoſe luckeleſſe riders late were ouerthrowen;
And ſquiers make haſt to helpe their Lords fordonne,
But ſtill the Knights of Maidenhead the better wonne.

Till that there entred on the other ſide,
A ſtraunger knight, from whence no man could reed,
In quyent diſguiſe, full hard to be deſcride.
For all his armour was like ſaluage weed,
With woody moſſe bedight, and all his ſteed
With oaken leaues attrapt, that ſeemed fit
For ſaluage wight, and thereto well agreed
His word, which on his ragged ſhield was writ,
Saluageſſe ſans fineſſe, ſhewing ſecret wit.

He at his firſt incomming, charg'd his ſpere
At him, that firſt appeared in his ſight:
That was to weet, the ſtout Sir *Sangliere*,
Who well was knowen to be a valiant Knight,
Approued oft in many a perlous fight.
Him at the firſt encounter downe he ſmote,
And ouerbore beyond his crouper quight,
And after him another Knight, that hote
Sir *Brianor*, ſo ſore, that none him life behote.

Then ere his hand he reard, he ouerthrew
Seuen Knights one after other as they came:
And when his ſpeare was bruſt, his ſword he drew,
The inſtrument of wrath, and with the ſame

Far'd like a lyon in his bloodie game,
Hewing, and flashing shields, and helmets bright,
And beating downe, what euer nigh him came,
That euery one gan shun his dreadfull sight,
No lesse then death it selfe, in daungerous affright.

Much wondred all men, what, or whence he came,
That did amongst the troupes so tyrannize;
And each of other gan inquire his name.
But when they could not learne it by no wize,
Most answerable to his wyld disguize
It seemed, him to terme the saluage knight.
But certes his right name was otherwize,
Though knowne to few, that *Arthegall* he hight,
The doughtiest knight that liv'd that day, and most of (might.

Thus was Sir *Satyrane* with all his band
By his sole manhood and atchiuement stout
Dismayd, that none of them in field durst stand,
But beaten were, and chased all about.
So he continued all that day throughout,
Till euening, that the Sunne gan downward bend.
Then rushed forth out of the thickest rout
A stranger knight, that did his glorie shend:
So nought may be esteemed happie till the end.

He at his entrance charg'd his powrefull speare
At *Artegall*, in middest of his pryde,
And therewith smote him on his Vmbriere
So sore, that tombling backe, he downe did slyde
Ouer his horses taile aboue a stryde;
Whence litle lust he had to rise againe.
Which *Cambell* seeing, much the same enuyde,
And ran at him with all his might and maine;
But shortly was likewise seene lying on the plaine.

Whereat

Whereat full inly wroth was *Triamond*,
And cast t'euenge the shame doen to his freend:
But by his friend himselfe eke soone he fond,
In no lesse neede of helpe, then him he weend.
All which when *Blandamour* from end to end
Beheld, he woxe therewith displeased sore,
And thought in mind it shortly to amend:
His speare he feutred, and at him it bore;
But with no better fortune, then the rest afore.

Full many others at him likewise ran:
But all of them likewise dismounted were,
Ne certes wonder; for no powre of man
Could bide the force of that enchaunted speare,
The which this famous *Britomart* did beare;
With which she wondrous deeds of arms atchieued,
And ouerthrew, what euer came her neare,
That all those stranger knights full sore agrieued,
And that late weaker band of chalengers relieued.

Like as in sommers day when raging heat
Doth burne the earth, and boyled riuers drie,
That all brute beasts forst to refraine fro meat,
Doe hunt for shade, where shrowded they may lie,
And missing it, faine from themselues to flie;
All trauellers tormented are with paine:
A watry cloud doth ouercast the skie,
And poureth forth a sudden shoure of raine,
That all the wretched world recomforteth againe.

So did the warlike *Britomart* restore
The prize, to knights of Maydenhead that day,
Which else was like to haue bene lost, and bore
The prayse of prowesse from them all away.

Then shrilling trompets loudly gan to bray,
And bad them leaue their labours and long toyle,
To ioyous feast and other gentle play,
Where beauties prize should win that pretious spoyle:
Where I with sound of trompe will also rest a whyle.

Cant. V.

The Ladies for the girdle striue of famous Florimell: Scudamour comming to Cares house, doth sleepe from him expell.

IT hath bene through all ages euer seene,
That with the praise of armes and cheualrie,
The prize of beautie still hath ioyned beene;
And that for reasons speciall priuitie:
For either doth on other much relie.
For he me seemes most fit the faire to serue,
That can her best defend from villenie;
And she most fit his seruice doth deserue,
That faireſt is and from her faith will neuer swerue.

So fitly now here commeth next in place,
After the proofe of prowesse ended well,
The controuerse of beauties soueraine grace;
In which to her that doth the most excell,
Shall fall the girdle of faire *Florimell*:
That many wish to win for glorie vaine,
And not for vertuous vse, which some doe tell
That glorious belt did in it selfe containe,
Which Ladies ought to loue, and seeke for to obtaine.

That

That girdle gaue the vertue of chaſt loue,
And wiuehood true, to all that did it beare;
But whoſoeuer contrarie doth proue,
Might not the ſame about her middle weare,
But it would looſe, or elſe a ſunder teare.
Whilome it was (as Faeries wont report)
Dame *Venus* girdle, by her ſteemed deare,
What time ſhe vſd to liue in wiuely ſort;
But layd aſide, when ſo ſhe vſd her looſer ſport.

Her husband *Vulcan* whylome for her ſake,
When firſt he loued her with heart entire,
This pretious ornament they ſay did make,
And wrought in *Lemno* with vnquenched fire:
And afterwards did for her loues firſt hire,
Giue it to her, for euer to remaine,
Therewith to bind laſciuious deſire,
And looſe affections ſtreightly to reſtraine;
Which vertue it for euer after did retaine.

The ſame one day, when ſhe her ſelfe diſpoſd
To viſite her beloued Paramoure,
The God of warre, ſhe from her middle looſd,
And left behind her in her ſecret bowre,
On *Aridalian* mount, where many an howre
She with the pleaſant *Graces* wont to play.
There *Florimell* in her firſt ages flowre
Was foſtered by thoſe *Graces*, (as they ſay)
And brought with her frõ thence that goodly belt away.

That goodly belt was *Ceſtus* hight by name,
And as her life by her eſteemed deare.
No wonder then, if that to winne the ſame
So many Ladies ſought, as ſhall appeare;

For peareleſſe ſhe was thought, that did it beare.
And now by this their feaſt all being ended,
The iudges which thereto ſelected were,
Into the Martian field adowne deſcended,
To deeme this doutfull caſe, for which they all cõtended.

But firſt was queſtion made, which of thoſe Knights
That lately turneyd, had the wager wonne:
There was it iudged by thoſe worthie wights,
That *Satyrane* the firſt day beſt had donne:
For he laſt ended, hauing firſt begonne.
The ſecond was to *Triamond* behight,
For that he ſau'd the victour from fordonne:
For *Cambell* victour was in all mens ſight,
Till by miſhap he in his foemens hand did light.

The third dayes prize vnto that ſtraunger Knight,
Whom all men term'd Knight of the Hebene ſpeare,
To *Britomart* was giuen by good right;
For that with puiſſant ſtroke ſhe downe did beare
The *Saluage* Knight, that victour was whileare,
And all the reſt, which had the beſt afore,
And to the laſt vnconquer'd did appeare;
For laſt is deemed beſt. To her therefore
The fayreſt Ladie was adiudgd for Paramore.

But thereat greatly grudged *Arthegall*,
And much repynd, that both of victors meede,
And eke of honour ſhe did him foreſtall.
Yet mote he not withſtand, what was decreede;
But inly thought of that deſpightfull deede
Fit time t'awaite auenged for to bee.
This being ended thus, and all agreed,
Then next enſew'd the Paragon to ſee
Of beauties praiſe, and yeeld the fayreſt her due fee.

Then

Then first *Cambello* brought vnto their view
His faire *Cambina*, couered with a veale;
Which being once withdrawne, most perfect hew
And passing beautie did eftsoones reueale;
That able was weake harts away to steale.
Next did Sir *Triamond* vnto their sight
The face of his deare *Canacee* vnheale;
Whose beauties beame eftsoones did shine so bright,
That daz'd the eyes of all, as with exceeding light.

And after her did *Paridell* produce
His false *Duessa*, that she might be seene,
Who with her forged beautie did seduce
The hearts of some, that fairest her did weene;
As diuerse wits affected diuers beene.
Then did Sir *Ferramont* vnto them shew
His *Lucida*, that was full faire and sheene,
And after these an hundred Ladies moe
Appear'd in place, the which each other did outgoe.

All which who so dare thinke for to enchace,
Him needeth sure a golden pen I weene,
To tell the feature of each goodly face.
For since the day that they created beene,
So many heauenly faces were not seene
Assembled in one place: ne he that thought
For *Chian* folke to pourtraict beauties Queene,
By view of all the fairest to him brought,
So many faire did see, as here he might haue sought.

At last the most redoubted *Britonesse*,
Her louely *Amoret* did open shew;
Whose face discouered, plainely did expresse
The heauenly pourtraict of bright Angels hew.

Well weened all, which her that time did vew,
That she should surely beare the bell away,
Till *Blandamour*, who thought he had the trew
And very *Florimell*, did her display:
The sight of whom once seene did all the rest dismay.

For all afore that seemed fayre and bright,
Now base and contemptible did appeare,
Compar'd to her, that shone as Phebes light,
Amongst the lesser starres in euening cleare.
All that her saw with wonder rauisht weare,
And weend no mortall creature she should bee,
But some celestiall shape, that flesh did beare:
Yet all were glad there *Florimell* to see;
Yet thought that *Florimell* was not so faire as shee.

As guilefull Goldsmith that by secret skill,
With golden foyle doth finely ouer spred
Some baser metall, which commend he will
Vnto the vulgar for good gold insted,
He much more goodly glosse thereon doth shed,
To hide his falshood, then if it were trew:
So hard, this Idole was to be ared,
That *Florimell* her selfe in all mens vew
She seem'd to passe: so forged things do fairest shew.

Then was that golden belt by doome of all
Graunted to her, as to the fayrest Dame.
Which being brought, about her middle small
They thought to gird, as best it her became;
But by no meanes they could it thereto frame.
For euer as they fastned it, it loos'd
And fell away, as feeling secret blame:
Full oft about her wast she it enclos'd;
And it as oft was from about her wast disclos'd.

That

That all men wondred at the vncouth sight,
And each one thought, as to their fancies came.
But she her selfe did thinke it doen for spight,
And touched was with secret wrath and shame
Therewith, as thing deuiz'd her to defame.
Then many other Ladies likewise tride,
About their tender loynes to knit the same;
But it would not on none of them abide,
But when they thought it fast, eftsoones it was vntide.

Which when that scornefull *Squire of Dames* did vew,
He lowdly gan to laugh, and thus to iest;
Alas for pittie that so faire a crew,
As like can not be seene from East to West,
Cannot find one this girdle to inuest.
Fie on the man, that did it first inuent,
To shame vs all with this, *Vngirt vnblest*.
Let neuer Ladie to his loue assent,
That hath this day so many so vnmanly shent.

Thereat all Knights gan laugh, and Ladies lowre:
Till that at last the gentle *Amoret*
Likewise assayd, to proue that girdles powre;
And hauing it about her middle set,
Did find it fit, withouten breach or let.
Whereat the rest gan greatly to enuie:
But *Florimell* exceedingly did fret,
And snatching from her hand halfe angrily
The belt againe, about her bodie gan it tie.

Yet nathemore would it her bodie fit;
Yet natheless to her, as her dew right,
It yeelded was by them, that iudged it:
And she her selfe adiudged to the Knight,

That bore the Hebene speare, as wonne in fight.
But *Britomart* would not thereto assent,
Ne her owne *Amoret* forgoe so light
For that strange Dame, whose beauties wonderment
She lesse esteem'd, then th'others vertuous gouernment.

Whom when the rest did see her to refuse,
They were full glad, in hope themselues to get her:
Yet at her choice they all did greatly muse.
But after that the Iudges did arret her
Vnto the second best, that lou'd her better;
That was the *Saluage* Knight: but he was gone
In great displeasure, that he could not get her.
Then was she iudged *Triamond* his one;
But *Triamond* lou'd *Canacee*, and other none.

Tho vnto *Satyran* she was adiudged,
Who was right glad to gaine so goodly meed:
But *Blandamour* thereat full greatly grudged,
And litle prays'd his labours euill speed,
That for to winne the saddle, lost the steed.
Ne lesse thereat did *Paridell* complaine,
And thought t'appeale from that, which was decreed,
To single combat with Sir *Satyrane*.
Thereto him *Ate* stird, new discord to maintaine.

And eke with these, full many other Knights
She through her wicked working did incense,
Her to demaund, and chalenge as their rights,
Deserued for their perils recompense.
Amongst the rest with boastfull vaine pretense
Stept *Braggadochio* forth, and as his thrall
Her claym'd, by him in battell wonne long sens;
Whereto her selfe he did to witnesse call;
Who being askt, accordingly confessed all.

Thereat

Thereat exceeding wroth was *Satyran*;
And wroth with *Satyran* was *Blandamour*;
And wroth with *Blandamour* was *Eriuan*;
And at them both Sir *Paridell* did loure.
So all together stird vp strifull stoure,
And readie were new battell to darraine.
Each one profest to be her paramoure,
And vow'd with speare and shield it to maintaine;
Ne Iudges powre, ne reasons rule mote them restraine.

Which troublous stirre when *Satyrane* auiz'd:
He gan to cast how to appease the same,
And to accord them all, this meanes deuiz'd:
First in the midst to set that fayrest Dame,
To whom each once his chalenge should disclame,
And he himselfe his right would eke releasse:
Then looke to whom she voluntarie came,
He should without disturbance her possesse:
Sweete is the loue that comes alone with willingnesse.

They all agreed, and then that snowy Mayd
Was in the middest plast among them all;
All on her gazing wisht, and vowd, and prayd,
And to the Queene of beautie close did call,
That she vnto their portion might befall.
Then when she long had lookt vpon each one,
As though she wished to haue pleasd them all,
At last to *Braggadochio* selfe alone
She came of her accord, in spight of all his fone.

Which when they all beheld they chaft and rag'd,
And woxe nigh mad for very harts despight,
That from reuenge their willes they scarse asswag'd:
Some thought from him her to haue reft by might;

Some proffer made with him for her to fight.
But he nought car'd for all that they could say:
For he their words as wind esteemed light.
Yet not fit place he thought it there to stay,
But secretly from thence that night her bore away.

They which remaynd, so soone as they perceiu'd,
That she was gone, departed thence with speed,
And follow'd them, in mind her to haue reau'd
From wight vnworthie of so noble meed.
In which poursuit how each one did succeede,
Shall else be told in order, as it fell.
But now of *Britomart* it here doth neede,
The hard aduentures and strange haps to tell;
Since with the rest she went not after *Florimell*.

For soone as she them saw to discord set,
Her list no longer in that place abide;
But taking with her louely *Amoret*,
Vpon her first aduenture forth did ride,
To seeke her lou'd, making blind loue her guide.
Vnluckie Mayd to seeke her enemie,
Vnluckie Mayd to seeke him farre and wide,
Whom, when he was vnto her selfe most nie,
She through his late disguizemēt could him not descrie.

So much the more her griefe, the more her toyle:
Yet neither toyle nor griefe she once did spare,
In seeking him, that should her paine assoyle;
Whereto great comfort in her sad misfare
Was *Amoret*, companion of her care:
Who likewise sought her louer long miswent,
The gentle *Scudamour*, whose hart whileare
That stryfull hag with gealous discontent
Had fild, that he to fell reueng was fully bent.

Bent to reuenge on blameleſſe *Britomart*
The crime, which curſed *Ate* kindled earſt,
The which like thornes did pricke her gealous hart,
And through his ſoule like poyſned arrow perſt,
That by no reaſon it might be reuerſt,
For ought that *Glauce* could or doe or ſay.
For aye the more that ſhe the ſame reherſt,
The more it gauld, and grieu'd him night and day,
That nought but dire reuenge his anger mote defray.

So as they trauelled, the drouping night
Couered with cloudie ſtorme and bitter ſhowre,
That dreadfull ſeem'd to euery liuing wight,
Vpon them fell, before her timely howre;
That forced them to ſeeke ſome couert bowre,
Where they might hide their heads in quiet reſt,
And ſhrowd their perſons from that ſtormie ſtowre.
Not farre away, not meete for any gueſt
They ſpide a little cottage, like ſome poore mans neſt.

Vnder a ſteepe hilles ſide it placed was,
There where the mouldred earth had cav'd the banke;
And faſt beſide a little brooke did pas
Of muddie water, that like puddle ſtanke,
By which few crooked ſallowes grew in ranke:
Whereto approaching nigh, they heard the ſound
Of many yron hammers beating ranke,
And anſwering their wearie turnes around,
That ſeemed ſome blackſmith dwelt in that deſert groũd.

There entring in, they found the goodman ſelfe,
Full buſily vnto his worke ybent;
Who was to weet a wretched wearish elfe,
With hollow eyes and rawbone cheekes forſpent,

As if he had in priſon long bene pent:
Full blacke and grieſly did his face appeare,
Beſmeard with ſmoke that nigh his eye-ſight blent;
With rugged beard, and hoarie ſhagged heare,
The which he neuer wont to combe, or comely ſheare.

Rude was his garment, and to rags all rent,
Ne better had he, ne for better cared:
With bliſtred hands emongſt the cinders brent,
And fingers filthie, with long nayles vnpared,
Right fit to rend the food, on which he fared.
His name was *Care*; a blackſmith by his trade,
That neither day nor night, from working ſpared,
But to ſmall purpoſe yron wedges made;
Thoſe be vnquiet thoughts, that carefull minds inuade.

In which his worke he had ſixe ſeruants preſt,
About the Andvile ſtanding euermore,
With huge great hammers, that did neuer reſt
From heaping ſtroakes, which thereon ſouſed ſore:
All ſixe ſtrong groomes, but one then other more;
For by degrees they all were diſagreed;
So likewiſe did the hammers which they bore,
Like belles in greatneſſe orderly ſucceed,
That he which was the laſt, the firſt did farre exceede.

He like a monſtrous Gyant ſeem'd in ſight,
Farre paſſing *Bronteus*, or *Pynaemon* great,
The which in *Lipari* doe day and night
Frame thunderbolts for *Ioues* auengefull threate.
So dreadfully he did the anduile beat,
That ſeem'd to duſt he ſhortly would it driue:
So huge his ham mer and ſo fierce his heat,
That ſeem'd a roᶜke of Diamond it could riue,
And rend a ſunder quite, if he thereto liſt ſtriue.

Sir

Sir *Scudamour* there entring, much admired
The manner of their worke and wearie paine;
And hauing long beheld, at laſt enquired
The cauſe and end thereof: but all in vaine;
For they for nought would from their worke refraine,
Ne let his ſpeeches come vnto their eare.
And eke the breathfull bellowes blew amaine,
Like to the Northren winde, that none could heare,
Thoſe *Penſifeneſſe* did moue; & *Sighes* the bellows weare.

Which when that warriour ſaw, he ſaid no more,
But in his armour layd him downe to reſt:
To reſt he layd him downe vpon the flore,
(Whylome for ventrous Knights the bedding beſt)
And thought his wearie limbs to haue redreſt.
And that old aged Dame, his faithfull Squire,
Her feeble ioynts layd eke a downe to reſt;
That needed much her weake age to deſire,
After ſo long a trauell, which them both did tire.

There lay Sir *Scudamour* long while expecting,
When gentle ſleepe his heauie eyes would cloſe;
Oft chaunging ſides, and oft new place electing,
Where better ſeem'd he mote himſelfe repoſe;
And oft in wrath he thence againe vproſe;
And oft in wrath he layd him downe againe.
But whereſoeuer he did himſelfe diſpoſe,
He by no meanes could wiſhed eaſe obtaine:
So euery place ſeem'd painefull, and ech changing vaine.

And euermore, when he to ſleepe did thinke,
The hammers ſound his ſenſes did moleſt;
And euermore, when he began to winke,
The bellowes noyſe diſturb'd his quiet reſt,

Sir

Ne suffred sleepe to settle in his brest.
And all the night the dogs did barke and howle
About the house, at sent of stranger gueſt:
And now the crowing Cocke, and now the Owle
Lowde shriking him afflicted to the very sowle.

And if by fortune any litle nap
Vpon his heauie eye-lids chaunst to fall,
Eftsoones one of those villeins him did rap
Vpon his headpeece with his yron mall;
That he was soone awaked therewithall,
And lightly started vp as one affrayd;
Or as if one him suddenly did call.
So oftentimes he out of sleepe abrayd,
And then lay musing long, on that him ill apayd.

So long he muzed, and so long he lay,
That at the last his wearie sprite oppreſt
With fleshly weakneſſe, which no creature may
Long time resist, gaue place to kindly rest,
That all his senses did full soone arrest:
Yet in his soundest sleepe, his dayly feare
His ydle braine gan busily moleſt,
And made him dreame those two disloyall were:
The things that day most minds, at night doe most appeare.

With that, the wicked carle the maister Smith
A paire of redwhot yron tongs did take
Out of the burning cinders, and therewith,
Vnder his side him nipt, that forst to wake,
He felt his hart for very paine to quake,
And started vp auenged for to be
On him, the which his quiet slomber brake:
Yet looking round about him none could see;
Yet did the smart remaine, though he himselfe did flee.

In

In ſuch diſquiet and hartfretting payne,
He all that night, that too long night did paſſe.
And now the day out of the Ocean mayne
Began to peepe aboue this earthly maſſe,
With pearly dew ſprinkling the morning graſſe:
Then vp he roſe like heauie lumpe of lead,
That in his face, as in a looking glaſſe,
The ſignes of anguiſh one mote plainely read,
And gheſſe the man to be diſmayd with gealous dread.

Vnto his lofty ſteede he clombe anone,
And forth vpon his former voiage fared,
And with him eke that aged Squire attone;
Who whatſoeuer perill was prepared,
Both equall paines and equall perill ſhared:
The end whereof and daungerous euent
Shall for another canticle be ſpared.
But here my wearie teeme nigh ouer ſpent
Shall breath it ſelfe awhile, after ſo long a went.

Cant. VI.

Both Scudamour and Arthegall
Doe fight with Britomart,
He sees her face; doth fall in loue,
and soone from her depart.

WHat equall torment to the griefe of mind,
And pyning anguish hid in gentle hart,
That inly feeds it selfe with thoughts vnkind,
And nourisheth her owne consuming smart?
What medicine can any Leaches art
Yeeld such a sore, that doth her grieuance hide,
And will to none her maladie impart?
Such was the wound that *Scudamour* did gride;
For which *Dan Phebus* selfe cannot a salue prouide.

Who hauing left that restlesse house of *Care*,
The next day, as he on his way did ride,
Full of melancholie and sad misfare,
Through misconceipt; all vnawares espide
An armed Knight vnder a forrest side,
Sitting in shade beside his grazing steede;
Who soone as them approaching he descride,
Gan towards them to pricke with eger speede,
That seem'd he was full bent to some mischieuous deede.

Which *Scudamour* perceiuing, forth issewed
To haue rencountred him in equall race;
But soone as th'other nigh approaching, vewed
The armes he bore, his speare he gan abase,

And

And voide his course: at which so suddain case
He wondred much. But th'other thus can say;
Ah gentle *Scudamour*, vnto your grace
I me submit, and you of pardon pray,
That almost had against you trespassed this day.

Whereto thus *Scudamour*, Small harme it were
For any knight, vpon a ventrous knight
Without displeasance for to proue his spere.
But reade you Sir, sith ye my name haue hight,
What is your owne, that I mote you requite.
Certes (sayd he) ye mote as now excuse
Me from discouering you my name aright:
For time yet serues that I the same refuse,
But call ye me the *Saluage Knight*, as others vse.

Then this, Sir *Saluage Knight* (quoth he) areede;
Or doe you here within this forrest wonne,
That seemeth well to answere to your weede?
Or haue ye it for some occasion donne?
That rather seemes, sith knowen armes ye shonne.
This other day (sayd he) a stranger knight
Shame and dishonour hath vnto me donne;
On whom I waite to wreake that foule despight,
When euer he this way shall passe by day or night.

Shame be his meede (quoth he) that meaneth shame.
But what is he, by whom ye shamed were?
A stranger knight, sayd he, vnknowne by name,
But knowne by fame, and by an Hebene speare,
With which he all that met him, downe did beare.
He in an open Turney lately held,
Fro me the honour of that game did reare;
And hauing me all wearie earst, downe feld,
The fayrest Ladie reft, and euer since withheld.

When *Scudamour* heard mention of that speare,
He wist right well, that it was *Britomart*,
The which from him his faireſt loue did beare.
Tho gan he ſwell in euery inner part,
For fell deſpight, and gnaw his gealous hart,
That thus he ſharply ſayd; Now by my head,
Yet is not this the firſt vnknightly part,
Which that ſame knight, whom by his launce I read,
Hath doen to noble knights, that many makes him dread.

For lately he my loue hath fro me reft,
And eke defiled with foule villanie
The ſacred pledge, which in his faith was left,
In ſhame of knighthood and fidelitie;
The which ere long full deare he ſhall abie.
And if to that auenge by you decreed
This hand may helpe, or ſuccour ought ſupplie,
It ſhall not fayle, when ſo ye ſhall it need.
So both to wreake their wrathes on *Britomart* agreed.

Whiles thus they communed, lo farre away
A Knight ſoft ryding towards them they ſpyde,
Attyr'd in forraine armes and ſtraunge aray:
Whō when they nigh approcht, they plaine deſcryde
To be the ſame, for whom they did abyde.
Sayd then Sir *Scudamour*, Sir *Salvage* knight
Let me this craue, ſith firſt I was defyde,
That firſt I may that wrong to him requite:
And if I hap to fayle, you ſhall recure my right.

Which being yeelded, he his threatfull ſpeare
Gan fewter, and againſt her fiercely ran.
Who ſoone as ſhe him ſaw approaching neare
With ſo fell rage, her ſelfe ſhe lightly gan

To

To dight, to welcome him, well as she can:
But entertaind him in so rude a wise,
That to the ground she smote both horse and man;
Whence neither greatly hasted to arise,
But on their common harmes together did deuise.

But *Artegall* beholding his mischaunce,
New matter added to his former fire;
And eft auentring his steeleheaded launce,
Against her rode, full of despiteous ire,
That nought but spoyle and vengeance did require.
But to himselfe his felonous intent
Returning, disappointed his desire,
Whiles vnawares his saddle he forwent,
And found himselfe on ground in great amazement.

Lightly he started vp out of that stound,
And snatching forth his direfull deadly blade,
Did leape to her, as doth an eger hound
Thrust to an Hynd within some couert glade,
Whom without perill he cannot inuade.
With such fell greedines he her assayled,
That though she mounted were, yet he her made
To giue him ground, (so much his force preuayled)
And shun his mightie strokes, gainst which no armes (auayled.

So as they courst here and there, it chaunst
That in her wheeling round, behind her creast
So sorely he her strooke, that thence it glaunst
Adowne her backe, the which it fairely blest
From foule mischance; ne did it euer rest,
Till on her horses hinder parts it fell;
Where byting deepe, so deadly it impreast,
That quite it chynd his backe behind the sell,
And to alight on foote her algates did compell.

Like as the lightning brond from riuen skie,
Throwne out by angry *Iowe* in his vengeance,
With dreadfull force falles on some steeple hie;
Which battring, downe it on the church doth glance,
And teares it all with terrible mischance.
Yet she no whit dismayd, her steed forsooke,
And casting from her that enchaunted lance,
Vnto her sword and shield her soone betooke;
And therewithall at him right furiously she strooke.

So furiously she strooke in her first heat,
Whiles with long fight on foot he breathlesse was,
That she him forced backward to retreat,
And yeeld vnto her weapon way to pas:
Whose raging rigour neither steele nor bras
Could stay, but to the tender flesh it went,
And pour'd the purple bloud forth on the gras;
That all his mayle yriv'd, and plates yrent,
Shew'd all his bodie bare vnto the cruell dent.

At length when as he saw her hastie heat
Abate, and panting breath begin to fayle,
He through long sufferãce growing now more great,
Rose in his strength, and gan her fresh assayle,
Heaping huge strokes, as thicke as showre of hayle,
And lashing dreadfully at euery part,
As if he thought her soule to dispentrayle.
Ah cruell hand, and thrise more cruell hart,
That workst such wrecke on her, to whom thou dearest (art.

What yron courage euer could endure,
To worke such outrage on so faire a creature?
And in his madnesse thinke with hands impure
To spoyle so goodly workmanship of nature,

The maker selfe resembling in her feature?
Certes some hellish furie, or some feend
This mischiefe framd, for their first loues defeature,
To bath their hands in bloud of deerest freend,
Thereby to make their loues beginning, their liues end.

Thus long they trac'd, and trauerst to and fro,
Sometimes pursewing, and sometimes pursewed,
Still as aduantage they espyde thereto:
But toward th'end Sir *Arthegall* renewed
His strength still more, but she still more decrewed.
At last his luckless hand he heau'd on hie,
Hauing his forces all in one accrewed,
And therewith stroke at her so hideously,
That seemed nought but death mote be her destinie.

The wicked stroke vpon her helmet chaunst,
And with the force, which in it selfe it bore,
Her ventayle shard away, and thence forth glaunst
Adowne in vaine, ne harm'd her any more.
With that her angels face, vnseene afore,
Like to the ruddie morne appeard in sight,
Deawed with siluer drops, through sweating sore,
But somewhat redder, then beseem'd aright,
Through toylesome heate and labour of her weary fight.

And round about the same, her yellow heare
Hauing through stirring loosd their wonted band,
Like to a golden border did appeare,
Framed in goldsmithes forge with cunning hand:
Yet goldsmithes cunning could not vnderstand
To frame such subtile wire, so shinie cleare.
For it did glister like the golden sand,
The which *Pactolus* with his waters shere,
Throwes forth vpon the riuage round about him nere.

And as his hand he vp againe did reare,
Thinking to worke on her his vtmoſt wracke,
His powreleſſe arme benumbd with ſecret feare
From his reuengefull purpoſe ſhronke abacke,
And cruell ſword out of his fingers ſlacke
Fell downe to ground, as if the ſteele had ſence,
And felt ſome ruth, or ſence his hand did lacke,
Or both of them did thinke, obedience
To doe to ſo diuine a beauties excellence.

And he himſelfe long gazing thereupon,
At laſt fell humbly downe vpon his knee,
And of his wonder made religion,
Weening ſome heauenly goddeſſe he did ſee,
Or elſe vnweeting, what it elſe might bee;
And pardon her beſought his errour frayle,
That had done outrage in ſo high degree:
Whileſt trembling horrour did his ſenſe aſſayle,
And made ech member quake, and manly hart to quayle.

Natheleſſe ſhe full of wrath for that late ſtroke,
All that long while vpheld her wrathfull hand,
With fell intent, on him to bene ywroke,
And looking ſterne, ſtill ouer him did ſtand,
Threatning to ſtrike, vnleſſe he would withſtand:
And bad him riſe, or ſurely he ſhould die.
But die or liue for nought he would vpſtand
But her of pardon prayd more earneſtlie,
Or wreake on him her will for ſo great iniurie.

Which when as *Scudamour*, who now abrayd,
Beheld, whereas he ſtood not farre aſide,
He was therewith right wondrouſly diſmayd,
And drawing nigh, when as he plaine deſcride

That

That peereleſſe paterne of Dame natures pride,
And heauenly image of perfection,
He bleſt himſelfe, as one ſore terrifide,
And turning his feare to faint deuotion,
Did worſhip her as ſome celeſtiall viſion.

But *Glauce*, ſeeing all that chaunced there,
Well weeting how their errour to aſſoyle,
Full glad of ſo good end, to them drew nere,
And her ſalewd with ſeemely belaccoyle,
Ioyous to ſee her ſafe after long toyle.
Then her beſought, as ſhe to her was deare,
To graunt vnto thoſe warriours truce a whyle;
Which yeelded, they their beuers vp did reare,
And ſhew'd themſelues to her, ſuch as indeed they were.

When *Britomart* with ſharpe auizefull eye
Beheld the louely face of *Artegall*,
Tempred with ſterneſſe and ſtout maieſtie,
She gan eftſoones it to her mind to call,
To be the ſame which in her fathers hall
Long ſince in that enchaunted glaſſe ſhe ſaw.
Therewith her wrathfull courage gan appall,
And haughtie ſpirits meekely to adaw,
That her enhaunced hand ſhe downe can ſoft withdraw.

Yet ſhe it forſt to haue againe vpheld,
As fayning choler, which was turn'd to cold:
But euer when his viſage ſhe beheld,
Her hand fell downe, and would no longer hold
The wrathfull weapon gainſt his countnance bold:
But when in vaine to fight ſhe oft aſſayd,
She arm'd her tongue, and thought at him to ſcold;
Nathleſſe her tongue not to her will obayd,
But brought forth ſpeeches myld, when ſhe would haue (miſſayd.

But *Scudamour* now woxen inly glad,
That all his gealous feare he falſe had found,
And how that Hag his loue abuſed had
With breach of faith and loyaltie vnſound,
The which long time his grieued hart did wound,
Her thus beſpake; certes Sir *Artegall*,
I ioy to ſee you lout ſo low on ground,
And now become to liue a Ladies thrall,
That whylome in your minde wont to deſpiſe them all.

Soone as ſhe heard the name of *Artegall*,
Her hart did leape, and all her hart-ſtrings tremble,
For ſudden ioy, and ſecret feare withall,
And all her vitall powres with motion nimble,
To ſuccour it, themſelues gan there aſſemble,
That by the ſwift recourſe of fluſhing blood
Right plaine appeard, though ſhe it would diſſemble,
And fayned ſtill her former angry mood,
Thinking to hide the depth by troubling of the flood.

When *Glauce* thus gan wiſely all vpknit;
Ye gentle Knights, whom fortune here hath brought,
To be ſpectators of this vncouth fit,
Which ſecret fate hath in this Ladie wrought,
Againſt the courſe of kind, ne meruaile nought,
Ne thenceforth feare the thing that hethertoo
Hath troubled both your mindes with idle thought,
Fearing leaſt ſhe your loues away ſhould woo,
Feared in vaine, ſith meanes ye ſee there wants theretoo.

And you Sir *Artegall*, the ſaluage knight,
Henceforth may not diſdaine, that womans hand
Hath conquered you anew in ſecond fight:
For whylome they haue conquerd ſea and land,

And heauen it selfe, that nought may them withstand
Ne henceforth be rebellious vnto loue,
That is the crowne of knighthood, and the band
Of noble minds deriued from aboue,
Which being knit with vertue, neuer will remoue.

And you faire Ladie knight, my dearest Dame,
Relent the rigour of your wrathfull will,
Whose fire were better turn'd to other flame;
And wiping out remembrance of all ill,
Graunt him your grace, but so that he fulfill
The penance, which ye shall to him empart:
For louers heauen must passe by sorrowes hell.
Thereat full inly blushed *Britomart*;
But *Artegall* close smyling ioy'd in secret hart.

Yet durst he not make loue so suddenly,
Ne thinke th'affection of her hart to draw
From one to other so quite contrary:
Besides her modest countenance he saw
So goodly graue, and full of princely aw,
That it his ranging fancie did refraine,
And looser thoughts to lawfull bounds withdraw;
Whereby the passion grew more fierce and faine,
Like to a stubborne steede whom strong hand would restraine.

But *Scudamour* whose hart twixt doubtfull feare
And feeble hope hung all this while suspence,
Desiring of his *Amoret* to heare
Some gladfull newes and sure intelligence,
Her thus bespake; But Sir without offence
Mote I request you tydings of my loue,
My *Amoret*, sith you her freed fro thence,
Where she captiued long, great woes did proue;
That where ye left, I may her seeke, as doth behoue.

To whom thus *Britomart*, certes Sir knight,
What is of her become, or whether reft,
I can not vnto you aread a right.
For from that time I from enchaunters theft
Her freed, in which ye her all hopeleſſe left,
I her preſeru'd from perill and from feare,
And euermore from villenie her kept:
Ne euer was there wight to me more deare
Then ſhe, ne vnto whom I more true loue did beare.

Till on a day as through a deſert wyld
We trauelled, both wearie of the way
We did alight, and ſate in ſhadow myld;
Where feareleſſe I to ſleepe me downe did lay.
But when as I did out of ſleepe abray,
I found her not, where I her left whyleare,
But thought ſhe wandred was, or gone aſtray.
I cal'd her loud, I ſought her farre and neare;
But no where could her find, nor tydings of her heare.

When *Scudamour* thoſe heauie tydings heard,
His hart was thrild with point of deadly feare;
Ne in his face or bloud or life appeard,
But ſenſeleſſe ſtood, like to a mazed ſteare,
That yet of mortall ſtroke the ſtound doth beare.
Till *Glauce* thus; Faire Sir, be nought diſmayd
With needeleſſe dread, till certaintie ye heare:
For yet ſhe may be ſafe though ſomewhat ſtrayd;
Its beſt to hope the beſt, though of the worſt affrayd.

Nathleſſe he hardly of her chearefull ſpeech
Did comfort take, or in his troubled ſight
Shew'd change of better cheare: ſo ſore a breach
That ſudden newes had made into his ſpright;

Till

Till *Britomart* him fairely thus behight;
Great cause of sorrow certes Sir ye haue:
But comfort take: for by this heauens light
I vow, you dead or liuing not to leaue,
Till I her find, and wreake on him that her did reaue.

Therewith he rested, and well pleased was.
So peace being confirm'd amongst them all,
They tooke their steeds, and forward thence did pas
Vnto some resting place, which mote befall,
All being guided by Sir *Artegall*.
Where goodly solace was vnto them made,
And dayly feasting both in bowre and hall,
Vntill that they their wounds well healed had,
And wearie limmes recur'd after late vsage bad.

In all which time, Sir *Artegall* made way
Vnto the loue of noble *Britomart*,
And with meeke seruice and much suit did lay
Continuall siege vnto her gentle hart,
Which being whylome launcht with louely dart,
More eath was new impression to receiue,
How euer she her payned with womanish art
To hide her wound, that none might it perceiue:
Vaine is the art that seekes it selfe for to deceiue.

So well he woo'd her, and so well he wrought her,
With faire entreatie and sweet blandishment,
That at the length vnto a bay he brought her,
So as she to his speeches was content
To lend an eare, and softly to relent.
At last through many vowes which forth he pour'd,
And many othes, she yeelded her consent
To be his loue, and take him for her Lord,
Till they with mariage meet might finish that accord.

Tho when they had long time there taken reſt,
Sir *Artegall*, who all this while was bound
Vpon an hard aduenture yet in queſt,
Fit time for him thence to depart it found,
To follow that, which he did long propound;
And vnto her his congee came to take.
But her therewith full ſore diſpleaſd he found,
And loth to leaue her late betrothed make,
Her deareſt loue full loth ſo ſhortly to forſake.

Yet he with ſtrong perſwaſions her aſſwaged,
And wonne her will to ſuffer him depart;
For which his faith with her he faſt engaged,
And thouſand vowes from bottome of his hart,
That all ſo ſoone as he by wit or art
Could that atchieue, whereto he did aſpire,
He vnto her would ſpeedily reuert:
No longer ſpace thereto he did deſire,
But till the horned moone three courſes did expire.

Withwhich ſhe for the preſent was appeaſed,
And yeelded leaue, how euer maloontent
She inly were, and in her mind diſpleaſed.
So early in the morrow next he went
Forth on his way, to which he was ybent.
Ne wight him to attend, or way to guide,
As whylome was the cuſtome ancient
Mongſt Knights, when on aduentures they did ride,
Saue that ſhe algates him a while accompanide.

And by the way ſhe ſundry purpoſe found
Of this or that, the time for to delay,
And of the perils whereto he was bound,
The feare whereof ſeem'd much her to affray:

But

But all she did was but to weare out day.
Full oftentimes she leaue of him did take;
And eft againe deuiz'd some what to say,
Which she forgot, whereby excuse to make:
So loth she was his companie for to forsake.

At last when all her speeches she had spent,
And new occasion fayld her more to find,
She left him to his fortunes gouernment,
And backe returned with right heauie mind.
To *Scudamour*, who she had left behind,
With whom she went to seeke faire *Amoret*,
Her second care, though in another kind;
For vertues onely sake, which doth beget
True loue and faithfull friendship, she by her did set.

Backe to that desert forrest they retyred,
Where sorie *Britomart* had lost her late;
There they her sought, and euery where inquired,
Where they might tydings get of her estate;
Yet found they none. But by what hapless fate,
Or hard misfortune she was thence conuayd,
And stolne away from her beloued mate,
Were long to tell; therefore I here will stay
Vntill another tyde, that I it finish may.

Cant. VII.

Amoret rapt by greedie lust
Belphebe saues from dread,
The Squire her loues, and being blam'd
his dayes in dole doth lead.

GReat God of loue, that with thy cruell dart
Doest conquer greatest conquerors on ground,
And setst thy kingdome in the captiue harts
Of Kings and Keasars, to thy seruice bound,
What glorie, or what guerdon hast thou found
In feeble Ladies tyranning so sore;
And adding anguish to the bitter wound,
With which their liues thou lanchedst long afore,
By heaping stormes of trouble on them daily more?

So whylome didst thou to faire *Florimell*;
And so and so to noble *Britomart*:
So doest thou now to her, of whom I tell,
The louely *Amoret*, whose gentle hart
Thou martyrest with sorow and with smart,
In saluage forrests, and in deserts wide,
With Beares and Tygers taking heauie part,
Withouten comfort, and withouten guide,
That pittie is to heare the perils, which she tride.

So soone as she with that braue Britonesse
Had left that Turneyment for beauties prise,
They trauel'd long, that now for wearinesse,
Both of the way, and warlike exercise,

Both

Both through a forest ryding did deuise
T'alight, and rest their wearie limbs awhile.
There heauie sleepe the eye-lids did surprise
Of *Britomart* after long tedious toyle,
That did her passed paines in quiet rest assoyle.

The whiles faire *Amoret*, of nought affeard,
Walkt through the wood, for pleasure, or for need;
When suddenly behind her backe she heard
One rushing forth out of the thickest weed,
That ere she backe could turne to taken heed,
Had vnawares her snatched vp from ground.
Feebly she shriekt, but so feebly indeed,
That *Britomart* heard not the shrilling sound,
There where through weary trauel she lay sleeping soũd.

It was to weet a wilde and saluage man,
Yet was no man, but onely like in shape,
And eke in stature higher by a span,
All ouergrowne with haire, that could awhape
An hardy hart, and his wide mouth did gape
With huge great teeth, like to a tusked Bore:
For he liu'd all on rauin and on rape
Of men and beasts; and fed on fleshly gore,
The signe whereof yet stain'd his bloudy lips afore.

His neather lip was not like man nor beast,
But like a wide deepe poke, downe hanging low,
In which he wont the relickes of his feast,
And cruell spoyle, which he had spard, to stow:
And ouer it his huge great nose did grow,
Full dreadfully empurpled all with bloud;
And downe both sides two wide long eares did glow,
And raught downe to his waste, when vp he stood,
More great then th'eares of Elephants by *Indus* flood.

His waſt was with a wreath of yuie greene
Engirt about, ne other garment wore:
For all his haire was like a garment ſeene;
And in his hand a tall young oake he bore,
Whoſe knottie ſnags were ſharpned all afore,
And beath'd in fire for ſteele to be in ſted.
But whence he was, or of what wombe ybore,
Of beaſts, or of the earth, I haue not red:
But certes was with milke of Wolues and Tygres fed.

This vgly creature in his armes her ſnatcht,
And through the forreſt bore her quite away,
With briers and buſhes all to rent and ſcratcht;
Ne care he had, ne pittie of the pray,
Which many a knight had fought ſo many a day.
He ſtayed not, but in his armes her bearing
Ran, till he came to th'end of all his way,
Vnto his caue farre from all peoples hearing,
And there he threw her in, nought feeling, ne nought (fearing.

For ſhe deare Ladie all the way was dead,
Whileſt he in armes her bore; but when ſhe felt
Her ſelfe downe ſouſt, ſhe waked out of dread
Streight into griefe, that her deare hart nigh ſwelt,
And eft gan into tender teares to melt.
Then when ſhe lookt about, and nothing found
But darkneſſe and dread horrour, where ſhe dwelt,
She almoſt fell againe into a ſwound,
Ne wiſt whether aboue ſhe were, or vnder ground.

With that ſhe heard ſome one cloſe by her ſide
Sighing and ſobbing ſore, as if the paine
Her tender hart in peeces would diuide:
Which ſhe long liſtning, ſoftly askt againe

What

What mister wight it was that so did plaine?
To whom thus aunswer'd was: Ah wretched wight
That seekes to know anothers griefe in vaine,
Vnweeting of thine owne like hapless plight:
Selfe to forget to mind another, is ouersight.

Aye me (said she) where am I, or with whom?
Emong the liuing, or emong the dead?
What shall of me vnhappy maid become?
Shall death be th'end, or ought else worse, aread.
Vnhappy mayd (then answerd she) whose dread
Vntride, is lesse then when thou shalt it try:
Death is to him, that wretched life doth lead,
Both grace and gaine; but he in hell doth lie,
That liues a loathed life, and wishing cannot die.

This dismall day hath thee a caytiue made,
And vassall to the vilest wretch aliue,
Whose cursed vsage and vngodly trade
The heauens abhorre, and into darkenesse driue.
For on the spoile of women he doth liue,
Whose bodies chast, when euer in his powre
He may them catch, vnable to gainestriue,
He with his shamefull lust doth first deflowre,
And afterwards themselues doth cruelly deuoure.

Now twenty daies, by which the sonnes of men
Diuide their works, haue past through heuen sheene,
Since I was brought into this dolefull den;
During which space these sory eies haue seen
Seauen women by him slaine, and eaten clene.
And now no more for him but I alone,
And this old woman here remaining beene;
Till thou cam'st hither to augment our mone,
And of vs three to morrow he will sure eate one.

Ah dreadfull tidings which thou doeſt declare,
(Quoth ſhe) of all that euer hath bene knowen:
Full many great calamities and rare
This feeble breſt endured hath, but none
Equall to this, where euer I haue gone.
But what are you, whom like vnlucky lot
Hath linckt with me in the ſame chaine attone?
To tell (quoth ſhe) that which ye ſee, needs not;
A wofull wretched maid, of God and man forgot.

But what I was, it irkes me to reherſe;
Daughter vnto a Lord of high degree;
That ioyd in happy peace, till fates peruerſe
With guilefull loue did ſecretly agree,
To ouerthrow my ſtate and dignitie.
It was my lot to loue a gentle ſwaine,
Yet was he but a Squire of low degree;
Yet was he meet, vnleſſe mine eye did faine,
By any Ladies ſide for Lemans to haue laine.

But for his meanneſſe and diſparagement,
My Sire, who me too dearely well did loue,
Vnto my choiſe by no meanes would aſſent,
But often did my folly fowle reproue.
Yet nothing could my fixed mind remoue,
But whether willed or nilled friend or foe,
I me reſolu'd the vtmoſt end to proue,
And rather then my loue abandon ſo,
Both ſire, and friends, and all for euer to forgo.

Thenceforth I ſought by ſecret meanes to worke
Time to my will, and from his wrathfull ſight
To hide th'intent, which in my heart did lurke,
Till I thereto had all things ready dight.

So

So on a day vnweeting vnto wight,
I with that Squire agreede away to flit,
And in a priuy place, betwixt vs hight,
Within a groue appointed him to meete;
To which I boldly came vpon my feeble feete.

But ah vnhappy houre me thither brought:
For in that place where I him thought to find,
There was I found, contrary to my thought,
Of this accurſed Carle of helliſh kind,
The ſhame of men, and plague of womankind,
Who truſſing me, as Eagle doth his pray,
Me hether brought with him, as ſwift as wind,
Where yet vntouched till this preſent day,
I reſt his wretched thrall, the ſad *AEmylia*.

Ah ſad *AEmylia* (then ſayd *Amoret*,)
Thy ruefull plight I pitty as mine owne.
But read to me, by what deuiſe or wit,
Haſt thou in all this time, from him vnknowne
Thine honor ſau'd, though into thraldome throwne.
Through helpe (quoth ſhe) of this old woman here
I haue ſo done, as ſhe to me hath ſhowne.
For euer when he burnt in luſtfull fire,
She in my ſtead ſupplide his beſtiall deſire.

Thus of their euils as they did diſcourſe,
And each did other much bewaile and mone;
Loe where the villaine ſelfe, their ſorrowes ſourſe,
Came to the caue, and rolling thence the ſtone,
Which wont to ſtop the mouth thereof, that none
Might iſſue forth, came rudely ruſhing in,
And ſpredding ouer all the flore alone,
Gan dight him ſelfe vnto his wonted ſinne;
Which ended, then his bloudy banket ſhould beginne.

Which when as fearefull *Amoret* perceiued,
She ſtaid not the vtmoſt end thereof to try,
But like a ghaſtly Gelt, whoſe wits are reaued,
Ran forth in haſt with hideous outcry,
For horrour of his ſhamefull villany.
But after her full lightly he vproſe,
And her purſu'd as faſt as ſhe did flie:
Full faſt ſhe flies, and farre afore him goes,
Ne feeles the thorns and thickets pricke her tender toes.

Nor hedge, nor ditch, nor hill, nor dale ſhe ſtaies,
But ouerleapes them all, like Robucke light,
And through the thickeſt makes her nigheſt waies;
And euermore when with regardfull ſight
She looking backe, eſpies that grieſly wight
Approching nigh, ſhe gins to mend her pace,
And makes her feare a ſpur to haſt her flight:
More ſwift then *Myrrh'* or *Daphne* in her race,
Or any of the Thracian Nimphes in ſaluage chaſe.

Long ſo ſhe fled, and ſo he follow'd long,
Ne liuing aide for her on earth appeares,
But if the heauens helpe to redreſſe her wrong,
Moued with pity of her plenteous teares.
It fortuned *Belphebe* with her peares
The woody Nimphs, and with that louely boy,
Was hunting then the Libbards and the Beares,
In theſe wild woods, as was her wonted ioy,
To baniſh ſloth, that oft doth noble mindes annoy.

It ſo befell, as oft it fals in chace,
That each of them from other ſundred were,
And that ſame gentle Squire arriu'd in place,
Where this ſame curſed caytiue did appeare,

Purſuing

Pursuing that faire Lady full of feare,
And now he her quite ouertaken had;
And now he her away with him did beare
Vnder his arme, as seeming wondrous glad,
That by his grenning laughter mote farre off be rad.

With drery sight the gentle Squire espying,
Doth haste to crosse him by the neareſtway,
Led with that wofull Ladies piteous crying,
And him assailes with all the might he may,
Yet will not he the louely spoile downe lay;
But with his craggy club in his right hand,
Defends him selfe, and saues his gotten pray.
Yet had it bene right hard him to withstand,
But that he was full light and nimble on the land.

Thereto the villaine vsed craft in fight;
For euer when the Squire his iauelin shooke,
He held the Lady forth before him right,
And with her body, as a buckler, broke
The puissance of his intended stroke.
And if it chaunst, (as needs it must in fight)
Whileſt he on him was greedy to be wroke,
That any little blow on her did light,
Then would he laugh aloud, and gather great delight.

Which subtill sleight did him encumber much,
And made him oft, when he would strike, forbeare;
For hardly could he come the carle to touch,
But that he her must hurt, or hazard neare:
Yet he his hand so carefully did beare,
That at the laſt he did himselfe attaine,
And therein left the pike head of his speare.
A streame of cole blacke bloud thence gusht amaine,
That all her silken garments did with bloud bestaine.

With that he threw her rudely on the flore,
And laying both his hands vpon his glaue,
With dreadfull ſtrokes let driue at him ſo ſore,
That forſt him flie abacke, himſelfe to ſaue:
Yet he therewith ſo felly ſtill did raue,
That ſcarſe the Squire his hand could once vpreare,
But for aduantage ground vnto him gaue,
Tracing and trauerſing, now here, now there;
For bootleſſe thing it was to think ſuch blowes to beare.

Whileſt thus in battell they embuſied were,
Belphebe raunging in that forreſt wide,
The hideous noiſe of their huge ſtrokes did heare,
And drew thereto, making her eare her guide.
Whom when that theefe approching nigh eſpide,
With bow in hand, and arrowes ready bent,
He by his former combate would not bide,
But fled away with ghaſtly dreriment,
Well knowing her to be his deaths ſole inſtrument.

Whom ſeeing flie, ſhe ſpeedily pourſewed
With winged feete, as nimble as the winde,
And euer in her bow ſhe ready ſhewed,
The arrow, to his deadly marke deſynde.
As when *Latonaes* daughter cruell kynde,
In vengement of her mothers great diſgrace,
With fell deſpight her cruell arrowes tynde
Gainſt wofull *Niobes* vnhappy race,
That all the gods did mone her miſerable caſe.

So well ſhe ſped her and ſo far ſhe ventred,
That ere vnto his helliſh den he raught,
Euen as he ready was there to haue entred,
She ſent an arrow forth with mighty draught,

That

That in the very dore him ouercaught,
And in his nape arriuing, through it thrild
His greedy throte, therewith in two distraught,
That all his vitall spirites thereby spild,
And all his hairy brest with gory bloud was fild.

Whom when on ground she groueling saw to rowle,
She ran in hast his life to haue bereft:
But ere she could him reach, the sinfull sowle
Hauing his carrion corse quite senceless left,
Was fled to hell, surcharg'd with spoile and theft.
Yet ouer him she there long gazing stood,
And oft admir'd his monstrous shape, and oft
His mighty limbs, whilest all with filthy bloud
The place there ouerflowne, seemd like a sodaine flood.

Thenceforth she past into his dreadfull den,
Where nought but darkesome drerinesse she found,
Ne creature saw, but hearkned now and then
Some litle whispering, and soft groning sound.
With that she askt, what ghosts there vnder ground
Lay hid in horrour of eternall night?
And bad them, if so be they were not bound,
To come and shew themselues before the light,
Now freed from feare and danger of that dismall wight.

Then forth the said *AEmylia* issewed,
Yet trembling euery ioynt through former feare;
And after her the Hag, there with her mewed,
A foule and lothsome creature did appeare;
A leman fit for such a louer deare.
That mou'd *Belphebe* her no lesse to hate,
Then for to rue the others heauy cheare;
Of whom she gan enquire of her estate.
Who all to her at large, as hapned, did relate.

Thence she them brought toward the place, where late
She left the gentle Squire with *Amoret:*
There she him found by that new louely mate,
Who lay the whiles in swoune, full sadly set,
From her faire eyes wiping the deawy wet,
Which softly stild, and kissing them atweene,
And handling soft the hurts, which she did get.
For of that Carle she sorely bruz'd had beene,
Als of his owne rash hand one wound was to be seene.

Which when she saw, with sodaine glauncing eye,
Her noble heart with sight thereof was fild
With deepe disdaine, and great indignity,
That in her wrath she thought them both haue thrild,
With that selfe arrow, which the Carle had kild:
Yet held her wrathfull hand from vengeance sore,
But drawing nigh, ere he her well beheld;
Is this the faith she said, and said no more,
But turnd her face, and fled away for euermore.

He seeing her depart, arose vp light,
Right sore agrieued at her sharpe reproofe,
And follow'd fast: but when he came in sight,
He durst not nigh approch, but kept aloofe,
For dread of her displeasures vtmost proofe.
And euermore, when he did grace entreat,
And framed speaches fit for his behoofe,
Her mortall arrowes, she at him did threat,
And forst him backe with fowle dishonor to retreat.

At last when long he follow'd had in vaine,
Yet found no ease of griefe, nor hope of grace,
Vnto those woods he turned backe againe,
Full of sad anguish, and in heauy case:

And

And finding there fit ſolitary place
For wofull wight, choſe out a gloomy glade,
Where hardly eye mote ſee bright heauens face,
For moſſy trees, which couered all with ſhade
And ſad melancholy, there he his cabin made.

His wonted warlike weapons all he broke,
And threw away, with vow to vſe no more,
Ne thenceforth euer ſtrike in battell ſtroke,
Ne euer word to ſpeake to woman more;
But in that wilderneſſe, of men forlore,
And of the wicked world forgotten quight,
His hard miſhap in dolor to deplore,
And waſt his wretched daies in wofull plight;
So on him ſelfe to wreake his follies owne deſpight.

And eke his garment, to be thereto meet,
He wilfully did cut and ſhape anew;
And his faire locke's, that wont with ointment ſweet
To be embaulm'd, and ſweat out dainty dew,
He let to grow and grieſly to concrew,
Vncomb'd, vncurl'd, and careleſly vnſhed;
That in ſhort time his face they ouergrew,
And ouer all his ſhoulders did diſpred,
That who he whilome was, vneath was to be red.

There he continued in this carefull plight,
Wretchedly wearing out his youthly yeares,
Through wilfull penury conſumed quight,
That like a pined ghoſt he ſoone appeares.
For other food then that wilde forreſt beares,
Ne other drinke there did he euer taſt,
Then running water, tempred with his teares,
The more his weakened body ſo to waſt:
That out of all mens knowledge he was worne at laſt.

For on a day, by fortune as it fell,
His owne deare Lord Prince *Arthure* came that way,
Seeking aduentures, where he mote heare tell;
And as he through the wandring wood did stray,
Hauing espide this Cabin far away,
He to it drew, to weet who there did wonne;
Weening therein some holy Hermit lay,
That did resort of sinfull people shonne;
Or else some woodman shrowded there from scorching (sunne.

Arriuing there, he found this wretched man,
Spending his daies in dolour and despaire,
And through long fasting woxen pale and wan,
All ouergrowen with rude and rugged haire;
That albeit his owne deare Squire he were,
Yet he him knew not, ne auiz'd at all,
But like strange wight, whom he had seene no where,
Saluting him, gan into speach to fall,
And pitty much his plight, that liu'd like outcast thrall.

But to his speach he aunswered no whit,
But stood still mute, as if he had beene dum,
Ne signe of sence did shew, ne common wit,
As one with griefe and anguishe ouercum,
And vnto euery thing did aunswere mum:
And euer when the Prince vnto him spake,
He louted lowly, as did him becum,
And humble homage did vnto him make,
Midst sorrow shewing ioyous semblance for his sake.

At which his vncouth guise and vsage quaint
The Prince did wonder much, yet could not ghesse
The cause of that his sorrowfull constraint;
Yet weend by secret signes of manlinesse,

Which

Which close appeard in that rude brutishnesse,
That he whilome some gentle swaine had beene,
Traind vp in feats of armes and knightlinesse;
Which he obseru'd, by that he him had seene
To weld his naked sword, and try the edges keene.

And eke by that he saw on euery tree,
How he the name of one engrauen had,
Which likly was his liefest loue to be,
For whom he now so sorely was bestad;
Which was by him *BELPHEBE* rightly rad.
Yet who was that *Belphebe*, he ne wist;
Yet saw he often how he wexed glad,
When he it heard, and how the ground he kist,
Wherein it written was, and how himselfe he blist:

Tho when he long had marked his demeanor,
And saw that all he said and did, was vaine,
Ne ought mote make him change his wonted tenor,
Ne ought mote ease or mitigate his paine,
He left him there in languor to remaine,
Till time for him should remedy prouide,
And him restore to former grace againe.
Which for it is too long here to abide,
I will deferre the end vntill another tide.

Cant. VIII.

The gentle Squire recouers grace,
Sclaunder her guests doth staine:
Corflambo chaseth Placidas,
And is by Arthure slaine.

WEll said the wiseman, now prou'd true by this,
Which to this gentle Squire did happen late,
That the displeasure of the mighty is
Then death it selfe more dread and desperate.
For naught the same may calme ne mitigate,
Till time the tempest doe thereof delay
With sufferaunce soft, which rigour can abate,
And haue the sterne remembrance wypt away
Of bitter thoughts, which deepe therein infixed lay.

Like as it fell to this vnhappy boy,
Whose tender heart the faire *Belphebe* had,
With one sterne looke so daunted, that no ioy
In all his life, which afterwards he lad,
He euer tasted, but with penaunce sad
And pensiue sorrow pind and wore away,
Ne euer laught, ne once shew'd countenance glad;
But alwaies wept and wailed night and day,
As blasted bloosme through heat doth languish & decay

Till on a day, as in his wonted wise
His doole he made, there chaunst a turtle Doue
To come, where he his dolors did deuise,
That likewise late had lost her deerest loue,

Which

Which losse her made like passion also proue.
Who seeing his sad plight, her tender heart
With deare compassion deeply did emmoue,
That she gan mone his vndeserued smart,
And with her dolefull accent beare with him a part.

Shee sitting by him as on ground he lay,
Her mournefull notes full piteously did frame,
And thereof made a lamentable lay,
So sensibly compyld, that in the same
Him seemed oft he heard his owne right name.
With that he forth would poure so plenteous teares,
And beat his breast vnworthy of such blame,
And knocke his head, and rend his rugged heares,
That could haue perst the hearts of Tigres & of Beares.

Thus long this gentle bird to him did vse,
Withouten dread of peril to repaire
Vnto his wonne, and with her mournefull muse
Him to recomfort in his greatest care,
That much did ease his mourning and misfare:
And euery day for guerdon of her song,
He part of his small feast to her would share;
That at the last of all his woe and wrong
Companion she became, and so continued long.

Vpon a day as she him sate beside,
By chance he certaine miniments forth drew,
Which yet with him as relickes did abide.
Of all the bounty, which *Belphebe* threw
On him, whilst goodly grace she did him shew:
Amongst the rest a iewell rich he found,
That was a Ruby of right perfect hew,
Shap'd like a heart, yet bleeding of the wound,
And with a litle golden chaine about it bound.

The ſame he tooke, and with a riband new,
In which his Ladies colours were, did bind
About the turtles necke, that with the vew
Did greatly ſolace his engrieued mind.
All vnawares the bird, when ſhe did find
Her ſelfe ſo deckt, her nimble wings diſplaid,
And flew away, as lightly as the wind:
Which ſodaine accident him much diſmaid,
And looking after long, did marke which way ſhe ſtraid.

But when as long he looked had in vaine,
Yet ſaw her forward ſtill to make her flight,
His weary eie returnd to him againe,
Full of diſcomfort and diſquiet plight,
That both his iuell he had loſt ſo light,
And eke his deare companion of his care.
But that ſweet bird departing, flew forth right
Through the wide region of the waſtfull aire,
Vntill ſhe came where wonned his *Belphebe* faire.

There found ſhe her (as then it did betide)
Sitting in couert ſhade of arbors ſweet,
After late weary toile, which ſhe had tride
In ſaluage chaſe, to reſt as ſeem'd her meet.
There ſhe alighting, fell before her feet,
And gan to her her mournfull plaint to make,
As was her wont, thinking to let her weet
The great tormenting griefe, that for her ſake
Her gentle Squire through her diſpleaſure did partake.

She her beholding with attentiue eye,
At length did marke about her purple breſt
That precious iuell, which ſhe formerly
Had knowne right well with colourd ribbands dreſt:

There.

Therewith she rose in hast, and her addrest
With ready hand it to haue reft away.
But the swift bird obayd not her behest,
But swaru'd aside, and there againe did stay;
She follow'd her, and thought againe it to assay.

And euer when she nigh approcht, the Doue
Would flit a litle forward, and then stay,
Till she drew neare, and then againe remoue;
So tempting her still to pursue the pray,
And still from her escaping soft away:
Till that at length into that forrest wide,
She drew her far, and led with slow delay.
In th'end she her vnto that place did guide,
Whereas that wofull man in languor did abide.

Eftsoones she flew vnto his feareless hand,
And there a piteous ditty new deuiz'd,
As if she would haue made him vnderstand,
His sorrowes cause to be of her despis'd.
Whom when she saw in wretched weedes disguiz'd,
With heary glib deform'd, and meiger face,
Like ghost late risen from his graue agryz'd,
She knew him not, but pitied much his case,
And wisht it were in her to doe him any grace.

He her beholding, at her feet downe fell,
And kist the ground on which her sole did tread,
And washt the same with water, which did well
From his moist eies, and like two streames proceed,
Yet spake no word, whereby she might aread
What mister wight he was, or what he ment,
But as one daunted with her presence dread,
Onely few ruefull lookes vnto her sent,
As messengers of his true meaning and intent.

Yet nathemore his meaning ſhe ared,
But wondred much at his ſo ſelcouth caſe,
And by his perſons ſecret ſeemlyhed
Well weend, that he had beene ſome man of place,
Before misfortune did his hew deface:
That being mou'd with ruth ſhe thus beſpake.
Ah wofull man, what heauens hard diſgrace,
Or wrath of cruell wight on thee ywrake?
Or ſelfe diſliked life doth thee thus wretched make?

If heauen, then none may it redreſſe or blame,
Sith to his powre we all are ſubiect borne:
If wrathfull wight, then fowle rebuke and ſhame
Be theirs, that haue ſo cruell thee forlorne;
But if through inward griefe or wilfull ſcorne
Of life it be, then better doe aduiſe.
For he whoſe daies in wilfull woe are worne,
The grace of his Creator doth deſpiſe,
That will not vſe his gifts for thankleſſe nigardiſe.

When ſo he heard her ſay, eftſoones he brake
His ſodaine ſilence, which he long had pent,
And ſighing inly deepe, her thus beſpake;
Then haue they all themſelues againſt me bent:
For heauen, firſt author of my languiſhment,
Enuying my too great felicity,
Did cloſely with a cruell one conſent,
To cloud my daies in dolefull miſery,
And make me loath this life, ſtill longing for to die.

Ne any but your ſelfe, ô deareſt dred,
Hath done this wrong, to wreake on worthleſſe wight
Your high diſpleſure, through miſdeeming bred:
That when your pleaſure is to deeme aright,

Ye

Ye may redreſſe, and me reſtore to light.
Which ſory words her mightie hart did mate
With mild regard, to ſee his ruefull plight,
That her inburning wrath ſhe gan abate,
And him receiu'd againe to former fauours ſtate.

In which he long time afterwards did lead
An happie life with grace and good accord,
Fearleſſe of fortunes chaunge or enuies dread,
And eke all mindleſſe of his owne deare Lord
The noble Prince, who neuer heard one word
Of tydings, what did vnto him betide,
Or what good fortune did to him afford,
But through the endleſſe world did wander wide,
Him ſeeking euermore, yet no where him deſcride.

Till on a day as through that wood he rode,
He chaunſt to come where thoſe two Ladies late,
Æmylia and *Amoret* abode,
Both in full ſad and ſorrowfull eſtate;
The one right feeble through the euill rate
Of food, which in her dureſſe ſhe had found:
The other almoſt dead and deſperate (wound,
Through her late hurts, and through that hapleſſe
With which the Squire in her defence her ſore aſtound.

Whom when the Prince beheld, he gan to rew
The euill caſe in which thoſe Ladies lay;
But moſt was moued at the piteous vew
Of *Amoret*, ſo neare vnto decay,
That her great daunger did him much diſmay.
Eftſoones that pretious liquour forth he drew,
Which he in ſtore about him kept alway,
And with few drops thereof did ſoftly dew
Her wounds, that vnto ſtrength reſtor'd her ſoone anew.

Tho when they both recouered were right well,
He gan of them inquire, what euill guide
Them thether brought, and how their harmes befell.
To whom they told all, that did them betide,
And how from thraldome vile they were vntide
Of that same wicked Carle, by Virgins hond;
Whose bloudie corse they shew'd him there beside,
And eke his caue, in which they both were bond:
At which he wondred much, when all those signes he fond.

And euermore he greatly did desire
To know, what Virgin did them thence vnbind;
And oft of them did earnestly inquire,
Where was her won, and how he mote her find.
But when as nought according to his mind
He could outlearne, he them from ground did reare:
No seruice lothsome to a gentle kind;
And on his warlike beast them both did beare,
Himselfe by them on foot, to succour them from feare.

So when that forrest they had passed well,
A litle cotage farre away they spide,
To which they drew, ere night vpon them fell;
And entring in, found none therein abide,
But one old woman sitting there beside,
Vpon the ground in ragged rude attyre,
With filthy lockes about her scattered wide,
Gnawing her nayles for felnesse and for yre,
And there out sucking venime to her parts entyre.

A foule and loathly creature sure in sight,
And in conditions to be loath'd no lesse:
For she was stuft with rancour and despight
Vp to the throat, that oft with bitternesse

It forth would breake, and gush in great excesse,
Pouring out streames of poyson and of gall
Gainst all, that truth or vertue doe professe,
Whom she with leasings lewdly did miscall,
And wickedly backbite: Her name men *Sclaunder* call.

Her nature is all goodnesse to abuse,
And causeless crimes continually to frame,
With which the guiltlesse persons may accuse,
And steale away the crowne of their good name;
Ne euer Knight so bold, ne euer Dame
So chast and loyall liu'd, but she would striue
With forged cause them falsely to defame;
Ne euer thing so well was doen aliue,
But she with blame would blot, & of due praise depriue.

Her words were not, as common words are ment,
T'expresse the meaning of the inward mind,
But noysome breath, and poysnous spirit sent
From inward parts, with cancred malice lind,
And breathed forth with blast of bitter wind; (hart,
Which passing through the eares, would pierce the
And wound the soule it selfe with griefe vnkind:
For like the stings of Aspes, that kill with smart,
Her spightfull words did pricke, & wound the inner part.

Such was that Hag, vnmeet to host such guests,
Whom greatest Princes court would welcome fayne,
But neede, that answers not to all requests,
Bad them not looke for better entertayne;
And eke that age despysed niceness vaine,
Enur'd to hardnesse and to homely fare,
Which them to warlike discipline did trayne,
And manly limbs endur'd with litle care
Against all hard mishaps and fortunelesse misfare.

Then all that euening welcommed with cold,
And cheareleſſe hunger, they together ſpent;
Yet found no fault, but that the Hag did ſcold
And rayle at them with grudgefull diſcontent,
For lodging there without her owne conſent:
Yet they endured all with patience milde,
And vnto reſt themſelues all onely lent,
Regardleſſe of that queane ſo baſe and vilde,
To be vniuſtly blamd, and bitterly reuilde.

Here well I weene, when as theſe rimes be red
With miſregard, that ſome raſh witted wight,
Whoſe looſer thought will lightly be miſled,
Theſe gentle Ladies will miſdeeme too light,
For thus conuerſing with this noble Knight;
Sith now of dayes ſuch temperance is rare
And hard to finde, that heat of youthfull ſpright
For ought will from his greedie pleaſure ſpare,
More hard for hungry ſteed t'abſtaine from pleaſant lare.

But antique age yet in the infancie
Of time, did liue then like an innocent,
In ſimple truth and blameleſſe chaſtitie,
Ne them of guile had made experiment,
But voide of vile and treacherous intent,
Held vertue for it ſelfe in ſoueraine awe:
Then loyall loue had royall regiment,
And each vnto his luſt did make a lawe,
From all forbidden things his liking to withdraw.

The Lyon there did with the Lambe conſort,
And eke the Doue ſate by the Faulcons ſide,
Ne each of other feared fraud or tort,
But did in ſafe ſecuritie abide,

Withouten perill of the ſtroniger pride:
But when the world woxe old, it woxe warre old
(Whereof it hight) and hauing ſhortly tride
The traines of wit, in wickedneſſe woxe bold,
And dared of all ſinnes the ſecrets to vnfold.

Then beautie, which was made to repreſent
The great Creatours owne reſemblance bright,
Vnto abuſe of lawleſſe luſt was lent,
And made the baite of beſtiall delight:
Then faire grew foule, and foule grew faire in ſight,
And that which wont to vanquiſh God and man,
Was made the vaſſall of the victors might;
Then did her glorious flowre wex dead and wan,
Deſpiſd and troden downe of all that ouerran.

And now it is ſo vtterly decayd,
That any bud thereof doth ſcarſe remaine,
But if few plants preſeru'd through heauenly ayd,
In Princes Court doe hap to ſprout againe,
Dew'd with her drops of bountie Soueraine,
Which from that goodly glorious flowre proceed,
Sprung of the auncient ſtocke of Princes ſtraine,
Now th'onely remnant of that royall breed,
Whoſe noble kind at firſt was ſure of heauenly ſeed.

Tho ſoone as day diſcouered heauens face
To ſinfull men with darknes ouerdight,
This gentle crew gan from their eye-lids chace
The drowzie humour of the dampiſh night,
And did themſelues vnto their iourney dight.
So forth they yode, and forward ſoftly paced,
That them to view had bene an vncouth ſight;
How all the way the Prince on foorpace traced,
The Ladies both on horſe, together faſt embraced.

Soone as they thence departed were afore,
That shamefull Hag, the slaunder of her sexe,
Them follow'd fast, and them reuiled sore,
Him calling theefe, them whores; that much did vexe
His noble hart; thereto she did annexe
False crimes and facts, such as they neuer ment,
That those two Ladies much asham'd did wexe:
The more did she pursue her lewd intent,
And rayl'd and rag'd, till she had all her poyson spent.

At last when they were passed out of sight,
Yet she did not her spightfull speach forbeare,
But after them did barke, and still backbite,
Though there were none her hatefull words to heare:
Like as a curre doth felly bite and teare
The stone, which passed straunger at him threw;
So she them seeing past the reach of eare,
Against the stones and trees did rayle anew,
Till she had duld the sting, which in her tongs end grew.

They passing forth kept on their readie way,
With easie steps so soft as foot could stryde,
Both for great feeblesse, which did oft assay
Faire *Amoret*, that scarcely she could ryde,
And eke through heauie armes, which sore annoyd
The Prince on foot, not wonted so to fare;
Whose steadie hand was faine his steede to guyde,
And all the way from trotting hard to spare,
So was his toyle the more, the more that was his care.

At length they spide, where towards them with speed
A Squire came gallopping, as he would flie
Bearing a litle Dwarfe before his steed,
That all the way full loud for aide did crie,

That

That seem'd his shrikes would rend the brasen skie:
Whom after did a mightie man pursew,
Ryding vpon a Dromedare on hie,
Of stature huge, and horrible of hew,
That would haue maz'd a man his dreadfull face to vew.

For from his fearefull eyes two fierie beames,
More sharpe then points of needles did proceede,
Shooting forth farre away two flaming streames,
Full of sad powre, that poysonous bale did breede
To all, that on him lookt without good heed,
And secretly his enemies did slay:
Like as the Basiliske of serpents seede,
From powrefull eyes close venim doth conuay
Into the lookers hart, and killeth farre away.

He all the way did rage at that same Squire,
And after him full many threatnings threw,
With curses vaine in his auengefull ire:
But none of them (so fast away he flew)
Him ouertooke, before he came in vew.
Where when he saw the Prince in armour bright,
He cald to him aloud, his case to rew,
And rescue him through succour of his might,
From that his cruell foe, that him pursewd in sight.

Eftsoones the Prince tooke downe those Ladies twaine
From loftie steede, and mounting in their stead
Came to that Squire, yet trembling euery vaine:
Of whom he gan enquire his cause of dread;
Who as he gan the same to him aread,
Loe hard behind his backe his foe was prest,
With dreadfull weapon aymed at his head,
That vnto death had doen him vnredrest,
Had not the noble Prince his readie stroke represt.

Who thrusting boldly twixt him and the blow,
The burden of the deadly brunt did beare
Vpon his shield, which lightly he did throw
Ouer his head, before the harme came neare.
Nathlesse it fell with so despiteous dreare
And heauie sway, that hard vnto his crowne
The shield it droue, and did the couering reare,
Therewith both Squire and dwarfe did tomble downe
Vnto the earth, and lay long while in senseleſſe swowne.

Whereat the Prince full wrath, his strong right hand
In full auengement heaued vp on hie,
And stroke the Pagan with his steely brand
So sore, that to his saddle bow thereby
He bowed low, and so a while did lie:
And sure had not his massie yron mace
Betwixt him and his hurt bene happily,
It would haue cleft him to the girding place,
Yet as it was, it did astonish him long space.

But when he to himselfe returnd againe,
All full of rage he gan to curse and sweare,
And vow by *Mahowne* that he should be slaine.
With that his murdrous mace he vp did reare,
That seemed nought the souse thereof could beare,
And therewith smote at him with all his might.
But ere that it to him approched neare,
The royall child with readie quicke foresight,
Did shun the proofe thereof and it auoyded light.

But ere his hand he could recure againe,
To ward his bodie from the balefull stound,
He smote at him with all his might and maine,
So furiously, that ere he wist, he found

His head before him tombling on the ground.
The whiles his babling tongue did yet blaſpheme
And curſe his God, that did him ſo confound;
The whiles his life ran foorth in bloudie ſtreame,
His ſoule deſcended downe into the Stygian reame.

Which when that Squire beheld, he woxe full glad
To ſee his foe breath out his ſpright in vaine:
But that ſame dwarfe right ſorie ſeem'd and ſad,
And howld aloud to ſee his Lord there ſlaine,
And rent his haire and ſcratcht his face for paine.
Then gan the Prince at leaſure to inquire
Of all the accident, there hapned plaine,
And what he was, whoſe eyes did flame with fire;
All which was thus to him declared by that Squire.

This mightie man (quoth he) whom you haue ſlaine,
Of an huge Geaunteſſe whylome was bred;
And by his ſtrength rule to himſelfe did gaine
Of many Nations into thraldome led,
And mightie kingdomes of his force adred;
Whom yet he conquer'd not by bloudie fight,
Ne hoſtes of men with banners brode diſpred,
But by the powre of his infectious ſight,
With which he killed all, that came within his might.

Ne was he euer vanquiſhed afore,
But euer vanquiſht all, with whom he fought;
Ne was there man ſo ſtrong, but he downe bore,
Ne woman yet ſo faire, but he her brought
Vnto his bay, and captiued her thought.
For moſt of ſtrength and beautie his deſire
Was ſpoyle to make, and waſt them vnto nought,
By caſting ſecret flakes of luſtfull fire
From his falſe eyes, into their harts and parts entire.

Therefore *Corflambo* was he cald aright,
Though nameleſſe there his bodie now doth lie,
Yet hath he left one daughter that is hight
The faire *Pæana*; who ſeemes outwardly
So faire, as euer yet ſaw liuing eie:
And were her vertue like her beautie bright,
She were as faire as any vnder skie.
But ah ſhe giuen is to vaine delight,
And eke too looſe of life, and eke of loue too light.

So as it fell there was a gentle Squire,
That lou'd a Ladie of high parentage,
But for his meane degree might not aſpire
To match ſo high, her friends with counſell ſage,
Diſſuaded her from ſuch a diſparage.
But ſhe, whoſe hart to loue was wholly lent,
Out of his hands could not redeeme her gage,
But firmely following her firſt intent,
Reſolu'd with him to wend, gainſt all her friends conſent.

So twixt themſelues they pointed time and place,
To which when he according did repaire,
An hard miſhap and diſauentrous caſe
Him chaunſt; in ſtead of his *Æmylia* faire
This Gyants ſonne, that lies there on the laire
An headleſſe heape, him vnawares there caught,
And all diſmayd through mercileſſe deſpaire,
Him wretched thrall vnto his dongeon brought,
Where he remaines, of all vnſuccour'd and vnſought.

This Gyants daughter came vpon a day
Vnto the priſon in her ioyous glee,
To view the thrals, which there in bondage lay:
Amongſt the reſt ſhe chaunced there to ſee

This

This louely swaine the Squire of low degree;
To whom she did her liking lightly cast,
And wooed him her paramour to bee:
From day to day she woo'd and prayed him fast,
And for his loue him promist libertie at last.

He though affide vnto a former loue,
To whom his faith he firmely ment to hold,
Yet seeing not how thence he mote remoue,
But by that meanes, which fortune did vnfold,
Her graunted loue, but with affection cold
To win her grace his libertie to get.
Yet she him still detaines in captiue hold,
Fearing least if she should him freely set,
He would her shortly leaue, and former loue forget.

Yet so much fauour she to him hath hight,
Aboue the rest, that he sometimes may space
And walke about her gardens of delight,
Hauing a keeper still with him in place,
Which keeper is this Dwarfe, her dearling base,
To whom the keyes of euery prison dore
By her committed be, of speciall grace,
And at his will may whom he list restore,
And whom he list reserue, to be afflicted more.

Whereof when tydings came vnto mine eare,
Full inly sorie for the feruent zeale,
Which I to him as to my soule did beare;
I thether went where I did long conceale
My selfe, till that the Dwarfe did me reueale,
And told his Dame, her Squire of low degree
Did secretly out of her prison steale;
For me he did mistake that Squire to bee;
For neuer two so like did liuing creature see.

Then was I taken and before her brought,
Who through the likeneſſe of my outward hew,
Being likewiſe beguiled in her thought,
Can blame me much for being ſo vntrew,
To ſeeke by flight her fellowſhip t'eſchew,
That lou'd me deare, as deareſt thing aliue.
Thence ſhe commaunded me to priſon new;
Whereof I glad did not gainesay nor ſtriue,
But ſuffred that ſame Dwarfe me to her dongeon driue.

There did I finde mine onely faithfull frend
In heauy plight and ſad perplexitie;
Whereof I ſorie, yet my ſelfe did bend,
Him to recomfort with my companie.
But him the more agreeu'd I found thereby:
For all his ioy, he ſaid, in that diſtreſſe
Was mine and his *Æmylias* libertie.
Æmylia well he lou'd, as I mote gheſſe;
Yet greater loue to me then her he did profeſſe.

But I with better reaſon him auiz'd,
And ſhew'd him how through error and miſ-thought
Of our like perſons eath to be diſguiz'd,
Or his exchange, or freedome might be wrought.
Whereto full loth was he, ne would for ought
Conſent, that I who ſtood all feareleſſe free,
Should wilfully be into thraldome brought,
Till fortune did perforce it ſo decree.
Yet ouerrul'd at laſt, he did to me agree.

The morrow next about the wonted howre,
The Dwarfe cald at the doore of *Amyas*,
To come forthwith vnto his Ladies bowre.
In ſteed of whom forth came I *Placidas*,

And

And vndiſcerned, forth with him did pas.
There with great ioyance and with gladſome glee,
Of faire *Paeana* I receiued was,
And oft imbraſt, as if that I were hee,
And with kind words accoyd, vowing great loue to mee.

Which I, that was not bent to former loue,
As was my friend, that had her long refuſd,
Did well accept, as well it did behoue,
And to the preſent neede it wiſely vſd.
My former hardneſſe firſt I faire excuſd;
And after promiſt large amends to make.
With ſuch ſmooth termes her error I abuſd,
To my friends good, more then for mine owne ſake,
For whoſe ſole libertie I loue and life did ſtake.

Thenceforth I found more fauour at her hand,
That to her Dwarfe, which had me in his charge,
She bad to lighten my too heauie band,
And graunt more ſcope to me to walke at large.
So on a day as by the flowrie marge
Of a freſh ſtreame I with that Elfe did play,
Finding no meanes how I might vs enlarge,
But if that Dwarfe I could with me conuay,
I lightly ſnatcht him vp, and with me bore away.

Thereat he ſhriekt aloud, that with his cry
The Tyrant ſelfe came forth with yelling bray,
And me purſew'd; but nathemore would I
Forgoe the purchaſe of my gotten pray,
But haue perforce him hether brought away.
Thus as they talked, loe where nigh at hand
Thoſe Ladies two yet doubtfull through diſmay
In preſence came, deſirous t'vnderſtand
Tydings of all, which there had hapned on the land.

Where soone as sad *Æmylia* did espie
Her captiue louers friend, young *Placidas*;
All mindlesse of her wonted modestie,
She to him ran, and him with streight embras
Enfolding said, and liues yet *Amyas*?
He liues (quoth he) and his *Æmylia* loues.
Then lesse (said she) by all the woe I pas,
With which my weaker patience fortune proues.
But what mishap thus long him fro my selfe remoues?

Then gan he all this storie to renew,
And tell the course of his captiuitie;
That her deare hart full deepely made to rew,
And sigh full sore, to heare the miserie,
In which so long he mercilesse did lie.
Then after many teares and sorrowes spent,
She deare besought the Prince of remedie:
Who thereto did with readie will consent,
And well perform'd, as shall appeare by his euent.

CANT.

Cant. IX.

The Squire of low degree releaſt
Pœana takes to wife:
Britomart fightes with many Knights
Prince Arthur ſtints their ſtrife.

HArd is the doubt, and difficult to deeme,
When all three kinds of loue together meet,
And doe diſpart the hart with powre extreme,
Whether ſhall weigh the balance downe; to weet
The deare affection vnto kindred ſweet,
Or raging fire of loue to woman kind,
Or zeale of friends combynd with vertues meet.
But of them all the band of vertues mind.
Me ſeemes the gentle hart, ſhould moſt aſſured bind.

For naturall affection ſoone doth ceſſe,
And quenched is with *Cupids* greater flame:
But faithfull friendſhip doth them both ſuppreſſe,
And them with mayſtring diſcipline doth tame,
Through thoughts aſpyring to eternall fame.
For as the ſoule doth rule the earthly maſſe,
And all the ſeruice of the bodie frame,
So loue of ſoule doth loue of bodie paſſe,
No leſſe then perfect gold ſurmounts the meaneſt braſſe.

All which who liſt by tryall to aſſay,
Shall in this ſtorie find approued plaine;
In which theſe Squires true friendſhip more did ſway,
Then either care of parents could refraine,

Or loue of faireſt Ladie could conſtraine.
For though *Pæana* were as faire as morne,
Yet did this Truſtie ſquire with proud diſdaine
For his friends ſake her offred fauours ſcorne,
And ſhe her ſelfe her ſyre, of whom ſhe was yborne.

Now after that Prince *Arthur* graunted had,
To yeeld ſtrong ſuccour to that gentle ſwayne,
Who now long time had lyen in priſon ſad,
He gan aduiſe how beſt he mote darrayne
That enterprize, for greateſt glories gayne.
That headleſſe tyrants tronke he reard from ground,
And hauing ympt the head to it agayne,
Vpon his vſuall beaſt it firmely bound,
And made it ſo to ride, as it aliue was found.

Then did he take that chaced Squire, and layd
Before the ryder, as he captiue were,
And made his Dwarfe, though with vnwilling ayd,
To guide the beaſt, that did his maiſter beare,
Till to his caſtle they approched neare.
Whom when the watch, that kept continuall ward
Saw comming home; all voide of doubtfull feare,
He running downe, the gate to him vnbard;
Whom ſtraight the Prince enſuing, in together far'd.

There he did find in her delitious boure
The faire *Pæana* playing on a Rote,
Complayning of her cruell Paramoure,
And ſinging all her ſorrow to the note,
As ſhe had learned readily by rote.
That with the ſweetneſſe of her rare delight,
The Prince halfe rapt, began on her to dote:
Till better him bethinking of the right,
He her vnwares attacht, and captiue held by might.

Whence

Whence being forth produc'd, when she perceiued
Her owne deare sire, she cald to him for aide.
But when of him no aunswere she receiued,
But saw him senceleſſe by the Squire vpstaide,
She weened well, that then she was betraide:
Then gan she loudly cry, and weepe, and waile,
And that same Squire of treason to vpbraide.
But all in vaine, her plaints might not preuaile,
Ne none there was to reskue her, ne none to baile.

Then tooke he that same Dwarfe, and him compeld
To open vnto him the prison dore,
And forth to bring those thrals, which there he held.
Thence forth were brought to him aboue a score
Of Knights and Squires to him vnknowne afore:
All which he did from bitter bondage free,
And vnto former liberty restore.
Amongst the rest, that Squire of low degree
Came forth full weake and wan, not like him selfe to bee.

Whom soone as faire *AEmylia* beheld,
And *Placidas*, they both vnto him ran,
And him embracing fast betwixt them held,
Striuing to comfort him all that they can,
And kissing oft his visage pale and wan.
That faire *Paana* them beholding both,
Gan both enuy, and bitterly to ban;
Through iealous passion weeping inly wroth,
To see the sight perforce, that both her eyes were loth.

But when a while they had together beene,
And diuersly conferred of their case,
She, though full oft she both of them had seene
A sunder, yet not euer in one place,

Began to doubt, when she them saw embrace,
Which was the captiue Squire she lou'd so deare,
Deceiued through great likenesse of their face,
For they so like in person did appeare,
That she vneath discerned, whether whether weare.

And eke the Prince, when as he them auized,
Their like resemblaunce much admired there,
And mazd how nature had so well disguized
Her worke, and counterfet her selfe so nere,
As if that by one patterne seene somewhere,
She had them made a paragone to be,
Or whether it through skill, or errour were.
Thus gazing long, at them much wondred he,
So did the other knights and Squires, which him did see.

Then gan they ransacke that same Castle strong,
In which he found great store of hoorded threasure,
The which that tyrant gathered had by wrong
And tortious powre, without respect or measure.
Vpon all which the Briton Prince made seasure,
And afterwards continu'd there a while,
To rest him selfe, and solace in soft pleasure
Those weaker Ladies after weary toile;
To whom he did diuide part of his purchast spoile.

And for more ioy, that captiue Lady faire
The faire *Peana* he enlarged free;
And by the rest did set in sumptuous chaire,
To feast and frollicke; nathemore would she
Shew gladsome countenaunce nor pleasaunt glee:
But grieued was for losse both of her sire,
And eke of Lordship, with both land and fee:
But most she touched was with griefe entire,
For losse of her new loue, the hope of her desire.

But

But her the Prince through his well wonted grace,
To better termes of myldneſſe did entreat,
From that fowle rudeneſſe, which did her deface;
And that ſame bitter corſiue, which did eat
Her tender heart, and made refraine from meat,
He with good thewes and ſpeaches well applyde,
Did mollifie, and calme her raging heat.
For though ſhe were moſt faire, and goodly dyde,
Yet ſhe it all did mar with cruelty and pride.

And for to ſhut vp all in friendly loue,
Sith loue was firſt the ground of all her griefe,
That truſty Squire he wiſely well did moue
Not to deſpiſe that dame, which lou'd him liefe,
Till he had made of her ſome better priefe,
But to accept her to his wedded wife.
Thereto he offred for to make him chiefe
Of all her land and lordſhip during life:
He yeelded, and her tooke, ſo ſtinted all their ſtrife.

From that day forth in peace and ioyous blis,
They liu'd together long without debate,
Ne priuate iarre, ne ſpite of enemis
Could ſhake the ſafe aſſuraunce of their ſtate.
And ſhe whom Nature did ſo faire create,
That ſhe mote match the faireſt of her daies,
Yet with lewd loues and luſt intemperate
Had it defaſte; thenceforth reformd her waies,
That all men much admyrde her change, and ſpake her (praiſe.

Thus when the Prince had perfectly compylde
Theſe paires of friends in peace and ſetled reſt,
Him ſelfe, whoſe minde did trauell as with chylde,
Of his old loue, conceau'd in ſecret breſt,

Reſolued to purſue his former gueſt;
And taking leaue of all, with him did beare
Faire *Amoret*, whom Fortune by bequeſt
Had left in his protection whileare,
Exchanged out of one into an other feare.

Feare of her ſafety did her not conſtraine,
For well ſhe wiſt now in a mighty hond,
Her perſon late in perill, did remaine,
Who able was all daungers to withſtond.
But now in feare of ſhame ſhe more did ſtond,
Seeing her ſelfe all ſoly ſuccourleſſe,
Left in the victors powre, like vaſſall bond;
Whoſe will her weakeneſſe could no way repreſſe.
In caſe his burning luſt ſhould breake into exceſſe.

But cauſe of feare ſure had ſhe none at all
Of him, who goodly learned had of yore
The courſe of looſe affection to forſtall,
And lawleſſe luſt to rule with reaſons lore;
That all the while he by his ſide her bore,
She was as ſafe as in a Sanctuary;
Thus many miles they two together wore,
To ſeeke their loues diſperſed diuerſly,
Yet neither ſhewed to other their hearts priuity.

At length they came, whereas a troupe of Knights
They ſaw together skirmiſhing, as ſeemed:
Sixe they were all, all full of fell deſpight,
But foure of them the battell beſt beſeemed,
That which of them was beſt, mote not be deemed.
Thoſe foure were they, from whom falſe *Florimell*
By *Braggadochio* lately was redeemed.
To weet, ſterne *Druon*, and lewd *Claribell*,
Loue-lauiſh *Blandamour*, and luſtfull *Paridell*.

Druons

Druons delight was all in single life,
And vnto Ladies loue would lend no leasure:
The more was *Claribell* enraged rife
With feruent flames, and loued out of measure:
So eke lou'd *Blandamour*, but yet at pleasure
Would change his liking, and new Lemans proue:
But *Paridell* of loue did make no threasure,
But lusted after all, that him did moue.
So diuersly these foure disposed were to loue.

But those two other which beside them stoode,
Were *Britomart*, and gentle *Scudamour*,
Who all the while beheld their wrathfull moode,
And wondred at their impacable stoure,
Whose like they neuer saw till that same houre:
So dreadfull strokes each did at other driue,
And laid on load with all their might and powre,
As if that euery dint the ghost would riue
Out of their wretched corses, and their liues depriue.

As when *Dan AEolus* in great displeasure,
For losse of his deare loue by *Neptune* hent,
Sends forth the winds out of his hidden threasure,
Vpon the sea to wreake his fell intent;
They breaking forth with rude vnruliment,
From all foure parts of heauen doe rage full sore,
And tosse the deepes, and teare the firmament,
And all the world confound with wide vprore,
As if in stead thereof they *Chaos* would restore.

Cause of their discord, and so fell debate,
Was for the loue of that same snowy maid,
Whome they had lost in Turneyment of late,
And seeking long, to weet which way she straid

Met here together, where through lewd vpbraide
Of *Ate* and *Dueſſa* they fell out,
And each one taking part in others aide,
This cruell conflict raiſed thereabout,
Whoſe dangerous ſucceſſe depended yet in dout.

For ſometimes *Paridell* and *Blandamour*
The better had, and bet the others backe,
Eftſoones the others did the field recoure,
And on their foes did worke full cruell wracke:
Yet neither would their fiendlike fury ſlacke,
But euermore their malice did augment;
Till that vneath they forced were for lacke
Of breath, their raging rigour to relent,
And reſt themſelues for to recouer ſpirits ſpent.

Their gan they change their ſides, and new parts take;
For *Paridell* did take to *Druons* ſide,
For old deſpight, which now forth newly brake
Gainſt *Blandamour*, whom alwaies he enuide:
And *Blandamour* to *Claribell* relide.
So all afreſh gan former fight renew.
As when two Barkes, this caried with the tide,
That with the wind, contrary courſes ſew,
If wind and tide doe change, their courſes change anew.

Thenceforth they much more furiouſly gan fare,
As if but then the battell had begonne,
Ne helmets bright, ne hawberks ſtrong did ſpare,
That through the clifts the vermeil bloud out ſponne,
And all adowne their riuen ſides did ronne.
Such mortall malice, wonder was to ſee
In friends profeſt, and ſo great outrage donne:
But ſooth is ſaid, and tride in each degree,
Faint friends when they fall out, moſt cruell fomen bee.

Thus

Thus they long while continued in fight,
Till *Scudamour*, and that ſame Briton maide,
By fortune in that place did chance to light:
Whom ſoone as they with wrathfull eie bewraide,
They gan remember of the fowle vpbraide,
The which that Britoneſſe had to them donne,
In that late Turney for the ſnowy maide;
Where ſhe had them both ſhamefully fordonne,
And eke the famous prize of beauty from them wonne.

Eftſoones all burning with a freſh deſire
Of fell reuenge, in their malicious mood
They from them ſelues gan turne their furious ire,
And cruell blades yet ſteeming with whot bloud,
Againſt thoſe two let driue, as they were wood:
Who wondring much at that ſo ſodaine fit,
Yet nought diſmayd, them ſtoutly well withſtood;
Ne yeelded foote, ne once abacke did flit,
But being doubly ſmitten likewiſe doubly ſmit.

The warlike Dame was on her part aſſaid,
Of *Claribell* and *Blandamour* attone;
And *Paridell* and *Druon* fiercely laid
At *Scudamour*, both his profeſſed fone.
Foure charged two, and two ſurcharged one;
Yet did thoſe two them ſelues ſo brauely beare,
That the other litle gained by the lone,
But with their owne repayred duely weare,
And vſury withall: ſuch gaine was gotten deare.

Full oftentimes did *Britomart* aſſay
To ſpeake to them, and ſome emparlance moue;
But they for nought their cruell hands would ſtay,
Ne lend an eare to ought, that might behoue,

As when an eager maſtiffe once doth proue
The taſt of bloud of ſome engored beaſt,
No words may rate, nor rigour him remoue
From greedy hold of that his blouddy feaſt:
So litle did they hearken to her ſweet beheaſt.

Whom when the Briton Prince a farre beheld
With ods of ſo vnequall match oppreſt,
His mighty heart with indignation ſweld,
And inward grudge fild his heroicke breſt:
Eftſoones him ſelfe he to their aide addreſt,
And thruſting fierce into the thickeſt preace,
Diuided them, how euer loth to reſt,
And would them faine from battell to ſurceaſſe,
With gentle words perſwading them to friendly peace.

But they ſo farre from peace or patience were,
That all at once at him gan fiercely flie,
And lay on load, as they him downe would beare;
Like to a ſtorme, which houers vnder skie
Long here and there, and round about doth ſtie,
At length breakes downe in raine, and haile, and fleet,
Firſt from one coaſt, till nought thereof be drie;
And then another, till that likewiſe fleet;
And ſo from ſide to ſide till all the world it weet.

But now their forces greatly were decayd,
The Prince yet being freſh vntoucht afore;
Who them with ſpeaches milde gan firſt diſſwade
From ſuch foule outrage, and them long forbore:
Till ſeeing them through ſuffrance hartned more,
Him ſelfe he bent their furies to abate,
And layd at them ſo ſharpely and ſo ſore,
That ſhortly them compelled to retrate,
And being brought in daunger, to relent too late.

But

But now his courage being throughly fired,
He ment to make them know their follies prise,
Had not those two him instantly desired
T'assuage his wrath, and pardon their mespriſe.
At whose requeſt he gan him selfe aduiſe
To stay his hand, and of a truce to treat
In milder tearmes, as list them to deuiſe:
Mongſt which the cauſe of their ſo cruell heat
He did them aske, who all that passed gan repeat.

And told at large how that same errant Knight,
To weet faire *Britomart*, them late had foyled
In open turney, and by wrongfull fight
Both of their publicke praiſe had them deſpoyled,
And also of their priuate loues beguyled,
Of two full hard to read the harder theft.
But ſhe that wrongfull challenge ſoone assoyled,
And ſhew'd that ſhe had not that Lady reft,
(As they ſuppoſd) but her had to her liking left.

To whom the Prince thus goodly well replied;
Certes ſir Knight, ye ſeemen much to blame,
To rip vp wrong, that battell once hath tried;
Wherein the honor both of Armes ye ſhame,
And eke the loue of Ladies foule defame;
To whom the world this franchiſe euer yeelded,
That of their loues choiſe they might freedom clame,
And in that right ſhould by all knights be ſhielded:
Gainſt which me ſeemes this war ye wrongfully haue (wielded.

And yet (quoth ſhe) a greater wrong remaines:
For I thereby my former loue haue loſt,
Whom ſeeking euer ſince with endleſſe paines,
Hath me much ſorrow and much trauell coſt;

Aye me to see that gentle maide so tost.
But *Scudamour* then sighing deepe, thus saide,
Certes her losse ought me to sorrow most,
Whose right she is, where euer she be straide,
Through many perils wonne, and many fortunes waide.

For from the first that I her loue profest,
Vnto this houre, this present luckless howre,
I neuer ioyed happinesse nor rest,
But thus turmoild from one to other stowre,
I wast my life, and doe my daies deuowre
In wretched anguishe and incessant woe,
Passing the measure of my feeble powre,
That liuing thus, a wretch I and louing so,
I neither can my loue, ne yet my life forgo.

Then good sir *Claribell* him thus bespake,
Now were it not sir *Scudamour* to you,
Dislikefull paine, so sad a taske to take,
Mote we entreat you, sith this gentle crew
Is now so well accorded all anew;
That as we ride together on our way,
Ye will recount to vs in order dew
All that aduenture, which ye did assay
For that faire Ladies loue: past perils well apay.

So gan the rest him likewise to require,
But *Britomart* did him importune hard,
To take on him that paine: whose great desire
He glad to satisfie, him selfe prepar'd
To tell through what misfortune he had far'd,
In that atchieuement, as to him befell.
And all those daungers vnto them declar'd,
Which sith they cannot in this Canto well
Comprised be, I will them in another tell.

Cant.

Cant. X.

Scudamour doth his conquest tell,
Of vertuous Amoret:
Great Venus Temple is describ'd,
And louers life forth set.

TRue he it said, what euer man it sayd,
That loue with gall and hony doth abound,
But if the one be with the other wayd,
For euery dram of hony therein found,
A pound of gall doth ouer it redound.
That I too true by triall haue approued:
For since the day that first with deadly wound
My heart was launcht, and learned to haue loued,
I neuer ioyed howre, but still with care was moued.

And yet such grace is giuen them from aboue,
That all the cares and euill which they meet,
May nought at all their setled mindes remoue,
But seeme gainst common sence to them most sweet;
As bosting in their martyrdome vnmeet.
So all that euer yet I haue endured,
I count as naught, and tread downe vnder feet,
Since of my loue at length I rest assured,
That to disloyalty she will not be allured.

Long were to tell the trauell and long toile,
Through which this shield of loue I late haue wonne,
And purchased this peereless beauties spoile,
That harder may be ended, then begonne.

But since ye so desire, your will be donne.
Then hearke ye gentle knights and Ladies free,
My hard mishaps, that ye may learne to shonne;
For though sweet loue to conquer glorious bee,
Yet is the paine thereof much greater then the fee.

What time the fame of this renowmed prise
Flew first abroad, and all mens eares possest,
I hauing armes then taken, gan auise
To winne me honour by some noble gest,
And purchase me some place amongst the best.
I boldly thought (so young mens thoughts are bold)
That this same braue emprize for me did rest,
And that both shield and she whom I behold,
Might be my lucky lot; sith all by lot we hold.

So on that hard aduenture forth I went,
And to the place of perill shortly came.
That was a temple faire and auncient,
Which of great mother *Venus* bare the name,
And farre renowmed through exceeding fame;
Much more then that, which was in *Paphos* built,
Or that in *Cyprus*, both long since this fame,
Though all the pillours of the one were guilt,
And all the others pauement were with yuory spilt.

And it was seated in an Island strong,
Abounding all with delices most rare,
And wall'd by nature gainst inuaders wrong,
That none mote haue accesse, nor inward fare,
But by one way, that passage did prepare.
It was a bridge ybuilt in goodly wize,
With curious Corbes and pendants grauen faire,
And arched all with porches, did arize
On stately pillours, fram'd after the Doricke guize.

And

And for defence thereof, on th'other end
There reared was a caſtle faire and ſtrong,
That warded all which in or out did wend,
And flancked both the bridges ſides along,
Gainſt all that would it faine to force or wrong.
And therein wonned twenty valiant Knights;
All twenty tride in warres experience long;
Whoſe office was, againſt all manner wights
By all meanes to maintaine, that caſtels ancients rights.

Before that Caſtle was an open plaine,
And in the midſt thereof a piller placed;
On which this ſhield, of many ſought in vaine,
The ſhield of Loue, whoſe guerdon me hath graced,
Was hangd on high with golden ribbands laced;
And in the marble ſtone was written this,
With golden letters goodly well enchaced,
Bleſſed the man that well can vſe his bliſ:
VVhoſe euer be the ſhield, faire Amoret be his.

Which when I red, my heart did inly earne,
And pant with hope of that aduentures hap:
Ne ſtayed further newes thereof to learne,
But with my ſpeare vpon the ſhield did rap,
That all the caſtle ringed with the clap.
Streight forth iſſewd a Knight all arm'd to proofe,
And brauely mounted to his moſt miſhap:
Who ſtaying nought to queſtion from aloofe,
Ran fierce at me, that fire glaunſt from his horſes hoofe.

Whom boldly I encountred (as I could)
And by good fortune ſhortly him vnſeated.
Eftſoones out ſprung two more of equall mould;
But I them both with equall hap defeated:

So all the twenty likewise entreated,
And left them groning there vpon the plaine.
Then preacing to the pillour I repeated
The read thereof for guerdon of my paine,
And taking downe the shield, with me did it retaine.

So forth without impediment I past,
Till to the Bridges vtter gate I came:
The which I found sure lockt and chained fast.
I knockt, but no man aunswred me by name;
I cald, but no man answerd to my clame.
Yet I perseuer'd still to knocke and call,
Till at the last I spide within the same,
Where one stood peeping through a creuis small,
To whom I cald aloud, halfe angry therewithall.

That was to weet the Porter of the place,
Vnto whose trust the charge thereof was lent:
His name was *Doubt*, that had a double face,
Th'one forward looking, th'other backeward bent,
Therein resembling *Ianus* auncient,
Which hath in charge the ingate of the yeare:
And euermore his eyes about him went,
As if some proued perill he did feare,
Or did misdoubt some ill, whose cause did not appeare.

On th'one side he, on th'other sate *Delay*,
Behinde the gate, that none her might espy;
Whose manner was all passengers to stay,
And entertaine with her occasions sly,
Through which some lost great hope vnheedily,
Which neuer they recouer might againe;
And others quite excluded forth, did ly
Long languishing there in vnpitied paine,
And seeking often entraunce, afterwards in vaine.

Me

Me when as he had priuily eſpide,
Bearing the ſhield which I had conquerd late,
He kend it ſtreight, and to me opened wide.
So in I paſt, and ſtreight he cloſd the gate.
But being in, *Delay* in cloſe awaite
Caught hold on me, and thought my ſteps to ſtay,
Feigning full many a fond excuſe to prate,
And time to ſteale, the threaſure of mans day,
Whoſe ſmalleſt minute loſt, no riches render may.

But by no meanes my way I would forſlow,
For ought that euer ſhe could doe or ſay,
But from my lofty ſteede diſmounting low,
Paſt forth on foote, beholding all the way
The goodly workes, and ſtones of rich aſſay,
Caſt into ſundry ſhapes by wondrous skill,
That like on earth no where I recken may:
And vnderneath, the riuer rolling ſtill (will.
With murmure ſoft, that ſeem'd to ſerue the workmans

Thence forth I paſſed to the ſecond gate,
The *Gate of good deſert*, whoſe goodly pride
And coſtly frame, were long here to relate.
The ſame to all ſtoode alwaies open wide:
But in the Porch did euermore abide
An hideous Giant, dreadfull to behold,
That ſtopt the entraunce with his ſpacious ſtride,
And with the terrour of his countenance bold
Full many did affray, that elſe faine enter would.

His name was *Daunger* dreaded ouer all,
Who day and night did watch and duely ward,
From fearefull cowards, entrance to forſtall,
And faint-heart-fooles, whom ſhew of perill hard

Could terrifie from Fortunes faire adward:
For oftentimes faint hearts at first espiall
Of his grim face, were from approaching scard;
Vnworthy they of grace, whom one deniall
Excludes from faireſt hope, withouten further triall.

Yet many doughty warriours, often tride
In greater perils to be ſtout and bold,
Durſt not the ſternneſſe of his looke abide,
But ſoone as they his countenance did behold,
Began to faint, and feele their corage cold.
Againe ſome other, that in hard aſſaies
Were cowards knowne, and litle count did hold,
Either through gifts, or guile, or ſuch like waies,
Crept in by ſtouping low, or ſtealing of the kaies.

But I though neareſt man of many moe,
Yet much diſdaining vnto him to lout,
Or creepe betweene his legs, ſo in to goe,
Reſolu'd him to aſſault with manhood ſtout,
And either beat him in, or driue him out.
Eftſoones aduauncing that enchaunted ſhield,
With all my might I gan to lay about:
Which when he ſaw, the glaiue which he did wield
He gan forthwith t'auale, and way vnto me yield.

So as I entred, I did backeward looke,
For feare of harme, that might lie hidden there;
And loe his hindparts, whereof heed I tooke,
Much more deformed fearefull vgly were,
Then all his former parts did earſt appere.
For hatred, murther, treaſon, and deſpight,
With many moe lay in ambuſhment there,
Awayting to entrap the wareleſſe wight,
Which did not them preuent with vigilant foreſight.

Thus

Thus hauing paſt all perill, I was come
Within the compaſſe of that Iſlands ſpace;
The which did ſeeme vnto my ſimple doome,
The onely pleaſant and delightfull place,
That euer troden was of footings trace.
For all that nature by her mother wit
Could frame in earth, and forme of ſubſtance baſe,
Was there, and all that nature did omit,
Art playing ſecond natures part, ſupplyed it.

No tree, that is of count, in greenewood growes,
From loweſt Iuniper to Ceder tall,
No flowre in field, that daintie odour throwes,
And deckes his branch with bloſſomes ouer all,
But there was planted, or grew naturall:
Nor ſenſe of man ſo coy and curious nice,
But there mote find to pleaſe it ſelfe withall;
Nor hart could wiſh for any queint deuice,
But there it preſent was, and did fraile ſenſe entice.

In ſuch luxurious plentie of all pleaſure,
It ſeem'd a ſecond paradiſe to bee,
So lauiſhly enricht with natures threaſure,
That if the happie ſoules, which doe poſſeſſe
Th'Elyſian fields, and liue in laſting bleſſe,
Should happen this with liuing eye to ſee,
They ſoone would loath their leſſer happineſſe,
And wiſh to life return'd againe to gheſſe,
That in this ioyous place they mote haue ioyance free.

Freſh ſhadowes, fit to ſhroud from ſunny ray;
Faire lawnds, to take the ſunne in ſeaſon dew;
Sweet ſprings, in which a thouſand Nymphs did play;
Soft rombling brookes, that gentle ſlomber drew;

High reared mounts, the lands about to vew;
Low looking dales, disloignd from common gaze;
Delightfull bowres, to solace louers trew;
False Labyrinthes, fond runners eyes to daze;
All which by nature made did nature selfe amaze.

And all without were walkes and all eyes dight,
With diuers trees, enrang'd in euen rankes;
And here and there were pleasant arbors pight,
And shadie seates, and sundry flowring bankes,
To sit and rest the walkers wearie shankes,
And therein thousand payres of louers walkt,
Praysing their god, and yeelding him great thankes,
Ne euer ought but of their true loues talkt,
Ne euer for rebuke or blame of any balkt.

All these together by themselues did sport
Their spotlesse pleasures, and sweet loues content.
But farre away from these, another sort
Of louers linckt in true harts consent;
Which loued not as these, for like intent,
But on chast vertue grounded their desire,
Farre from all fraud, or fayned blandishment;
Which in their spirits kindling zealous fire,
Braue thoughts and noble deedes did euermore aspire.

Such were great *Hercules*, and *Hyllus* deare;
Trew *Ionathan*, and *Dauid* trustie tryde;
Stout *Theseus*, and *Pirithous* his feare;
Pylades and *Orestes* by his syde;
Myld *Titus* and *Gesippus* without pryde;
Damon and *Pythias* whom death could not seuer:
All these and all that euer had bene tyde,
In bands of friendship there did liue for euer,
Whose liues although decay'd, yet loues decayed neuer.

Which

Which when as I, that neuer tasted blis,
Nor happie howre, beheld with gazefull eye,
I thought there was none other heauen then this;
And gan their endlesse happinesse enuye,
That being free from feare and gealosye,
Might frankely there their loues desire possesse;
Whilest I through paines and perlous ieopardie,
Was forst to seeke my lifes deare patronesse:
Much dearer be the things, which come through hard distresse.

Yet all those sights, and all that else I saw,
Might not my steps withhold, but that forthright
Vnto that purposd place I did me draw,
Where as my loue was lodged day and night:
The temple of great *Venus*, that is hight
The Queene of beautie, and of loue the mother,
There worshipped of euery liuing wight;
Whose goodly workmanship farre past all other
That euer were on earth, all were they set together.

Not that same famous Temple of *Diane*,
Whose hight all *Ephesus* did ouersee,
And which all *Asia* sought with vowes prophane,
One of the worlds seuen wonders sayd to bee,
Might match with this by many a degree:
Nor that, which that wise King of *Iurie* framed,
With endlesse cost, to be th'Almighties see;
Nor all that else through all the world is named
To all the heathen Gods, might like to this be clamed.

I much admyring that so goodly frame,
Vnto the porch approcht, which open stood;
But therein sate an amiable Dame,
That seem'd to be of very sober mood,

And in her semblant shewed great womanhood:
Strange was her tyre; for on her head a crowne
She wore much like vnto a Danish hood,
Poudred with pearle and stone, and all her gowne
Enwouen was with gold, that raught full low a downe.

On either side of her, two young men stood,
Both strongly arm'd, as fearing one another;
Yet were they brethren both of halfe the blood,
Begotten by two fathers of one mother,
Though of contrarie natures each to other:
The one of them hight *Loue*, the other *Hate*,
Hate was the elder, *Loue* the younger brother;
Yet was the younger stronger in his state
Then th'elder, and him maystred still in all debate.

Nathlesse that Dame so well them tempred both,
That she them forced hand to ioyne in hand,
Albe that *Hatred* was thereto full loth,
And turn'd his face away, as he did stand,
Vnwilling to behold that louely band.
Yet she was of such grace and vertuous might,
That her commaundment he could not withstand,
But bit his lip for felonous despight,
And gnasht his yron tuskes at that displeasing sight.

Concord she cleeped was in common reed,
Mother of blessed *Peace*, and *Friendship* trew;
They both her twins, both borne of heauenly seed,
And she her selfe likewise diuinely grew;
The which right well her workes diuine did shew:
For strength, and wealth, and happinesse she lends,
And strife, and warre, and anger does subdew:
Of litle much, of foes she maketh frends,
And to afflicted minds sweet rest and quiet sends.

By

By her the heauen is in his course contained,
And all the world in state vnmoued stands,
As their Almightie maker first ordained,
And bound them with inuiolable bands;
Else would the waters ouerflow the lands,
And fire deuoure the ayre, and hell them quight,
But that she holds them with her blessed hands.
She is the nourse of pleasure and delight,
And vnto *Venus* grace the gate doth open right.

By her I entring halfe dismayed was,
But she in gentle wise me entertayned,
And twixt her selfe and loue did let me pas;
But *Hatred* would my entrance haue restrayned,
And with his club me threatned to haue brayned,
Had not the Ladie with her powrefull speach
Him from his wicked will vneath refrayned;
And th'other eke his malice did empeach,
Till I was throughly past the perill of his reach.

Into the inmost Temple thus I came,
Which fuming all with frankensence I found,
And odours rising from the altars flame.
Vpon an hundred marble pillors round
The roofe vp high was reared from the ground,
All deckt with crownes, & chaynes, and girlands gay,
And thousand pretious gifts worth many a pound,
The which sad louers for their vowes did pay;
And all the ground was strow'd with flowres, as fresh as (may.
An hundred Altars round about were set,
All flaming with their sacrifices fire,
That with the steme thereof the Temple swet,
Which rould in clouds to heauen did aspire,

And in them bore true louers vowes entire:
And eke an hundred braſen caudrons bright,
To bath in ioy and amorous deſire,
Euery of which was to a damzell hight;
For all the Prieſts were damzels, in ſoft linnen dight.

Right in the midſt the Goddeſſe ſelfe did ſtand
Vpon an altar of ſome coſtly maſſe,
Whoſe ſubſtance was vneath to vnderſtand:
For neither pretious ſtone, nor durefull braſſe,
Nor ſhining gold, nor mouldring clay it was;
But much more rare and pretious to eſteeme,
Pure in aſpect, and like to chriſtall glaſſe,
Yet glaſſe was not, if one did rightly deeme,
But being faire and brickle, likeſt glaſſe did ſeeme.

But it in ſhape and beautie did excell
All other Idoles, which the heathen adore,
Farre paſſing that, which by ſurpaſſing skill
Phidias did make in *Paphos* Iſle of yore,
With which that wretched Greeke, that life forlore
Did fall in loue: yet this much fairer ſhined,
But couered with a ſlender veile afore;
And both her feete and legs together twyned
Were with a ſnake, whoſe head & tail were faſt cõbyned.

The cauſe why ſhe was couered with a vele,
Was hard to know, for that her Prieſts the ſame
From peoples knowledge labour'd to concele.
But ſooth it was not ſure for womaniſh ſhame,
Nor any blemiſh, which the worke mote blame;
But for, they ſay, ſhe hath both kinds in one,
Both male and female, both vnder one name:
She ſyre and mother is her ſelfe alone,
Begets and eke conceiues, ne needeth other none.

And

And all about her necke and shoulders flew
A flocke of litle loues, and sports, and ioyes,
With nimble wings of gold and purple hew;
Whose shapes seem'd not like to terrestriall boyes,
But like to Angels playing heauenly toyes;
The whilest their eldest brother was away,
Cupid their eldest brother; he enioyes
The wide kingdome of loue with Lordly sway,
And to his law compels all creatures to obay.

And all about her altar scattered lay
Great sorts of louers piteously complayning,
Some of their losse, some of their loues delay,
Some of their pride, some paragons disdayning,
Some fearing fraud, some fraudulently fayning,
As euery one had cause of good or ill.
Amongst the rest some one through loues constray-(ning,
Tormented sore, could not containe it still,
But thus brake forth, that all the temple it did fill.

Great *Venus*, Queene of beautie and of grace,
The ioy of Gods and men, that vnder skie
Doest fayrest shine, and most adorne thy place,
That with thy smyling looke doest pacifie
The raging seas, and makst the stormes to flie;
Thee goddesse, thee the winds, the clouds doe feare,
And when thou spredst thy mantle forth on hie,
The waters play and pleasant lands appeare,
And heauens laugh, & al the world shews ioyous cheare.

Then doth the dædale earth throw forth to thee
Out of her fruitfull lap aboundant flowres,
And then all liuing wights, soone as they see
The spring breake forth out of his lusty bowres,

They all doe learne to play the Paramours;
First doe the merry birds, thy prety pages
Priuily pricked with thy luſtfull powres,
Chirpe loud to thee out of their leauy cages,
And thee their mother call to coole their kindly rages.

Then doe the ſaluage beaſts begin to play
Their pleaſant friskes, and loath their wonted food;
The Lyons rore, the Tygres loudly bray,
The raging Buls rebellow through the wood,
And breaking forth, dare tempt the deepeſt flood,
To come where thou doeſt draw them with deſire:
So all things elſe, that nouriſh vitall blood,
Soone as with fury thou doeſt them inſpire,
In generation ſeeke to quench their inward fire.

So all the world by thee at firſt was made,
And dayly yet thou doeſt the ſame repayre:
Ne ought on earth that merry is and glad,
Ne ought on earth that louely is and fayre,
But thou the ſame for pleaſure didſt prepayre.
Thou art the root of all that ioyous is,
Great God of men and women, queene of th'ayre,
Mother of laughter, and welſpring of bliſſe,
O graunt that of my loue at laſt I may not miſſe.

So did he ſay: but I with murmure ſoft,
That none might heare the ſorrow of my hart,
Yet inly groning deepe and ſighing oft,
Beſought her to graunt eaſe vnto my ſmart,
And to my wound her gratious help impart.
Whileſt thus I ſpake, behold with happy eye
I ſpyde, where at the Idoles feet apart
A beuie of fayre damzels cloſe did lye,
Wayting when as the Antheme ſhould be ſung on hye.

The first of them did seeme of ryper yeares,
And grauer countenance then all the rest;
Yet all the rest were eke her equall peares,
Yet vnto her obayed all the best.
Her name was *VVomanhood*, that she expresst
By her sad semblant and demeanure wyse:
For stedfast still her eyes did fixed rest,
Ne rov'd at randon after gazers guyse,
Whose luring baytes oftimes doe heedlesse harts entyse.

And next to her sate goodly *Shamefastnesse*,
Ne euer durst her eyes from ground vpreare,
Ne euer once did looke vp from her desse,
As if some blame of euill she did feare,
That in her cheekes made roses oft appeare:
And her against sweet *Cherefulnesse* was placed,
Whose eyes like twinkling stars in euening cleare,
Were deckt with smyles, that all sad humors chaced,
And darted forth delights, the which her goodly graced.

And next to her sate sober *Modestie*,
Holding her hand vpon her gentle hart;
And her against sate comely *Curtesie*,
That vnto euery person knew her part;
And her before was seated ouerthwart
Soft *Silence*, and submisse *Obedience*,
Both linckt together neuer to dispart,
Both gifts of God not gotten but from thence,
Both girlonds of his Saints against their foes offence.

Thus sate they all a round in seemely rate:
And in the midst of them a goodly mayd,
Euen in the lap of *VVomanhood* there sate,
The which was all in lilly white arayd,

With siluer streames amongst the linnen stray'd;
Like to the Morne, when first her shyning face
Hath to the gloomy world it selfe bewray'd,
That same was fayrest *Amoret* in place,
Shyning with beauties light, and heauenly vertues grace.

Whom soone as I beheld, my hart gan throb,
And wade in doubt, what best were to be donne:
For sacrilege me seem'd the Church to rob,
And folly seem'd to leaue the thing vndonne,
Which with so strong attempt I had begonne.
Tho shaking off all doubt and shamefast feare,
Which Ladies loue I heard had neuer wonne
Mongst men of worth, I to her stepped neare,
And by the lilly hand her labour'd vp to reare.

Thereat that formost matrone me did blame,
And sharpe rebuke, for being ouer bold;
Saying it was to Knight vnseemely shame,
Vpon a recluse Virgin to lay hold,
That vnto *Venus* seruices was sold.
To whom I thus, Nay but it fitteth best,
For *Cupids* man with *Venus* mayd to hold,
For ill your goddesse seruices are drest
By virgins, and her sacrifices let to rest.

With that my shield I forth to her did show,
Which all that while I closely had conceld;
On which when *Cupid* with his killing bow
And cruell shafts emblazond she beheld,
At sight thereof she was with terror queld,
And said no more: but I which all that while
The pledge of faith, her hand engaged held,
Like warie Hynd within the weedie soyle,
For no intreatie would forgoe so glorious spoyle.

And

And euermore vpon the Goddesse face
Mine eye was fixt, for feare of her offence,
Whom when I saw with amiable grace
To laugh at me, and fauour my pretence,
I was emboldned with more confidence,
And nought for niceneſſe nor for enuy ſparing,
In preſence of them all forth led her thence,
All looking on, and like aſtoniſht ſtaring,
Yet to lay hand on her, not one of all them daring.

She often prayd, and often me beſought,
Sometime with tender teares to let her goe,
Sometime with witching ſmyles: but yet for nought,
That euer ſhe to me could ſay or doe,
Could ſhe her wiſhed freedome fro me wooe;
But forth I led her through the Temple gate,
By which I hardly paſt with much adoe:
But that ſame Ladie which me friended late
In entrance, did me alſo friend in my retrate.

No leſſe did daunger threaten me with dread,
When as he ſaw me, maugre all his powre,
That glorious ſpoyle of beautie with me lead,
Then *Cerberus*, when *Orpheus* did recoure
His Leman from the Stygian Princes boure.
But euermore my ſhield did me defend,
Againſt the ſtorme of euery dreadfull ſtoure:
Thus ſafely with my loue I thence did wend.
So ended he his tale, where I this Canto end.

Cant. XI.

Marmells former wound is heald,
he comes to Proteus hall,
Where Thames doth the Medway wedd,
and feasts the Sea-gods all.

BVt ah for pittie that I haue thus long
Left a fayre Ladie languishing in payne:
Now well away, that I haue doen such wrong,
To let faire *Florimell* in bands remayne,
In bands of loue, and in sad thraldomes chayne;
From which vnlesse some heauenly powre her free
By miracle, not yet appearing playne,
She lenger yet is like captiu'd to bee:
That euen to thinke thereof, it inly pitties mee.

Here neede you to remember, how erewhile
Vnlouely *Proteus*, missing to his mind
That Virgins loue to win by wit or wile,
Her threw into a dongeon deepe and blind,
And there in chaynes her cruelly did bind,
In hope thereby her to his bent to draw:
For when as neither gifts nor graces kind
Her constant mind could moue at all he saw,
He thought her to compell by crueltie and awe.

Deepe in the bottome of an huge great rocke
The dongeon was, in which her bound he left,
That neither yron barres, nor brasen locke
Did neede to gard from force, or secret theft

Of

Of all her louers, which would her haue reft.
For wall'd it was with waues, which rag'd and ror'd
As they the cliffe in peeces would haue cleft;
Beſides ten thouſand monſters foule abhor'd
Did waite about it, gaping grieſly all begor'd.

And in the midſt thereof did horror dwell,
And darkeneſſe dredd, that neuer viewed day,
Like to the balefull houſe of loweſt hell,
In which old *Styx* her aged bones alway,
Old *Styx* the Gramdame of the Gods, doth lay.
There did this luckleſſe mayd three months abide,
Ne euer euening ſaw, ne mornings ray,
Ne euer from the day the night deſcride,
But thought it all one night, that did no houres diuide.

And all this was for loue of *Marinell*,
Who her deſpyſd (ah who would her deſpyſe?)
And wemens loue did from his hart expell,
And all thoſe ioyes that weake mankind entyſe.
Nathleſſe his pride full dearely he did pryſe;
For of a womans hand it was ywroke,
That of the wound he yet in languor lyes,
Ne can be cured of that cruell ſtroke
Which *Britomart* him gaue, when he did her prouoke.

Yet farre and neare the Nymph his mother ſought,
And many ſalues did to his ſore applie,
And many herbes did vſe. But when as nought
She ſaw could eaſe his rankling maladie,
At laſt to *Tryphon* ſhe for helpe did hie,
(This *Tryphon* is the ſeagods ſurgeon hight)
Whom ſhe beſought to find ſome remedie:
And for his paines a whiſtle him behight
That of a fiſhes ſhell was wrought with rare delight.

So well that Leach did hearke to her requeſt,
And did ſo well employ his carefull paine,
That in ſhort ſpace his hurts he had redreſt,
And him reſtor'd to healthfull ſtate againe:
In which he long time after did remaine
There with the Nymph his mother, like her thrall;
Who ſore againſt his will did him retaine,
For feare of perill, which to him mote fall,
Through his too ventrous proweſſe proued ouer all,

It fortun'd then, a ſolemne feaſt was there
To all the Sea-gods and their fruitfull ſeede,
In honour of the ſpouſalls, which then were
Betwixt the *Medway* and the *Thames* agreed.
Long had the *Thames* (as we in records reed)
Before that day her wooed to his bed;
But the proud Nymph would for no worldly meed,
Nor no entreatie to his loue be led;
Till now at laſt relenting, ſhe to him was wed,

So both agreed, that this their bridale feaſt
Should for the Gods in *Proteus* houſe be made;
To which they all repayr'd, both moſt and leaſt,
Aſwell which in the mightie Ocean trade,
As that in riuers ſwim, or brookes doe wade.
All which not if an hundred tongues to tell,
And hundred mouthes, and voice of braſſe I had,
And endleſſe memorie, that mote excell,
In order as they came, could I recount them well,

Helpe therefore, O thou ſacred imp of *Ioue*,
The nourſling of Dame *Memorie* his deare,
To whom thoſe rolles, layd vp in heauen aboue,
And records of antiquitie appeare,

To

To which no wit of man may comen neare;
Helpe me to tell the names of all those floods,
And all those Nymphes, which then assembled were
To that great banquet of the watry Gods,
And all their sundry kinds, and all their hid abodes.

First came great *Neptune* with his threeforkt mace,
That rules the Seas, and makes them rise or fall;
His dewy lockes did drop with brine apace,
Vnder his Diademe imperiall:
And by his side his Queene with coronall,
Faire *Amphitrite*, most diuinely faire,
Whose yuorie shoulders weren couered all,
As with a robe, with her owne siluer haire,
And deckt with pearles, which th'Indian seas for her prepaire.

These marched farre afore the other crew;
And all the way before them as they went,
Triton his trompet shrill before them blew,
For goodly triumph and great iollyment,
That made the rockes to roare, as they were rent.
And after them the royall issue came,
Which of them sprung by lineall descent:
First the Sea-gods, which to themselues doe clame
The powre to rule the billowes, and the waues to tame.

Phorcys, the father of that fatall brood,
By whom those old Heroes wonne such fame;
And *Glaucus*, that wise southsayes vnderstood;
And tragicke *Inoes* sonne, the which became
A God of seas through his mad mothers blame,
Now hight *Palemon*, and is saylers frend;
Great *Brontes*, and *Astraeus*, that did shame
Himselfe with incest of his kin vnkend;
And huge *Orion*, that doth tempests still portend.

The rich *Cteatus*, and *Eurytus* long;
Neleus and *Pelias* louely brethren both;
Mightie *Chryſaor*, and *Caïcus* ſtrong;
Eurypulus, that calmes the waters wroth;
And faire *Euphæmus*, that vpon them goth
As on the ground, without diſmay or dread:
Fierce *Eryx*, and *Alebius* that know'th
The waters depth, and doth their bottome tread;
And ſad *Aſopus*, comely with his hoarie head.

There alſo ſome moſt famous founders were
Of puiſſant Nations, which the world poſſeſt;
Yet ſonnes of *Neptune*, now aſſembled here:
Ancient *Ogyges*, euen th'auncienteſt,
And *Inachus* renowmd aboue the reſt;
Phœnix, and *Aon*, and *Pelaſgus* old,
Great *Belus*, *Phœax*, and *Agenor* beſt;
And mightie *Albion*, father of the bold
And warlike people, which the *Britaine* Iſlands hold.

For *Albion* the ſonne of *Neptune* was,
Who for the proofe of his great puiſſance,
Out of his *Albion* did on dry-foot pas
Into old *Gall*, that now is cleeped *France*,
To fight with *Hercules*, that did aduance
To vanquiſh all the world with matchleſſe might,
And there his mortall part by great miſchance
Was ſlaine: but that which is th'immortall ſpright
Liues ſtill: and to this feaſt with *Neptunes* ſeed was dight.

But what doe I their names ſeeke to reherſe,
Which all the world haue with their iſſue fild?
How can they all in this ſo narrow verſe
Contayned be, and in ſmall compaſſe hild?

Let

Let them record them, that are better skild,
And know the moniments of passed times:
Onely what needeth, shall be here fulfild,
T'expresse some part of that great equipage,
Which from great *Neptune* do deriue their parentage.

Next came the aged *Ocean*, and his Dame,
Old *Tethys*, th'oldest two of all the rest,
For all the rest of those two parents came,
Which afterward both sea and land possest:
Of all which *Nereus* th'eldest, and the best,
Did first proceed, then which none more vpright,
Ne more sincere in word and deed profest;
Most voide of guile, most free from fowle despight,
Doing him selfe, and teaching others to doe right.

Thereto he was expert in prophecies,
And could the ledden of the Gods vnfold,
Through which, when *Paris* brought his famous prise
The faire Tindarid lasse, he him fortold,
That her all *Greece* with many a champion bold
Should fetch againe, and finally destroy
Proud *Priams* towne. So wise is *Nereus* old,
And so well skild, nathlesse he takes great ioy
Oft-times amõgst the wanton Nymphs to sport and toy.

And after him the famous riuers came,
Which doe the earth enrich and beautifie:
The fertile Nile, which creatures new doth frame;
Long Rhodanus, whose sourse springs from the skie;
Faire Ister, flowing from the mountaines hie;
Diuine Scamander, purpled yet with blood
Of Greekes and Troians, which therein did die;
Pactolus glistring with his golden flood,
And Tygris fierce, whose streames of none may be with-stood.

Great Ganges, and immortall Euphrates,
Deepe Indus, and Mæander intricate,
Slow Peneus, and tempestuous Phasides,
Swift Rhene, and Alpheus still immaculate:
Ooraxes, feared for great *Cyrus* fate;
Tybris, renowmed for the Romaines fame,
Rich Oranochy, though but knowen late;
And that huge Riuer, which doth beare his name
Of warlike Amazons, which doe possesse the same.

Ioy on those warlike women, which so long
Can from all men so rich a kingdome hold;
And shame on you, ô men, which boast your strong
And valiant hearts, in thoughts lesse hard and bold,
Yet quaile in conquest of that land of gold.
But this to you, ô Britons, most pertaines,
To whom the right hereof it selfe hath sold;
The which for sparing litle cost or paines,
Loose so immortall glory, and so endlesse gaines.

Then was there heard a most celestiall sound,
Of dainty musicke, which did next ensew
Before the spouse: that was *Arion* crownd;
Who playing on his harpe, vnto him drew
The eares and hearts of all that goodly crew,
That euen yet the Dolphin, which him bore
Through the Agæan seas from Pirates vew,
Stood still by him astonisht at his lore,
And all the raging seas for ioy forgot to rore.

So went he playing on the watery plaine.
Soone after whom the louely Bridegroome came,
The noble Thamis, with all his goodly traine,
But him before there went, as best became;

His

His auncient parents, namely th'auncient Thame.
But much more aged was his wife then he,
The Ouze, whom men doe Isis rightly name;
Full weake and crooked creature seemed shee,
And almost blind through eld, that scarce her way could (see.
Therefore on either side she was sustained
Of two smal grooms, which by their names were hight
The *Churne*, and *Charwell*, two small streames, which
Them selues her footing to direct aright, (pained
Which fayled oft through faint and feeble plight:
But *Thame* was stronger, and of better stay;
Yet seem'd full aged by his outward sight,
With head all hoary, and his beard all gray,
Deawed with siluer drops, that trickled downe alway.

And eke he somewhat seem'd to stoupe afore
With bowed backe, by reason of the lode,
And auncient heauy burden, which he bore
Of that faire City, wherein make abode
So many learned impes, that shoote abrode,
And with their braunches spred all Britany,
No lesse then do her elder sisters broode.
Ioy to you both, ye double nourisery,
Of Arts, but Oxford thine doth *Thame* most glorify.

But he their sonne full fresh and iolly was,
All decked in a robe of watchet hew,
On which the waues, glittering like Christall glas,
So cunningly enwouen were, that few
Could weenen, whether they were false or trew.
And on his head like to a Coronet
He wore, that seemed strange to common vew,
In which were many towres and castels set,
That it encompast round as with a golden fret.

Like as the mother of the Gods, they say,
In her great iron charet wonts to ride,
When to *Ioues* pallace she doth take her way;
Old *Cybele*, arayd with pompous pride,
Wearing a Diademe embattild wide
With hundred turrets, like a Turribant.
With such an one was Thamis beautifide;
That was to weet the famous Troynouant,
In which her kingdomes throne is chiefly resiant.

And round about him many a pretty Page
Attended duely, ready to obay;
All little Riuers, which owe vassallage
To him, as to their Lord, and tribute pay:
The chaulky Kenet, and the Thetis gray,
The morish Cole, and the soft sliding Breane,
The wanton Lee, that oft doth loose his way,
And the still Darent, in whose waters cleane
Ten thousand fishes play, and decke his pleasant streame.

Then came his neighbour flouds, which nigh him dwell,
And water all the English soile throughout;
They all on him this day attended well;
And with meet seruice waited him about;
Ne none disdained low to him to lout:
No not the stately Seuerne grudg'd at all,
Ne storming Humber, though he looked stout;
But both him honor'd as their principall,
And let their swelling waters low before him fall.

There was the speedy Tamar, which deuides
The Cornish and the Deuonish confines;
Through both whose borders swiftly downe it glides,
And meeting Plim, to Plimmouth thence declines:
And

And Dart, nigh chockt with sands of tinny mines.
But Auon marched in more stately path,
Proud of his Adamants, with which he shines
And glisters wide, as alf of wondrous Bath,
And Bristow faire, which on his waues he builded hath.

And there came Stoure with terrible aspect,
Bearing his sixe deformed heads on hye,
That doth his course through Blandford plains direct,
And washeth Winborne meades in season drye.
Next him went Wylibourne with passage slye,
That of his wylinesse his name doth take,
And of him selfe doth name the shire thereby:
And Mole, that like a nousling Mole doth make
His way still vnder ground, till Thamis he ouertake.

Then came the Rother, decked all with woods
Like a wood God, and flowing fast to Rhy:
And Sture, that parteth with his pleasant floods
The Easterne Saxons from the Southerne ny,
And Clare, and Harwitch both doth beautify:
Him follow'd Yar, soft washing Norwitch wall,
And with him brought a present ioyfully
Of his owne fish vnto their festiuall, (call.
Whose like none else could shew, the which they Ruffins

Next these the plenteous Ouse came far from land,
By many a city, and by many a towne,
And many riuers taking vnder hand
Into his waters, as he passeth downe,
The Cle, the Were, the Guant, the Sture, the Rowne.
Thence doth by Huntingdon and Cambridge flit,
My mother Cambridge, whom as with a Crowne
He doth adorne, and is adorn'd of it
With many a gentle Muse, and many a learned wit.

And after him the fatall Welland went,
That if old sawes proue true (which God forbid)
Shall drowne all Holland with his excrement,
And shall see Stamford, though now homely hid,
Then shine in learning, more then euer did
Cambridge or Oxford, Englands goodly beames.
And next to him the *Nene* downe softly slid;
And bounteous Trent, that in him selfe enseames
Both thirty sorts of fish, and thirty sundry streames.

Next these came Tyne, along whose stony bancke
That Romaine Monarch built a brasen wall,
Which mote the feebled Britons strongly stancke
Against the Picts, that swarmed ouer all,
Which yet thereof Gualseuer they doe call:
And Twede the limit betwixt Logris land
And Albany: And Eden though but small,
Yet often stainde with bloud of many a band
Of Scots and English both, that tyned on his strand.

Then came those sixe sad brethren, like forlorne,
That whilome were (as antique fathers tell)
Sixe valiant Knights, of one faire Nymphe yborne,
Which did in noble deedes of armes excell,
And wonned there, where now Yorke people dwell;
Still Vre, swift Werfe, and Oze the most of might,
High Swale, vnquiet Nide, and troublous Skell;
All whom a Scythian king, that Humber hight,
Slew cruelly, and in the riuer drowned quight.

But past not long, ere *Brutus* warlicke sonne
Locrinus them aueng'd, and the same date,
Which the proud Humber vnto them had donne,
By equall dome repayd on his owne pate:

For

For in the selfe same riuer, where he late
Had drenched them, he drowned him againe;
And nam'd the riuer of his wretched fate;
Whose bad condition yet it doth retaine,
Oft tossed with his stormes, which therein still remaine.

These after, came the stony shallow Lone,
That to old Loncaster his name doth lend;
And following Dee, which Britons long ygone
Did call diuine, that doth by Chester tend;
And Conway which out of his streame doth send
Plenty of pearles to decke his dames withall,
And Lindus that his pikes doth most commend,
Of which the auncient Lincolne men doe call,
All these together marched toward *Proteus* hall.

Ne thence the Irishe Riuers absent were,
Sith no lesse famous then the rest they bee,
And ioyne in neighbourhood of kingdome nere,
Why should they not likewise in loue agree,
And ioy likewise this solemne day to see.
They saw it all, and present were in place;
Though I them all according their degree,
Cannot recount, nor tell their hidden race,
Nor read the saluage cũtreis, thorough which they pace.

There was the Liffy rolling downe the lea,
The sandy Slane, the stony Aubrian,
The spacious Shenan spreading like a sea,
The pleasant Boyne, the fishy fruitfull Ban,
Swift Awniduff, which of the English man
Is cal'de Blacke water, and the Liffar deep,
Sad Trowis, that once his people ouerran,
Strong *Allo* tombling from Slewlogher steep,
And *Mulla* mine, whose waues I whilom taught to weep.

And there the three renowmed brethren were,
Which that great Gyant *Blomius* begot,
Of the faire Nimph *Rheusa* wandring there.
One day, as she to shunne the season whot,
Vnder Slewbloome in shady groue was got,
This Gyant found her, and by force deflowr'd,
Whereof conceiuing, she in time forth brought
These three faire sons, which being thẽce forth powrd
In three great riuers ran, and many countreis scowrd.

The first, the gentle Shure that making way
By sweet Clonmell, adornes rich Waterford;
The next, the stubborne Newre, whose waters gray
By faire Kilkenny and Rosseponte boord,
The third, the goodly Barow, which doth hoord
Great heapes of Salmons in his deepe bosome:
All which long sundred, doe at last accord
To ioyne in one, ere to the sea they come,
So flowing all from one, all one at last become.

There also was the wide embayed Mayre,
The pleasaunt Bandon crownd with many a wood,
The spreading Lee, that like an Island fayre
Encloseth Corke with his deuided flood;
And balefull Oure, late staind with English blood:
With many more, whose names no tongue can tell.
All which that day in order seemly good
Did on the Thamis attend, and waited well
To doe their duefull seruice, as to them befell.

Then came the Bride, the louely *Medua* came,
Clad in a vesture of vnknowen geare,
And vncouth fashion, yet her well became;
That seem'd like siluer, sprinckled here and theare
With

With glittering spangs, that did like starres appeare,
And wau'd vpon, like water Chamelot,
To hide the metall, which yet euery where
Bewrayd it selfe, to let men plainely wot,
It was no mortall worke, that seem'd and yet was not.

Her goodly lockes adowne her backe did flow
Vnto her waste, with flowres bescattered,
The which ambrosiall odours forth did throw
To all about, and all her shoulders spred
As a new spring; and likewise on her hed
A Chapelet of sundry flowers she wore,
From vnder which the deawy humour shed,
Did tricle downe her haire, like to the hore
Congealed litle drops, which doe the morne adore.

On her two pretty handmaides did attend,
One cald the *Theise*, the other cald the *Crane*;
Which on her waited, things amisse to mend,
And both behind vpheld her spredding traine;
Vnder the which, her feet appeared plaine,
Her siluer feet, faire washt against this day:
And her before there paced Pages twaine,
Both clad in colours like, and like array,
The *Doune* & eke the *Frith*, both which prepard her way.

And after these the Sea Nymphs marched all,
All goodly damzels, deckt with long greene haire,
Whom of their sire *Nereides* men call,
All which the Oceans daughter to him bare
The gray eyde *Doris*: all which fifty are;
All which she there on her attending had.
Swift *Proto*, milde *Eucrate*, *Thetis* faire,
Soft *Spio*, sweete *Endore*, *Sao* sad,
Light *Doto*, wanton *Glauce*, and *Galene* glad.

White hand *Eunica*, proud *Dynamene*,
Ioyous *Thalia*, goodly *Amphitrite*,
Louely *Pasithee*, kinde *Eulimene*,
Light foote *Cymothoe*, and sweete *Melite*,
Faireſt *Pheruſa*, *Phao* lilly white,
Wondred *Agaue*, *Porie*, and *Neſaa*,
With *Erato* that doth in loue delite,
And *Panopæ*, and wiſe *Protomedaa*,
And ſnowy neckd *Doris*, and milkewhite *Galathæa*.

Speedy *Hippothoe*, and chaſte *Actea*,
Large *Liſianaſſa*, and *Pronea* ſage,
Euagore, and light *Pontoporea*,
And ſhe, that with her leaſt word can aſſwage
The ſurging ſeas, when they do ſoreſt rage,
Cymodoce, and ſtout *Autonoe*,
And *Neſo*, and *Eione* well in age,
And ſeeming ſtill to ſmile, *Glauconome*,
And ſhe that hight of many heaſtes *Polynome*.

Freſh *Alimeda*, deckt with girlond greene;
Hyponeo, with ſalt bedewed wreſts:
Laomedia, like the chriſtall ſheene;
Liagore, much praiſd for wiſe beheſts;
And *Pſamathe*, for her brode ſnowy breſts;
Cymo, *Eupompe*, and *Themiſte* iuſt;
And ſhe that vertue loues and vice deteſts
Euarna, and *Menippe* true in truſt,
And *Nemertea* learned well to rule her luſt.

All theſe the daughters of old *Nereus* were,
Which haue the ſea in charge to them aſſinde,
To rule his tides, and ſurges to vprere,
To bring forth ſtormes, or faſt them to vpbinde.

And

And sailers saue from wreckes of wrathfull winde.
And yet besides three thousand more there were
Of th'Oceans seede, but *Ioues* and *Phœbus* kinde;
The which in floods and fountaines doe appere,
And all mankinde do nourish with their waters clere.

The which, more eath it were for mortall wight,
To tell the sands, or count the starres on hye,
Or ought more hard, then thinke to reckon right.
But well I wote, that these which I descry,
Were present at this great solemnity:
And there amongst the rest, the mother was
Of luckelesse *Marinell Cymodoce*,
Which, for my Muse her selfe now tyred has,
Vnto an other Canto I will ouerpas.

Cant. XII.

Marin for loue of Florimell,
In languor wastes his life:
The Nymph his mother getteth her,
And giues to him for wife.

O What an endlesse worke haue I in hand,
To count the seas abundant progeny,
Whose fruitfull seede farre passeth those in land,
And also those which wonne in th'azure sky?
For much more eath to tell the starres on hy,
Albe they endlesse seeme in estimation,
Then to recount the Seas posterity:
So fertile be the flouds in generation,
So huge their numbers, and so numberlesse their nation.

Therefore the antique wisards well inuented,
That *Venus* of the fomy sea was bred;
For that the seas by her are most augmented.
Witnesse th'exceeding fry, which there are fed,
And wondrous sholes, which may of none be red.
Then blame me not, if I haue err'd in count
Of Gods, of Nymphs, of riuers yet vnred:
For though their numbers do much more surmount,
Yet all those same were there, which erst I did recount.

All those were there, and many other more,
Whose names and nations were too long to tell,
That *Proteus* house they fild euen to the dore;
Yet were they all in order, as befell,
According their degrees disposed well.
Amongst the rest, was faire *Cymodoce*,
The mother of vnlucky *Marinell*,
Who thither with her came, to learne and see
The manner of the Gods when they at banquet be.

But for he was halfe mortall, being bred
Of mortall sire, though of immortall wombe,
He might not with immortall food be fed,
Ne with th'eternall Gods to bancket come;
But walkt abrode, and round about did rome,
To view the building of that vncouth place,
That seem'd vnlike vnto his earthly home:
Where, as he to and fro by chaunce did trace,
There vnto him betid a disauentrous case.

Vnder the hanging of an hideous clieffe,
He heard the lamentable voice of one,
That piteously complaind her carefull grieffe,
Which neuer she before disclosd to none.

But

But to her selfe her sorrow did bemone,
So feelingly her case she did complaine,
That ruth it moued in the rocky stone,
And made it seeme to feele her grieuous paine,
And oft to grone with billowes beating from the maine.

Though vaine I see my sorrowes to vnfold,
And count my cares, when none is nigh to heare,
Yet hoping griefe may lessen being told,
I will them tell though vnto no man neare:
For heauen that vnto all lends equall eare,
Is farre from hearing of my heauy plight;
And loweſt hell, to which I lie most neare,
Cares not what euils hap to wretched wight;
And greedy seas doe in the spoile of life delight.

Yet loe the seas I see by often beating,
Doe pearce the rockes, and hardest marble weares;
But his hard rocky hart for no entreating
Will yeeld, but when my piteous plaints he heares,
Is hardned more with my aboundant teares.
Yet though he neuer list to me relent,
But let me waste in woe my wretched yeares,
Yet will I neuer of my loue repent,
But ioy that for his sake I suffer prisonment.

And when my weary ghost with griefe outworne,
By timely death shall winne her wished rest,
Let then this plaint vnto his eares be borne,
That blame it is to him, that armes profest,
To let her die, whom he might haue redrest.
There did she pause, inforced to giue place,
Vnto the passion, that her heart oppriest,
And after she had wept and wail'd a space,
She gan afresh thus to renew her wretched case.

Ye Gods of seas, if any Gods at all
Haue care of right, or ruth of wretches wrong,
By one or other way me woefull thrall,
Deliuer hence out of this dungeon strong,
In which I daily dying am too long.
And if ye deeme me death for louing one,
That loues not me, then doe it not prolong,
But let me die and end my daies attone,
And let him liue vnlou'd, or loue him selfe alone.

But if that life ye vnto me decree,
Then let mee liue, as louers ought to do,
And of my lifes deare loue beloued be:
And if he shall through pride your doome vndo,
Do you by duresse him compell thereto,
And in this prison put him here with me:
One prison fittest is to hold vs two:
So had I rather to be thrall, then free;
Such thraldome or such freedome let it surely be.

But ô vaine iudgement, and conditions vaine,
The which the prisoner points vnto the free,
The whiles I him condemne, and deeme his paine,
He where he list goes loose, and laughes at me:
So euer loose, so euer happy be.
But where so loose or happy that thou art,
Know *Marinell* that all this is for thee.
With that she wept and wail'd, as if her hart
Would quite haue burst through great abũdance of her smart.

All which complaint when *Marinell* had heard,
And vnderstood the cause of all her care
To come of him, for vsing her so hard,
His stubborne heart, that neuer felt misfare
Was

Was toucht with ſoft remorſe and pitty rare;
That euen for griefe of minde he oft did grone,
And inly wiſh, that in his powre it weare
Her to redreſſe: but ſince he meanes found none
He could no more but her great miſery bemone.

Thus whilſt his ſtony heart with tender ruth
Was toucht, and mighty courage mollifide,
Dame *Venus* ſonne that tameth ſtubborne youth
With iron bit, and maketh him abide,
Till like a victor on his backe he ride,
Into his mouth his mayſtring bridle threw,
That made him ſtoupe, till he did him beſtride:
Then gan he make him tread his ſteps anew,
And learne to loue, by learning louers paines to rew.

Now gan he in his grieued minde deuiſe,
How from that dungeon he might her enlarge;
Some while he thought, by faire and humble wiſe
To *Proteus* ſelfe to ſue for her diſcharge:
But then he fear'd his mothers former charge
Gainſt womens loue, long giuen him in vaine.
Then gan he thinke, perforce with ſword and targe
Her forth to fetch, and *Proteus* to conſtraine:
But ſoone he gan ſuch folly to forthinke againe.

Then did he caſt to ſteale her thence away,
And with him beare, where none of her might know.
But all in vaine: for why he found no way
To enter in, or iſſue forth below:
For all about that rocke the ſea did flow.
And though vnto his will ſhe giuen were,
Yet without ſhip or bote her thence to row,
He wiſt not how her thence away to bere;
And daunger well he wiſt long to continue there.

At last when as no meanes he could inuent,
Backe to him selfe, he gan returne the blame,
That was the author of her punishment;
And with vile curses, and reprochfull shame
To damne him selfe by euery euill name;
And deeme vnworthy or of loue or life,
That had despisde so chast and faire a dame,
Which him had sought through trouble & lõg strife;
Yet had refusde a God that her had sought to wife.

In this sad plight he walked here and there,
And romed round about the rocke in vaine,
As he had lost him selfe, he wist not where;
Oft listening if he mote her heare againe;
And still bemoning her vnworthy paine.
Like as an Hynde whose calfe is falne vnwares
Into some pit, where she him heares complaine,
An hundred times about the pit side fares,
Right sorrowfully mourning her bereaued cares.

And now by this the feast was throughly ended,
And euery one gan homeward to resort.
Which seeing *Marinell*, was sore offended,
That his departure thence should be so short,
And leaue his loue in that sea-walled fort.
Yet durst he not his mother disobay,
But her attending in full seemly sort,
Did march amongst the many all the way:
And all the way did inly mourne, like one astray.

Being returned to his mothers bowre,
In solitary silence far from wight,
He gan record the lamentable stowre,
In which his wretched loue lay day and night,

For

For his deare ſake, that ill deſeru'd that plight:
The thought whereof empierſt his hart ſo deepe,
That of no worldly thing he tooke delight;
Ne dayly food did take, ne nightly ſleepe,
But pyn'd,& mourn'd,& languiſht,and alone did weepe.

That in ſhort ſpace his wonted chearefull hew
Gan fade, and liuely ſpirits deaded quight:
His cheeke bones raw,and eie-pits hollow grew,
And brawney armes had loſt their knowen might,
That nothing like himſelfe he ſeem'd in ſight.
Ere long ſo weake of limbe, and ſicke of loue
He woxe, that lenger he note ſtand vpright,
But to his bed was brought, and layd aboue,
Like ruefull ghoſt, vnable once to ſtirre or moue.

Which when his mother ſaw, ſhe in her mind
Was troubled ſore,ne wiſt well what to weene,
Ne could by ſearch nor any meanes out find
The ſecret cauſe and nature of his teene,
Whereby ſhe might apply ſome medicine;
But weeping day and night, did him attend,
And mourn'd to ſee her loſſe before her eyne,
Which grieu'd her more, that ſhe it could not mend;
To ſee an helpeleſſe euill, double griefe doth lend.

Nought could ſhe read the roote of his diſeaſe,
Ne weene what miſter maladie it is,
Whereby to ſeeke ſome meanes it to appeaſe.
Moſt did ſhe thinke, but moſt ſhe thought amis,
That that ſame former fatall wound of his
Whyleare by *Tryphon* was not throughly healed,
But cloſely rankled vnder th'orifis:
Leaſt did ſhe thinke, that which he moſt concealed,
That loue it was, which in his hart lay vnreuealed.

Therefore to *Tryphon* she againe doth hast,
And him doth chyde as false and fraudulent,
That fayld the trust, which she in him had plast,
To cure her sonne, as he his faith had lent:
Who now was falne into new languishment
Of his old hurt, which was not throughly cured.
So backe he came vnto her patient,
Where searching euery part, her well assured,
That it was no old sore, which his new paine procured.

But that it was some other maladie,
Or griefe vnknowne, which he could not discerne:
So left he her withouten remedie.
Then gan her heart to faint, and quake, and earne,
And inly troubled was, the truth to learne.
Vnto himselfe she came, and him besought,
Now with faire speches, now with threatnings sterne,
If ought lay hidden in his grieued thought,
It to reueale: who still her answered, there was nought.

Nathlesse she rested not so satisfide,
But leauing watry gods, as booting nought,
Vnto the shinie heauen in haste she hide,
And thence *Apollo* King of Leaches brought.
Apollo came; who soone as he had sought,
Through his disease', did by and by out find,
That he did languish of some inward thought,
The which afflicted his engrieued mind;
Which loue he red to be, that leads each liuing kind.

Which when he had vnto his mother told,
She gan thereat to fret, and greatly grieue.
And comming to her sonne, gan first to scold,
And chyde at him, that made her misbelieue:

But

But afterwards she gan him soft to shrieue,
And wooe with faire intreatie, to disclose,
Which of the Nymphes his heart so sore did mieue.
For sure she weend it was some one of those,
Which he had lately seene, that for his loue he chose.

Now lesse she feared that same fatall read,
That warned him of womens loue beware:
Which being ment of mortall creatures sead,
For loue of Nymphes she thought she need not care,
But promist him, what euer wight she weare,
That she her loue, to him would shortly gaine:
So he her told: but soone as she did heare
That *Florimell* it was, which wrought his paine,
She gan a fresh to chafe, and grieue in euery vaine.

Yet since she saw the streight extremitie,
In which his life vnluckily was layd,
It was no time to scan the prophecie,
Whether old *Proteus* true or false had sayd,
That his decay should happen by a mayd,
It's late in death of daunger to aduize,
Or loue forbid him, that is life denayd:
But rather gan in troubled mind deuize,
How she that Ladies libertie might enterprize.

To *Proteus* selfe to sew she thought it vaine,
Who was the root and worker of her woe:
Nor vnto any meaner to complaine,
But vnto great king *Neptune* selfe did goe,
And on her knee before him falling lowe,
Made humble suit vnto his Maiestie,
To graunt to her, her sonnes life, which his foe
A cruell Tyrant had presumpteouslie
By wicked doome condemn'd, a wretched death to die.

To whom God *Neptune* softly smyling, thus;
Daughter me seemes of double wrong ye plaine,
Gainst one that hath both wronged you, and vs:
For death t'adward I ween'd did appertaine
To none, but to the seas sole Soueraine.
Read therefore who it is, which this hath wrought,
And for what cause; the truth discouer plaine.
For neuer wight so euill did or thought,
But would some rightfull cause pretend, though rightly nought.

To whom she answerd, Then it is by name
Proteus, that hath ordayn'd my sonne to die;
For that a waift, the which by fortune came
Vpon your seas, he claym'd as propertie:
And yet nor his, nor his in equitie,
But yours the waift by high prerogatiue.
Therefore I humbly craue your Maiestie,
It to repleuie, and my sonne repriue:
So shall you by one gift saue all vs three aliue.

He graunted it: and streight his warrant made,
Vnder the Sea-gods seale autenticall,
Commaunding *Proteus* straight t'enlarge the mayd,
Which wandring on his seas imperiall,
He lately tooke, and sithence kept as thrall.
Which she receiuing with meete thankefulnesse,
Departed straight to *Proteus* therewithall:
Who reading it with inward loathfulnesse,
Was grieued to restore the pledge, he did possesse.

Yet durst he not the warrant to withstand,
But vnto her deliuered *Florimell*.
Whom she receiuing by the lilly hand,
Admyr'd her beautie much, as she mote well:

For ſhe all liuing creatures did excell;
And was right ioyous, that ſhe gotten had
So faire a wife for her ſonne *Marinell*.
So home with her ſhe ſtreight the virgin lad,
And ſhewed her to him, then being ſore beſtad.

Who ſoone as he beheld that angels face,
Adorn'd with all diuine perfection,
His cheared heart eftſoones away gan chace
Sad death, reuiued with her ſweet inſpection,
And feeble ſpirit inly felt refection;
As withered weed through cruell winters tine,
That feeles the warmth of ſunny beames reflection,
Liftes vp his head, that did before decline
And gins to ſpread his leafe before the faire ſunſhine.

Right ſo himſelfe did *Marinell* vpreare,
When he in place his deareſt loue did ſpy;
And though his limbs could not his bodie beare,
Ne former ſtrength returne ſo ſuddenly,
Yet chearefull ſignes he ſhewed outwardly.
Ne leſſe was ſhe in ſecret hart affected,
But that ſhe masked it with modeſtie,
For feare ſhe ſhould of lightneſſe be detected:
Which to another place I leaue to be perfected.

THE FIFTH BOOKE OF THE FAERIE QVEENE.

Contayning,

THE LEGEND OF ARTEGALL OR OF IVSTICE.

SO oft as I with ſtate of preſent time,
The image of the antique world compare,
When as mans age was in his freſheſt prime.
And the firſt bloſſome of faire vertue bare,
Such oddes I finde twixt thoſe, and theſe which are,
As that, through long continuance of his courſe,
Me ſeemes the world is runne quite out of ſquare,
From the firſt point of his appointed ſourſe,
And being once amiſſe growes daily wourſe and wourſe.

For from the golden age, that firſt was named,
It's now at earſt become a ſtonie one;
And men themſelues, the which at firſt were framed
Of earthly mould, and form'd of fleſh and bone,
Are now transformed into hardeſt ſtone:
Such as behind their backs (ſo backward bred)
Were throwne by *Pyrrha* and *Deucalione*:
And if then thoſe may any worſe be red,
They into that ere long will be degendered.

Let none then blame me, if in diſcipline
Of vertue and of ciuill vſes lore,
I doe not forme them to the common line
Of preſent dayes, which are corrupted ſore,
But to the antique vſe, which was of yore,
When good was onely for it ſelfe deſyred,
And all men ſought their owne, and none no more;
When Iuſtice was not for moſt meed outhyred,
But ſimple Truth did rayne, and was of all admyred.

For that which all men then did vertue call,
Is now cald vice; and that which vice was hight,
Is now hight vertue, and ſo vſ'd of all:
Right now is wrong, and wrong that was is right,
As all things elſe in time are chaunged quight.
Ne wonder; for the heauens reuolution
Is wandred farre from, where it firſt was pight,
And ſo doe make contrarie conſtitution
Of all this lower world, toward his diſſolution.

For who ſo liſt into the heauens looke,
And ſearch the courſes of the rowling ſpheares,
Shall find that from the point, where they firſt tooke
Their ſetting forth, in theſe few thouſand yeares
They all are wandred much; that plaine appeares.
For that ſame golden fleecy Ram, which bore
Phrixus and *Helle* from their ſtepdames feares,
Hath now forgot, where he was plaſt of yore,
And ſhouldred hath the Bull, which fayre *Europa* bore.

And eke the Bull hath with his bow-bent horne
So hardly butted thoſe two twinnes of *Ioue*,
That they haue cruſht the Crab, and quite him borne
Into the great *Nemæan* lions groue.

So

So now all range, and doe at randon roue
Out of their proper places farre away,
And all this world with them amisse doe moue,
And all his creatures from their course astray,
Till they arriue at their last ruinous decay.

Ne is that same great glorious lampe of light,
That doth enlumine all these lesser fyres,
In better case, ne keepes his course more right,
But is miscaried with the other Spheres.
For since the terme of fourteene hundred yeres,
That learned *Ptolomæe* his hight did take,
He is declyned from that marke of theirs,
Nigh thirtie minutes to the Southerne lake;
That makes me feare in time he will vs quite forsake.

And if to those Ægyptian wisards old,
Which in Star-read were wont haue best insight,
Faith may be giuen, it is by them told,
That since the time they first tooke the Sunnes hight,
Foure times his place he shifted hath in sight,
And twice hath risen, where he now doth West,
And wested twice, where he ought rise aright.
But most is *Mars* amisse of all the rest,
And next to him old *Saturne*, that was wont be best.

For during *Saturnes* ancient raigne it's sayd,
That all the world with goodnesse did abound:
All loued vertue, no man was affrayd
Of force, ne fraud in wight was to be found:
No warre was knowne, no dreadfull trompets sound,
Peace vniuersall rayn'd mongst men and beasts,
And all things freely grew out of the ground:
Iustice sate high ador'd with solemne feasts,
And to all people did diuide her dred behests.

Most sacred vertue she of all the rest,
Resembling God in his imperiall might;
Whose soueraine powre is herein most exprést,
That both to good and bad he dealeth right,
And all his workes with Iustice hath bedight.
That powre he also doth to Princes lend,
And makes them like himselfe in glorious sight,
To sit in his owne seate, his cause to end,
And rule his people right, as he doth recommend.

Dread Soverayne Goddesse, that doest highest sit
In seate of iudgement, in th'Almighties place,
And with magnificke might and wondrous wit
Doest to thy people righteous doome aread,
That furthest Nations filles with awfull dread,
Pardon the boldnesse of thy basest thrall,
That dare discourse of so diuine a read,
As thy great iustice praysed ouer all:
The instrument whereof loe here thy *Artegall.*

CANT.

Cant. I.

Artegall trayn'd in Iuſtice lore
Irenaes queſt purſewed,
He doeth auenge on Sanglier
his Ladies bloud embrewed.

THough vertue then were held in higheſt price,
In thoſe old times, of which I doe intreat,
Yet then likewiſe the wicked ſeede of vice
Began to ſpring which ſhortly grew full great,
And with their boughes the gentle plants did beat.
But euermore ſome of the vertuous race
Roſe vp, inſpired with heroicke heat,
That cropt the branches of the ſient baſe,
And with ſtrong hand their fruitfull rancknes did deface.

Such firſt was *Bacchus*, that with furious might
All th'Eaſt before vntam'd did ouerronne,
And wrong repreſſed, and eſtabliſht right,
Which lawleſſe men had formerly fordonne.
There Iuſtice firſt her princely rule begonne.
Next *Hercules* his like enſample ſhewed,
Who all the Weſt with equall conqueſt wonne,
And monſtrous tyrants with his club ſubdewed;
The club of Iuſtice dread, with kingly powre endewed.

And ſuch was he, of whom I haue to tell,
The Champion of true Iuſtice *Artegall.*
Whom (as ye lately mote remember well)
An hard aduenture, which did then befall,

Into redoubted perill forth did call;
That was to succour a distressed Dame,
Whom a strong tyrant did vniustly thrall,
And from the heritage, which she did clame,
Did with strong hand withhold: *Grantorto* was his name.

Wherefore the Lady, which *Eirena* hight,
Did to the Faery Queene her way addresse,
To whom complayning her afflicted plight,
She her besought of gratious redresse.
That soueraine Queene, that mightie Empheresse,
Whose glorie is to aide all suppliants pore,
And of weake Princes to be Patronesse,
Chose *Artegall* to right her to restore;
For that to her he seem'd best skild in righteous lore.

For *Artegall* in iustice was vpbrought
Euen from the cradle of his infancie,
And all the depth of rightfull doome was taught
By faire *Astræa*, with great industrie,
Whilest here on earth she liued mortallie.
For till the world from his perfection fell
Into all filth and foule iniquitie,
Astræa here mongst earthly men did dwell,
And in the rules of iustice them instructed well.

Whiles through the world she walked in this sort,
Vpon a day she found this gentle childe,
Amongst his peres playing his childish sport:
Whom seeing fit, and with no crime defilde,
She did allure with gifts and speaches milde,
To wend with her. So thence him farre she brought
Into a caue from companie exilde,
In which she nourtled him, till yeares he raught,
And all the discipline of iustice there him taught.

There

There she him taught to weigh both right and wrong
In equall ballance with due recompence,
And equitie to measure out along,
According to the line of conscience,
When so it needs with rigour to dispence.
Of all the which, for want there of mankind,
She caused him to make experience
Vpon wyld beasts, which she in woods did find,
With wrongfull powre oppressing others of their kind.

Thus she him trayned, and thus she him taught,
In all the skill of deeming wrong and right,
Vntill the ripenesse of mans yeares he raught;
That euen wilde beasts did feare his awfull sight,
And men admyr'd his ouerruling might;
Ne any liu'd on ground, that durst withstand
His dreadfull heast, much lesse him match in fight,
Or bide the horror of his wreakfull hand,
When so he list in wrath lift vp his steely brand.

Which steely brand, to make him dreaded more,
She gaue vnto him, gotten by her slight
And earnest search, where it was kept in store
In *Ioues* eternall house, vnwist of wight,
Since he himselfe it vs'd in that great fight
Against the *Titans*, that whylome rebelled
Gainst highest heauen; *Chrysaor* it was hight;
Chrysaor that all other swords excelled,
Well prou'd in that same day, when *Iowe* those Gyants quelled.

For of most perfect metall it was made,
Tempred with Adamant amongst the same,
And garnisht all with gold vpon the blade
In goodly wise, whereof it tooke his name,

And was of no leſſe vertue, then of fame.
For there no ſubſtance was ſo firme and hard,
But it would pierce or cleaue, where ſo it came;
Ne any armour could his dint out ward,
But whereſoeuer it did light, it throughly ſhard.

Now when the world with ſinne gan to abound,
Aſtrea loathing lenger here to ſpace
Mongſt wicked men, in whom no truth ſhe found,
Return'd to heauen, whence ſhe deriu'd her race;
Where ſhe hath now an euerlaſting place,
Mongſt thoſe twelue ſignes, which nightly we doe ſee
The heauens bright-ſhining baudricke to enchace;
And is the *Virgin*, ſixt in her degree,
And next her ſelfe her righteous ballance hanging bee.

But when ſhe parted hence, ſhe left her groome
An yron man, which did on her attend
Alwayes, to execute her ſtedfaſt doome,
And willed him with *Artegall* to wend,
And doe what euer thing he did intend.
His name was *Talus*, made of yron mould,
Immoueable, reſiſtleſſe, without end.
Who in his hand an yron flale did hould,
With which he threſht out falſhood, and did truth vnfould.

He now went with him in this new inqueſt,
Him for to aide, if aide he chaunſt to neede,
Againſt that cruell Tyrant, which oppreſt
The faire *Irena* with his foule miſdeede,
And kept the crowne in which ſhe ſhould ſucceed.
And now together on their way they bin,
When as they ſaw a Squire in ſquallid weed,
Lamenting ſore his ſorowfull ſad tyne,
With many bitter teares ſhed from his blubbred eyne.

To

To whom as they approched, they espide
A sorie sight, as euer seene with eye;
An headlesse Ladie lying him beside,
In her owne blood all wallow'd wofully,
That her gay clothes did in discolour die.
Much was he moued at that ruefull sight;
And flam'd with zeale of vengeance inwardly,
He askt, who had that Dame so fouly dight;
Or whether his owne hand, or whether other wight?

Ah woe is me, and well away (quoth hee)
Bursting forth teares, like springs out of a banke,
That euer I this dismall day did see:
Full farre was I from thinking such a pranke;
Yet litle losse it were, and mickle thanke,
If I should graunt that I haue doen the same,
That I mote drinke the cup, whereof she dranke:
But that I should die guiltie of the blame,
The which another did, who now is fled with shame.

Who was it then (sayd *Artegall*) that wrought?
And why, doe it declare vnto me trew.
A knight (said he) if knight he may be thought,
That did his hand in Ladies bloud embrew,
And for no cause, but as I shall you shew.
This day as I in solace sate hereby
With a fayre loue, whose losse I now do rew,
There came this knight, hauing in companie
This luckelesse Ladie, which now here doth headlesse lie.

He, whether mine seem'd fayrer in his eye,
Or that he wexed weary of his owne,
Would change with me; but I did it denye;
So did the Ladies both, as may be knowne,

But he, whose spirit was with pride vpblowne,
Would not so rest contented with his right,
But hauing from his courser her downe throwne,
Fro me reft mine away by lawlesse might,
And on his steed her set, to beare her out of sight.

Which when his Ladie saw, she follow'd fast,
And on him catching hold, gan loud to crie
Not so to leaue her, nor away to cast,
But rather of his hand besought to die.
With that his sword he drew all wrathfully,
And at one stroke cropt off her head with scorne,
In that same place, whereas it now doth lie.
So he my loue away with him hath borne,
And left me here, both his & mine owne loue to morne.

Aread (sayd he) which way then did he make?
And by what markes may he be knowne againe?
To hope (quoth he) him soone to ouertake,
That hence so long departed, is but vaine:
But yet he pricked ouer yonder plaine,
And as I marked, bore vpon his shield,
By which it's easie him to know againe,
A broken sword within a bloodie field;
Expressing well his nature, which the same did wield.

No sooner sayd, but streight he after sent
His yron page, who him pursew'd so light,
As that it seem'd aboue the ground he went:
For he was swift as swallow in her flight,
And strong as Lyon in his Lordly might.
It was not long, before he ouertooke
Sir *Sanglier*; (so cleeped was that Knight)
Whom at the first he ghessed by his looke,
And by the other markes, which of his shield he tooke.

He

He bad him ſtay, and backe with him retire;
Who full of ſcorne to be commaunded ſo,
The Lady to alight did eft require,
Whileſt he reformed that vnciuill fo:
And ſtreight at him with all his force did go.
Who mou'd no more therewith, then when a rocke
Is lightly ſtricken with ſome ſtones throw;
But to him leaping, lent him ſuch a knocke,
That on the ground he layd him like a ſenceleſſe blocke.

But ere he could him ſelfe recure againe,
Him in his iron paw he ſeized had;
That when he wak't out of his wareleſſe paine,
He found him ſelfe vnwiſt, ſo ill beſtad,
That lim he could not wag. Thence he him lad,
Bound like a beaſt appointed to the ſtall:
The ſight whereof the Lady ſore adrad,
And fain'd to fly for feare of being thrall;
But he her quickly ſtayd, and forſt to wend withall.

When to the place they came, where *Artegall*
By that ſame carefull Squire did then abide,
He gently gan him to demaund of all,
That did betwixt him and that Squire betide.
Who with ſterne countenance and indignant pride
Did aunſwere, that of all he guiltleſſe ſtood,
And his accuſer thereuppon deſide:
For neither he did ſhed that Ladies bloud,
Nor tooke away his loue, but his owne proper good.

Well did the Squire perceiue him ſelfe too weake,
To aunſwere his deſiaunce in the field,
And rather choſe his challenge off to breake,
Then to approue his right with ſpeare and ſhield.

And rather guilty chose him selfe to yield.
But *Artegall* by signes perceiuing plaine,
That he it was not, which that Lady kild,
But that strange Knight, the fairer loue to gaine,
Did cast about by sleight the truth thereout to straine.

And sayd, now sure this doubtfull causes right
Can hardly but by Sacrament be tride,
Or else by ordele, or by blooddy fight;
That ill perhaps mote fall to either side.
But if ye please, that I your cause decide,
Perhaps I may all further quarrell end,
So ye will sweare my iudgement to abide.
Thereto they both did franckly condiscend,
And to his doome with listfull eares did both attend.

Sith then (sayd he) ye both the dead deny,
And both the liuing Lady claime your right,
Let both the dead and liuing equally
Deuided be betwixt you here in sight,
And each of either take his share aright.
But looke who does dissent from this my read,
He for a twelue moneths day shall in despight
Beare for his penaunce that same Ladies head;
To witnesse to the world, that she by him is dead.

Well pleased with that doome was *Sangliere*,
And offred streight the Lady to be slaine.
But that same Squire, to whom she was more dere,
When as he saw she should be cut in twaine,
Did yield, she rather should with him remaine.
Aliue, then to him selfe be shared dead;
And rather then his loue should suffer paine,
He chose with shame to beare that Ladies head:
True loue despiseth shame, when life is cald in dread.

Whom

Whom when ſo willing *Artegall* perceaued;
Not ſo thou Squire, (he ſayd) but thine I deeme
The liuing Lady, which from thee he reaued:
For worthy thou of her doeſt rightly ſeeme.
And you, Sir Knight, that loue ſo light eſteeme,
As that ye would for little leaue the ſame,
Take here your owne, that doth you beſt beſeeme,
And with it beare the burden of defame;
Your owne dead Ladies head, to tell abrode your ſhame.

But *Sangliere* diſdained much his doome,
And ſternly gan repine at his beheaſt;
Ne would for ought obay, as did become,
To beare that Ladies head before his breaſt.
Vntill that *Talus* had his pride repreſt,
And forced him, maulgre, it vp to reare.
Who when he ſaw it booteleſſe to reſiſt,
He tooke it vp, and thence with him did beare,
As rated Spaniell takes his burden vp for feare.

Much did that Squire Sir *Artegall* adore,
For his great iuſtice, held in high regard;
And as his Squire him offred euermore
To ſerue, for want of other meete reward,
And wend with him on his aduenture hard.
But he thereto would by no meanes conſent;
But leauing him forth on his iourney far'd:
Ne wight with him but onely *Talus* went.
They two enough t'encounter an whole Regiment.

Cant. II.

Artegall heares of Florimell,
Does with the Pagan fight:
Him slaies, drownes Lady Memera,
Does race her castle quight.

NOught is more honorable to a knight,
Ne better doth beseeme braue cheualry,
Then to defend the feeble in their right,
And wrong redresse in such as wend awry.
Whilome those great Heroes got thereby
Their greatest glory, for their rightfull deedes,
And place deserued with the Gods on hy.
Herein the noblesse of this knight exceedes,
Who now to perils great for iustice sake proceedes.

To which as he now was vppon the way,
He chaunst to meet a Dwarfe in hasty course;
Whom he requir'd his forward hast to stay,
Till he of tidings mote with him discourse.
Loth was the Dwarfe, yet did he stay perforse,
And gan of sundry newes his store to tell,
And to his memory they had recourse:
But chiefely of the faireſt *Florimell*,
How she was found againe, and spouſde to *Marinell*.

For this was *Dony*, *Florimels* owne Dwarfe,
Whom hauing lost (as ye haue heard whyleare)
And finding in the way the scattred scarfe,
The fortune of her life long time did feare.

But

But of her health when *Artegall* did heare,
And safe returne, he was full inly glad,
And askt him where, and when her bridale cheare
Should be solemniz'd: for if time he had,
He would be there, and honor to her spousall ad.

Within three daies (quoth she) as I do here,
It will be at the Castle of the strond;
What time if naught me let, I will be there
To doe her seruice, so as I am bond.
But in my way a little here beyond
A cursed cruell Sarazin doth wonne,
That keepes a Bridges passage by strong hond,
And many errant Knights hath there fordonne;
That makes all men for feare that passage for to shonne.

What mister wight (quoth he) and how far hence
Is he, that doth to trauellers such harmes?
He is (said he) a man of great defence;
Expert in battell and in deedes of armes;
And more emboldned by the wicked charmes,
With which his daughter doth him still support;
Hauing great Lordships got and goodly farmes,
Through strong oppression of his powre extort;
By which he stil them holds, & keepes with strong effort.

And dayly he his wrongs encreaseth more,
For neuer wight he lets to passe that way;
Ouer his Bridge, albee he rich or poore,
But he him makes his passage-penny pay:
Else he doth hold him backe or beat away.
Thereto he hath a groome of euill guize,
Whose scalp is bare, that bondage doth bewray,
Which pols and pils the poore in piteous wize;
But he him selfe vppon the rich doth tyrannize.

His name is hight *Pollente*, rightly so
For that he is so puissant and strong,
That with his powre he all doth ouergo,
And mākes them subiect to his mighty wrong;
And some by sleight he eke doth vnderfong.
For on a Bridge he custometh to fight,
Which is but narrow, but exceeding long;
And in the same are many trap fals pight, (sight
Through which the rider downe doth fall through ouer-

And vnderneath the same a riuer flowes,
That is both swift and dangerous deepe withall;
Into the which whom so he ouerthrowes,
All destitute of helpe doth headlong fall,
But he him selfe, through practise vsuall,
Leapes forth into the floud, and there assaies
His foe confused through his sodaine fall,
That horse and man he equally dismaies,
And either both them drownes, or trayterously slaies.

Then doth he take the spoile of them at will,
And to his daughter brings, that dwels thereby:
Who all that comes doth take, and therewith fill
The coffers of her wicked threasury;
Which she with wrongs hath heaped vp so hy,
That many Princes she in wealth exceedes,
And purchast all the countrey lying ny
With the reuenue of her plenteous meedes,
Her name is *Munera*, agreeing with her deedes.

Thereto she is full faire, and rich attired,
With golden hands and siluer feete beside,
That many Lords haue her to wife desired:
But she them all despiseth for great pride.

Now

Now by my life (ſayd he) and God to guide,
None other way will I this day betake,
But by that Bridge, whereas he doth abide:
Therefore me thither lead. No more he ſpake,
But thitherward forthright his ready way did make.

Vnto the place he came within a while,
Where on the Bridge he ready armed ſaw
The Sarazin, awayting for ſome ſpoile.
Who as they to the paſſage gan to draw,
A villaine to them came with ſcull all raw,
That paſſage money did of them require,
According to the cuſtome of their law.
To whom he aunſwerd wroth, loe there thy hire;
And with that word him ſtrooke, that ſtreight he did ex-
(pire.

Which when the Pagan ſaw, he wexed wroth,
And ſtreight him ſelfe vnto the fight addreſt,
Ne was Sir *Artegall* behinde: ſo both
Together ran with ready ſpeares in reſt.
Right in the midſt, whereas they breſt to breſt
Should meete, a trap was letten downe to fall
Into the floud: ſtreight leapt the Carle vnbleſt,
Well weening that his foe was falne withall:
But he was well aware, and leapt before his fall.

There being both together in the floud,
They each at other tyrannouſly flew;
Ne ought the water cooled their whot bloud,
But rather in them kindled choler new.
But there the Paynim, who that vſe well knew
To fight in water, great aduantage had,
That oftentimes him nigh he ouerthrew:
And eke the courſer, whereuppon he rad,
Could ſwim like to a fiſh, whiles he his backe beſtrad.

Which oddes when as Sir *Artegall* eſpide,
He ſaw no way, but cloſe with him in haſt;
And to him driuing ſtrongly downe the tide,
Vppon his iron coller griped faſt,
That with the ſtraint his weſand nigh he braſt.
There they together ſtroue and ſtruggled long,
Either the other from his ſteede to caſt;
Ne euer *Artegall* his griple ſtrong
For any thing wold ſlacke, but ſtill vppon him hong.

As when a Dolphin and a Sele are met,
In the wide champian of the Ocean plaine:
With cruell chaufe their courages they whet,
The mayſterdome of each by force to gaine,
And dreadfull battaile twixt them do darraine:
They ſnuf, they ſnort, they boũce, they rage, they rore,
That all the ſea diſturbed with their traine,
Doth frie with fome aboue the ſurges hore.
Such was betwixt theſe two the troubleſome vprore.

So *Artegall* at length him forſt forſake
His horſes backe, for dread of being drownd,
And to his handy ſwimming him betake.
Eftſoones him ſelfe he from his hold vnbownd,
And then no ods at all in him he fownd:
For *Artegall* in ſwimming skilfull was,
And durſt the depth of any water ſownd.
So ought each Knight, that vſe of perill has,
In ſwimming be expert through waters force to pas.

Then very doubtfull was the warres euent,
Vncertaine whether had the better ſide:
For both were skild in that experiment,
And both in armes well traind and throughly tride.

But

But *Artegall* was better breath'd beside,
And towards th'end, grew greater in his might,
That his faint foe no longer could abide
His puissance, ne beare him selfe vpright,
But from the water to the land betooke his flight.

But *Artegall* pursewd him still so neare,
With bright Chrysaor in his cruell hand,
That as his head he gan a litle reare
Aboue the brincke, to tread vpon the land,
He smote it off, that tumbling on the strand
It bit the earth for very fell despight,
And gnashed with his teeth, as if he band
High God, whose goodnesse he despaired quight,
Or curst the hand, which did that vengeãce on him dight

His corps was carried downe along the Lee,
Whose waters with his filthy bloud it stayned:
But his blasphemous head, that all might see,
He pitcht vpon a pole on high ordayned;
Where many years it afterwards remayned,
To be a mirrour to all mighty men,
In whose right hands great power is contayned,
That none of them the feeble ouerren,
But alwaies doe their powre within iust compasse pen.

That done, vnto the Castle he did wend,
In which the Paynims daughter did abide,
Guarded of many which did her defend:
Of whom he entrance sought, but was denide,
And with reprochfull blasphemy defide,
Beaten with stones downe from the battilment,
That he was forced to withdraw aside;
And bad his seruant *Talus* to inuent
Which way he enter might, without endangerment.

Eftſoones his Page drew to the Caſtle gate,
And with his iron ſtale at it let flie,
That all the warders it did ſore amate,
The which erewhile ſpake ſo reprochfully,
And made them ſtoupe, that looked earſt ſo hie.
Yet ſtill he bet, and bounſt vppon the dore,
And thundred ſtrokes thereon ſo hideouſlie,
That all the peece he ſhaked from the flore,
And filled all the houſe with feare and great vprore.

With noiſe whereof the Lady forth appeared
Vppon the Caſtle wall, and when ſhe ſaw
The daungerous ſtate, in which ſhe ſtood, ſhe feared
The ſad effect of her neare ouerthrow;
And gan entreat that iron man below,
To ceaſe his outrage, and him faire beſought,
Sith neither force of ſtones which they did throw,
Nor powr of charms, which ſhe againſt him wrought,
Might otherwiſe preuaile, or make him ceaſe for ought.

But when as yet ſhe ſaw him to proceede,
Vnmou'd with praiers, or with piteous thought,
She ment him to corrupt with goodly meede;
And cauſde great ſackes with endleſſe riches fraught,
Vnto the battilment to be vpbrought,
And powred forth ouer the Caſtle wall,
That ſhe might win ſome time, though dearly bought
Whileſt he to gathering of the gold did fall.
But he was nothing mou'd, nor tempted therewithall.

But ſtill continu'd his aſſault the more,
And layd on load with his huge yron flaile,
That at the length he has yrent the dore,
And made way for his maiſter to aſſaile.

Who

Who being entred, nought did then auaile
For wight, against his powre them selues to reare:
Each one did flie; their hearts began to faile,
And hid them selues in corners here and there;
And eke their dame halfe dead did hide her self for feare.

Long they her sought, yet no where could they finde her,
That sure they ween'd she was escapt away:
But *Talus*, that could like a limehound winde her,
And all things secrete wisely could bewray,
At length found out, whereas she hidden lay
Vnder an heape of gold. Thence he her drew
By the faire lockes, and fowly did array,
Withouten pitty of her goodly hew,
That *Artegall* him selfe her seemelesse plight did rew.

Yet for no pitty would he change the course
Of Iustice, which in *Talus* hand did lye;
Who rudely hayld her forth without remorse,
Still holding vp her suppliant hands on hye,
And kneeling at his feete submissiuely.
But he her suppliant hands, those hands of gold,
And eke her feete, those feete of siluer trye,
Which sought vnrighteousnesse, and iustice sold,
Chopt off, and nayld on high, that all might thē behold.

Her selfe then tooke he by the sclender wast,
In vaine loud crying, and into the flood
Ouer the Castle wall adowne her cast,
And there her drowned in the durty mud:
But the streame washt away her guilty blood.
Thereafter all that mucky pelfe he tooke,
The spoile of peoples euill gotten good,
The which her sire had scrap't by hooke and crooke,
And burning all to ashes, powr'd it downe the brooke.

And lastly all that Castle quite he raced,
Euen from the sole of his foundation,
And all the hewen stones thereof defaced,
That there mote be no hope of reparation,
Nor memory thereof to any nation.
All which when *Talus* throughly had perfourmed,
Sir *Artegall* vndid the euill fashion,
And wicked customes of that Bridge reformed.
Which done, vnto his former iourney he returned.

In which they measur'd mickle weary way,
Till that at length nigh to the sea they drew;
By which as they did trauell on a day,
They saw before them, far as they could vew,
Full many people gathered in a crew;
Whose great assembly they did much admire.
For neuer there the like resort they knew.
So towardes them they coasted, to enquire
What thing so many nations met, did there desire.

There they beheld a mighty Gyant stand
Vpon a rocke, and holding forth on hie
An huge great paire of ballance in his hand,
With which he boasted in his surquedrie,
That all the world he would weigh equallie,
If ought he had the same to counterpoys.
For want whereof he weighed vanity,
And fild his ballaunce full of idle toys:
Yet was admired much of fooles, women, and boys.

He sayd that he would all the earth vptake,
And all the sea, deuided each from either:
So would he of the fire one ballaunce make,
And one of th'ayre, without or wind, or wether:

Then

Then would he ballaunce heauen and hell together,
And all that did within them all containe;
Of all whose weight, he would not misse a fether.
And looke what surplus did of each remaine,
He would to his owne part restore the same againe.

For why, he sayd they all vnequall were,
And had encroched vppon others share,
Like as the sea (which plaine he shewed there)
Had worne the eare, so did the fire the aire,
So all the rest did others parts empaire.
And so were realmes and nations run awry.
All which he vndertooke for to repaire,
In sort as they were formed aunciently;
And all things would reduce vnto equality.

Therefore the vulgar did about him flocke,
And cluster thicke vnto his leasings vaine,
Like foolish flies about an hony crocke,
In hope by him great benefite to gaine,
And vncontrolled freedome to obtaine.
All which when *Artegall* did see, and heare,
How he mis-led the simple peoples traine,
In sdeignfull wize he drew vnto him neare,
And thus vnto him spake, without regard or feare.

Thou that presum'st to weigh the world anew,
And all things to an equall to restore,
In stead of right me seemes great wrong dost shew,
And far aboue thy forces pitch to sore.
For ere thou limit what is lesse or more
In euery thing, thou oughtest first to know,
What was the poyse of euery part of yore:
And looke then how much it doth ouerflow,
Or faile thereof, so much is more then iust to trow.

For at the first they all created were
In goodly measure, by their Makers might,
And weighed out in ballaunces so nere,
That not a dram was missing of their right,
The earth was in the middle centre pight,
In which it doth immoueable abide,
Hemd in with waters like a wall in sight;
And they with aire, that not a drop can slide:
Al which the heauens containe, & in their courses guide.

Such heauenly iustice doth among them raine,
That euery one doe know their certaine bound,
In which they doe these many yeares remaine,
And mongst them al no change hath yet beene found.
But if thou now shouldst weigh them new in pound,
We are not sure they would so long remaine:
All change is perillous, and all chaunce vnsound.
Therefore leaue off to weigh them all againe,
Till we may be assur'd they shall their course retaine.

Thou foolishe Elfe (said then the Gyant wroth)
Seest not, how badly all things present bee,
And each estate quite out of order goth?
The sea it selfe doest thou not plainely see
Encroch vppon the land there vnder thee;
And th'earth it selfe how daily its increast,
By all that dying to it turned be.
Were it not good that wrong were then surceast,
And from the most, that some were giuen to the least?

Therefore I will throw downe these mountaines hie,
And make them leuell with the lowly plaine:
These towring rocks, which reach vnto the skie,
I will thrust downe into the deepest maine,

And as they were, them equalize againe.
Tyrants that make men subiect to their law,
I will suppresse, that they no more may raine;
And Lordings curbe, that commons ouer-aw;
And all the wealth of rich men to the poore will draw.

Of things vnseene how canst thou deeme aright,
Then answered the righteous *Artegall*,
Sith thou misdeem'st so much of things in sight?
What though the sea with waues continuall
Doe eate the earth, it is no more at all:
Ne is the earth the lesse, or loseth ought,
For whatsoeuer from one place doth fall,
Is with the tide vnto an other brought:
For there is nothing lost, that may be found, if sought.

Likewise the earth is not augmented more,
By all that dying into it doe fade.
For of the earth they formed were of yore,
How euer gay their blossome or their blade
Doe flourish now, they into dust shall vade.
What wrong then is it, if that when they die,
They turne to that, whereof they first were made?
All in the powre of their great Maker lie:
All creatures must obey the voice of the most hie.

They liue, they die, like as he doth ordaine,
Ne euer any asketh reason why.
The hils doe not the lowly dales disdaine;
The dales doe not the lofty hils enuy.
He maketh Kings to sit in souerainty;
He maketh subiects to their powre obay;
He pulleth downe, he setteth vp on hy;
He giues to this, from that he takes away.
For all we haue is his: what he list doe, he may.

What euer thing is done, by him is donne,
Ne any may his mighty will withstand;
Ne any may his soueraine power shonne,
Ne loose that he hath bound with stedfast band.
In vaine therefore doest thou now take in hand,
To call to count, or weigh his workes anew,
Whose counsels depth thou canst not vnderstand,
Sith of things subiect to thy daily vew
Thou doest not know the causes, nor their courses dew.

For take thy ballaunce, if thou be so wise,
And weigh the winde, that vnder heauen doth blow;
Or weigh the light, that in the East doth rise;
Or weigh the thought, that frō mans mind doth flow.
But if the weight of these thou canst not show,
Weigh but one word which from thy lips doth fall.
For how canst thou those greater secrets know,
That doest not know the least thing of them all?
Ill can he rule the great, that cannot reach the small.

Therewith the Gyant much abashed sayd;
That he of little things made reckoning light,
Yet the least word that euer could be layd
Within his ballaunce, he could way aright.
Which is (sayd he) more heauy then in weight,
The right or wrong, the false or else the trew?
He answered, that he would try it streight,
So he the words into his ballaunce threw,
But streight the winged words out of his ballaunce flew.

Wroth wext he then, and sayd, that words were light,
Ne would within his ballaunce well abide.
But he could iustly weigh the wrong or right.
Well then, sayd *Artegall*, let it be tride.

First

First in one ballance ſet the true aſide.
He did ſo firſt; and then the falſe he layd
In th'other ſcale; but ſtill it downe did ſlide,
And by no meane could in the weight be ſtayd.
For by no meanes the falſe will with the truth be wayd.

Now take the right likewiſe, ſayd *Artegale*,
And counterpeiſe the ſame with ſo much wrong.
So firſt the right he put into one ſcale;
And then the Gyant ſtroue with puiſſance ſtrong
To fill the other ſcale with ſo much wrong.
But all the wrongs that he therein could lay,
Might not it peiſe; yet did he labour long,
And ſwat, and chauf'd, and proued euery way:
Yet all the wrongs could not a litle right downe way.

Which when he ſaw, he greatly grew in rage,
And almoſt would his balances haue broken:
But *Artegall* him fairely gan aſſwage,
And ſaid; be not vpon thy balance wroken:
For they doe nought but right or wrong betoken;
But in the mind the doome of right muſt bee;
And ſo likewiſe of words, the which be ſpoken,
The eare muſt be the ballance, to decree
And iudge, whether with truth or falſhood they agree.

But ſet the truth and ſet the right aſide,
For they with wrong or falſhood will not fare;
And put two wrongs together to be tride,
Or elſe two falſes, of each equall ſhare;
And then together doe them both compare.
For truth is one, and right is euer one.
So did he, and then plaine it did appeare,
Whether of them the greater were attone.
But right ſate in the middeſt of the beame alone.

But he the right from thence did thruſt away,
For it was not the right, which he did ſeeke;
But rather ſtroue extremities to way,
Th'one to diminiſh, th'other for to eeke.
For of the meane he greatly did miſlecke.
Whom when ſo lewdly minded *Talus* found,
Approching nigh vnto him cheeke by cheeke,
He ſhouldered him from off the higher ground,
And down the rock him throwing, in the ſea him dround.

Like as a ſhip, whom cruell tempeſt driues
Vpon a rocke with horrible diſmay,
Her ſhattered ribs in thouſand peeces riues,
And ſpoyling all her geares and goodly ray,
Does makes her ſelfe misfortunes piteous pray.
So downe the cliffe the wretched Gyant tumbled;
His battred ballances in peeces lay,
His timbered bones all broken rudely rumbled,
So was the high aſpyring with huge ruine humbled.

That when the people, which had there about
Long wayted, ſaw his ſudden deſolation,
They gan to gather in tumultuous rout,
And mutining, to ſtirre vp ciuill faction,
For certaine loſſe of ſo great expectation.
For well they hoped to haue got great good;
And wondrous riches by his innouation.
Therefore reſoluing to reuenge his blood,
They roſe in armes, and all in battell order ſtood.

Which lawleſſe multitude him comming too
In warlike wiſe, when *Artegall* did vew,
He much was troubled, ne wiſt what to doo.
For loth he was his noble hands t'embrew

In

In the base blood of such a rascall crew;
And otherwise, if that he should retire,
He fear'd least they with shame would him pursew.
Therefore he *Talus* to them sent, t'inquire
The cause of their array, and truce for to desire.

But soone as they him nigh approching spide,
They gan with all their weapons him assay,
And rudely stroke at him on euery side:
Yet nought they could him hurt, ne ought dismay.
But when at them he with his flaile gan lay,
He like a swarme of flyes them ouerthrew;
Ne any of them durst come in his way,
But here and there before his presence flew,
And hid themselues in holes and bushes from his vew.

As when a Faulcon hath with nimble flight
Flowne at a flush of Ducks, foreby the brooke,
The trembling foule dismayd with dreadfull sight
Of death, the which them almost ouertooke,
Doe hide themselues from her astonying looke,
Amongst the flags and couert round about.
When *Talus* saw they all the field forsooke
And none appear'd of all that raskall rout,
To *Artegall* he turn'd, and went with him throughout.

Cant. III.

The ſponſals of faire Florimell,
where turney many knights:
There Braggadochio is vncaſ'd
in all the Ladies ſights.

AFter long ſtormes and tempeſts ouerblowne,
The ſunne at length his ioyous face doth cleare:
So when as fortune all her ſpight hath ſhowne,
Some blisfull houres at laſt muſt needes appeare;
Elſe ſhould afflicted wights oftimes deſpeire.
So comes it now to *Florimell* by tourne,
After long ſorrowes ſuffered whyleare,
In which captiu'd ſhe many moneths did mourne,
To taſt of ioy, and to wont pleaſures to retourne.

Who being freed from *Proteus* cruell band
By *Marinell*, was vnto him affide,
And by him brought againe to Faerie land;
Where he her ſpouſ'd, and made his ioyous bride.
The time and place was blazed farre and wide;
And ſolemne feaſts and giuſts ordain'd therefore.
To which there did reſort from euery ſide
Of Lords and Ladies infinite great ſtore;
Ne any Knight was abſent, that braue courage bore.

To tell the glorie of the feaſt that day,
The goodly ſeruice, the deuicefull ſights,
The bridegromes ſtate, the brides moſt rich aray,
The pride of Ladies, and the worth of knights,

The

The royall banquets, and the rare delights
Were worke fit for an Herauld, not for me:
But for so much as to my lot here lights,
That with this present treatise doth agree,
True vertue to aduance, shall here recounted bee.

When all men had with full satietie
Of meates and drinkes their appetites suffiz'd,
To deedes of armes and proofe of cheualrie
They gan themselues addresse, full rich aguiz'd,
As each one had his furnitures deuiz'd.
And first of all issu'd Sir *Marinell*,
And with him sixe knights more, which enterpriz'd
To chalenge all in right of *Florimell*,
And to maintaine, that she all others did excell.

The first of them was hight Sir *Orimont*,
A noble Knight, and tride in hard assayes:
The second had to name Sir *Belliſont*,
But second vnto none in proweſſe prayse;
The third was *Brunell*, famous in his dayes;
The fourth *Ecaſtor*, of exceeding might;
The fift *Armeddan*, skild in louely layes;
The sixt was *Lanſack*, a redoubted Knight:
All sixe well seene in armes, and prou'd in many a fight.

And them against came all that list to giust,
From euery coast and countrie vnder sunne:
None was debard, but all had leaue that lust.
The trompets sound; then all together ronne.
Full many deedes of armes that day were donne,
And many knights vnhorst, and many wounded,
As fortune fell; yet litle lost or wonne:
But all that day the greatest prayse redounded
To *Marinell*, whose name the Heralds loud resounded.

The second day, so soone as morrow light
Appear'd in heauen, into the field they came,
And there all day continew'd cruell fight,
With diuers fortune fit for such a game,
In which all stroue with perill to winne fame.
Yet whether side was victor, note be gheſt:
But at the last the trompets did proclame
That *Marinell* that day deserued best.
So they disparted were, and all men went to rest.

The third day came, that should due tryall lend
Of all the rest, and then this warlike crew
Together met, of all to make an end.
There *Marinell* great deeds of armes did shew;
And through the thickest like a Lyon flew,
Rashing off helmes, and ryuing plates a sonder,
That euery one his daunger did eschew.
So terribly his dreadfull strokes did thonder,
That all men stood amaz'd, & at his might did wonder.

But what on earth can alwayes happie stand?
The greater prowesse greater perils find.
So farre he past amongst his enemies band,
That they haue him enclosed so behind,
As by no meanes he can himselfe outwind.
And now perforce they haue him prisoner taken;
And now they don with captiue bands him bind;
And now they lead him thence, of all forsaken,
Vnlesse some succour had in time him ouertaken.

It fortun'd whyleſt they were thus ill beset,
Sir *Artegall* into the Tilt-yard came,
With *Braggadochio*, whom he lately met
Vpon the way, with that his snowy Dame.

Where

Where when he vnderstood by common fame,
What euill hap to *Marinell* betid,
He much was mou'd at so vnworthie shame,
And streight that boaster prayd, with whom he rid,
To change his shield with him, to be the better hid.

So forth he went, and soone them ouer hent,
Where they were leading *Marinell* away,
Whom he assayld with dreadlesse hardiment,
And forst the burden of their prize to stay.
They were an hundred knights of that array;
Of which th'one halfe vpon himselfe did set,
Th'other stayd behind to gard the pray.
But he ere long the former fiftie bet;
And from th'other fiftie soone the prisoner fet.

So backe he brought Sir *Marinell* againe;
Whom hauing quickly arm'd againe anew,
They both together ioyned might and maine,
To set afresh on all the other crew.
Whom with sore hauocke soone they ouerthrew,
And chaced quite out of the field, that none
Against them durst his head to perill shew.
So were they left Lords of the field alone:
So *Marinell* by him was rescu'd from his fone.

Which when he had perform'd, then backe againe
To *Braggadochio* did his shield restore:
Who all this while behind him did remaine,
Keeping there close with him in pretious store
That his false Ladie, as ye heard afore.
Then did the trompets sound, and Iudges rose,
And all these knights, which that day armour bore,
Came to the open hall, to listen whose
The honour of the prize should be adiudg'd by those.

And thether also came in open sight
Fayre *Florimell*, into the common hall,
To greet his guerdon vnto euery knight,
And best to him, to whom the best should fall.
Then for that stranger knight they loud did call,
To whom that day they should the girlond yield.
Who came not forth: but for Sir *Artegall*
Came *Braggadochio*, and did shew his shield,
Which bore the Sunne brode blazed in a golden field.

The sight whereof did all with gladnesse fill:
So vnto him they did addeeme the prise
Of all that Tryumph. Then the trompets shrill
Don *Braggadochios* name resounded thrise:
So courage lent a cloke to cowardise.
And then to him came fayrest *Florimell*,
And goodly gan to greet his braue emprise,
And thousand thankes him yeeld, that had so well
Approu'd that day, that she all others did excell.

To whom the boaster, that all knights did blot,
With proud disdaine did scornefull answere make;
That what he did that day, he did it not
For her, but for his owne deare Ladies sake,
Whom on his perill he did vndertake,
Both her and eke all others to excell:
And further did vncomely speaches crake.
Much did his words the gentle Ladie quell,
And turn'd aside for shame to heare, what he did tell.

Then forth he brought his snowy *Florimele*,
Whom *Trompart* had in keeping there beside,
Couered from peoples gazement with a vele.
Whom when discouered they had throughly eide,

With

With great amazement they were ſtupefide;
And ſaid, that ſurely *Florimell* it was,
Or if it were not *Florimell* ſo tride,
That *Florimell* her ſelfe ſhe then did pas.
So feeble skill of perfect things the vulgar has.

Which when as *Marinell* beheld likewiſe,
He was therewith exceedingly diſmayd;
Ne wiſt he what to thinke, or to deuiſe,
But like as one, whom feends had made affrayd,
He long aſtoniſht ſtood, ne ought he ſayd,
Ne ought he did, but with faſt fixed eies
He gazed ſtill vpon that ſnowy mayd;
Whom euer as he did the more auize,
The more to be true *Florimell* he did ſurmize.

As when two ſunnes appeare in the azure skye,
Mounted in *Phœbus* charet fierie bright,
Both darting forth faire beames to each mans eye,
And both adorn'd with lampes of flaming light,
All that behold ſo ſtrange prodigious ſight,
Not knowing natures worke, nor what to weene,
Are rapt with wonder, and with rare affright.
So ſtood Sir *Marinell*, when he had ſeene
The ſemblant of this falſe by his faire beauties Queene.

All which when *Artegall*, who all this while
Stood in the preaſſe cloſe couered, well aduewed,
And ſaw that boaſters pride and graceleſſe guile,
He could no longer beare, but forth iſſewed,
And vnto all himſelfe there open ſhewed,
And to the boaſter ſaid; Thou loſell baſe,
That haſt with borrowed plumes thy ſelfe endewed,
And others worth with leaſings doeſt deface,
When they are all reſtor'd, thou ſhalt reſt in diſgrace.

That ſhield, which thou doeſt beare, was it indeed,
Which this dayes honour ſau'd to *Marinell*;
But not that arme, nor thou the man I reed,
Which didſt that ſeruice vnto *Florimell*.
For proofe ſhew forth thy ſword, and let it tell,
What ſtrokes, what dreadfull ſtoure it ſtird this day:
Or ſhew the wounds, which vnto thee befell;
Or ſhew the ſweat, with which thou diddeſt ſway
So ſharpe a battell, that ſo many did diſmay.

But this the ſword, which wrought thoſe cruell ſtounds,
And this the arme, the which that ſhield did beare,
And theſe the ſignes, (ſo ſhewed forth his wounds)
By which that glorie gotten doth appeare.
As for this Ladie, which he ſheweth here,
Is not (I wager) *Florimell* at all;
But ſome fayre Franion, fit for ſuch a fere,
That by misfortune in his hand did fall.
For proofe whereof, he bad them *Florimell* forth call.

So forth the noble Ladie was ybrought,
Adorn'd with honor and all comely grace:
Whereto her baſhfull ſhamefaſtneſſe ywrought
A great increaſe in her faire bluſhing face;
As roſes did with lillies interlace.
For of thoſe words, the which that boaſter threw,
She inly yet conceiued great diſgrace.
Whom when as all the people ſuch did vew,
They ſhouted loud, and ſignes of gladneſſe all did ſhew.

Then did he ſet her by that ſnowy one,
Like the true ſaint beſide the image ſet,
Of both their beauties to make paragone,
And triall, whether ſhould the honor get.

Streight

Streight way so soone as both together met,
Th'enchaunted Damzell vanisht into nought:
Her snowy substance melted as with heat,
Ne of that goodly hew remayned ought,
But th'emptie girdle, which about her wast was wrought.

As when the daughter of *Thaumantes* faire,
Hath in a watry cloud displayed wide
Her goodly bow, which paints the liquid ayre;
That all men wonder at her colours pride;
All suddenly, ere one can looke aside,
The glorious picture vanisheth away,
Ne any token doth thereof abide:
So did this Ladies goodly forme decay,
And into nothing goe, ere one could it bewray.

Which when as all that present were, beheld,
They stricken were with great astonishment,
And their faint harts with senseless horrour queld,
To see the thing, that seem'd so excellent,
So stolen from their fancies wonderment;
That what of it became, none vnderstood.
And *Braggadochio* selfe with dreriment
So daunted was in his despeyring mood,
That like a lifelesse corse immoueable he stood.

But *Artegall* that golden belt vptooke,
The which of all her spoyle was onely left;
Which was not hers, as many it mistooke,
But *Florimells* owne girdle, from her reft,
While she was flying, like a weary weft,
From that foule monster, which did her compell
To perils great; which he vnbuckling eft,
Presented to the fayrest *Florimell*;
Who round about her tender wast it fitted well.

Full many Ladies often had assayd,
About their middles that faire belt to knit;
And many a one supposd to be a mayd:
Yet it to none of all their loynes would fit,
Till *Florimell* about her fastned it.
Such power it had, that to no womans wast
By any skill or labour it would sit,
Vnlesse that she were continent and chast,
But it would lose or breake, that many had disgrast.

Whilest thus they busied were bout *Florimell*,
And boastfull *Braggadochio* to defame,
Sir *Guyon* as by fortune then befell,
Forth from the thickest preasse of people came,
His owne good steed, which he had stolne, to claime;
And th'one hand seizing on his golden bit,
With th'other drew his sword: forwith the same
He ment the thiefe there deadly to haue smit:
And had he not bene held, he nought had sayld of it.

Thereof great hurly burly moued was
Throughout the hall, for that same warlike horse.
For *Braggadochio* would not let him pas;
And *Guyon* would him algates haue perforse,
Or it approue vpon his carrion corse.
Which troublous stirre when *Artegall* perceiued,
He nigh them drew to stay th'auengers forse,
And gan inquire, how was that steed bereaued,
Whether by might extort, or else by slight deceaued.

Who all that pitteous storie, which befell
About that wofull couple, which were slaine,
And their young bloodie babe to him gan tell;
With whom whiles he did in the wood remaine,

His

His horſe purloyned was by ſubtill traine:
For which he chalenged the thiefe to fight.
But he for nought could him thereto conſtraine.
For as the death he hated ſuch deſpight,
And rather had to loſe, then trie in armes his right.

Which *Artegall* well hearing, though no more
By law of armes there neede ones right to trie,
As was the wont of warlike knights of yore,
Then that his foe ſhould him the field denie,
Yet further right by tokens to deſcrie,
He askt, what priuie tokens he did beare.
If that (ſaid *Guyon*) may you ſatisfie,
Within his mouth a blacke ſpot doth appeare,
Shapt like a horſes ſhoe, who liſt to ſeeke it there.

Whereof to make due tryall, one did take
The horſe in hand, within his mouth to looke:
But with his heeles ſo ſorely he him ſtrake,
That all his ribs he quite in peeces broke,
That neuer word from that day forth he ſpoke.
Another that would ſeeme to haue more wit,
Him by the bright embrodered hedſtall tooke:
But by the ſhoulder him ſo ſore he bit,
That he him maymed quite, and all his ſhoulder ſplit.

Ne he his mouth would open vnto wight,
Vntill that *Guyon* ſelfe vnto him ſpake,
And called *Brigadore* (ſo was he hight)
Whoſe voice ſo ſoone as he did vndertake,
Eftſoones he ſtood as ſtill as any ſtake,
And ſuffred all his ſecret marke to ſee:
And when as he him nam'd, for ioy he brake
His bands, and follow'd him with gladfull glee,
And friskt, and ſlong aloft, and louted low on knee.

Thereby Sir *Artegall* did plaine areed,
That vnto him the horſe belong'd, and ſayd;
Lo there Sir *Guyon*, take to you the ſteed,
As he with golden ſaddle is arayd;
And let that loſell, plainely now diſplayd,
Hence fare on foot, till he an horſe haue gayned.
But the proud boaſter gan his doome vpbrayd,
And him reuil'd, and rated, and diſdayned,
That iudgement ſo vniuſt againſt him had ordayned.

Much was the knight incenſt with his lewd word,
To haue reuenged that his villeny;
And thriſe did lay his hand vpon his ſword,
To haue him ſlaine, or dearely doen aby.
But *Guyon* did his choler pacify,
Saying, Sir knight, it would diſhonour bee
To you, that are our iudge of equity,
To wreake your wrath on ſuch a carle as hee
It's puniſhment enough, that all his ſhame doe ſee.

So did he mitigate Sir *Artegall*,
But *Talus* by the backe the boaſter hent,
And drawing him out of the open hall,
Vpon him did inflict this puniſhment.
Firſt he his beard did ſhaue, and fowly ſhent:
Then from him reft his ſhield, and it renuerſt,
And blotted out his armes with falſhood blent,
And himſelfe baffuld, and his armes vnherſt,
And broke his ſword in twaine, and all his armour ſperſt.

The whiles his guilefull groome was fled away:
But vaine it was to thinke from him to flie.
Who ouertaking him did diſaray,
And all his face deform'd with infamie,

And

And out of court him scourged openly.
So ought all faytours, that true knighthood shame,
And armes dishonour with base villanie,
From all braue knights be banisht with defame:
For oft their lewdnes blotteth good deserts with blame.

Now when these counterfeits were thus vncased
Out of the foreside of their forgerie,
And in the sight of all men cleane disgraced,
All gan to iest and gibe full merilie
At the remembrance of their knauerie.
Ladies can laugh at Ladies, Knights at Knights,
To thinke with how great vaunt of brauerie
He them abused, through his subtill slights,
And what a glorious shew he made in all their sights.

There leaue we them in pleasure and repast,
Spending their ioyous dayes and gladfull nights,
And taking vsurie of time forepast,
With all deare delices and rare delights,
Fit for such Ladies and such louely knights:
And turne were here to this faire furrowes end
Our wearie yokes, to gather fresher sprights,
That when as time to *Artegall* shall tend,
We on his first aduenture may him forward send.

Cant. IIII

Artegall dealeth right betwixt
two brethren that doe ſtriue,
Saues Terpine from the gallow tree,
and doth from death reprieue.

WHo ſo vpon him ſelfe will take the skill
True Iuſtice vnto people to diuide,
Had needs haue mightie hands, for to fulfill
That, which he doth with righteous doome decide,
And for to maiſter wrong and puiſſant pride.
For vaine it is to deeme of things aright,
And makes wrong doers iuſtice to deride,
Vnleſſe it be perform'd with dreadleſſe might.
For powre is the right hand of Iuſtice truely hight.

Therefore whylome to knights of great empriſe
The charge of Iuſtice giuen was in truſt,
That they might execute her iudgements wiſe,
And with their might beat downe licentious luſt,
Which proudly did impugne her ſentence iuſt.
Whereof no brauer preſident this day
Remaines on earth, preſeru'd from yron ruſt
Of rude obliuion, and long times decay,
Then this of *Artegall*, which here we haue to ſay.

Who hauing lately left that louely payre,
Enlincked faſt in wedlockes loyall bond,
Bold *Marinell* with *Florimell* the fayre,
With whom great feaſt and goodly glee he fond,

Departed

Departed from the Caſtle of the ſtrond,
To follow his aduentures firſt intent,
Which long agoe he taken had in hond:
Ne wight with him for his aſſiſtance went,
But that great yron groome, his gard and gouernment.

With whom as he did paſſe by the ſea ſhore,
He chaunſt to come, whereas two comely Squires,
Both brethren, whom one wombe together bore,
But ſtirred vp with different deſires,
Together ſtroue, and kindled wrathfull fires:
And them beſide two ſeemely damzels ſtood,
By all meanes ſeeking to aſſwage their ires,
Now with faire words; but words did little good,
Now with ſharpe threats; but threats the more increaſt (their mood.
And there before them ſtood a Coffer ſtrong,
Faſt bound on euery ſide with iron bands,
But ſeeming to haue ſuffred mickle wrong,
Either by being wreckt vppon the ſands,
Or being carried farre from forraine lands.
Seem'd that for it theſe Squires at ods did fall,
And bent againſt them ſelues their cruell hands.
But euermore, thoſe Damzels did foreſtall
Their furious encounter, and their fierceneſſe pall.

But firmely fixt they were, with dint of ſword,
And battailes doubtfull proofe their rights to try,
Ne other end their fury would afford,
But what to them Fortune would iuſtify.
So ſtood they both in readineſſe: thereby
To ioyne the combate with cruell intent;
When *Artegall* arriuing happily,
Did ſtay a while their greedy bickerment,
Till he had queſtioned the cauſe of their diſſent.

To whom the elder did this aunſwere frame;
Then weete ye Sir, that we two brethren be,
To whom our ſire, *Mileſio* by name,
Did equally bequeath his lands in fee,
Two Ilands, which ye there before you ſee
Not farre in ſea; of which the one appeares
But like a little Mount of ſmall degree;
Yet was as great and wide ere many yeares,
As that ſame other Iſle, that greater bredth now beares.

But tract of time, that all things doth decay,
And this deuouring Sea, that naught doth ſpare,
The moſt part of my land hath waſht away,
And throwne it vp vnto my brothers ſhare:
So his encreaſed, but mine did empaire.
Before which time I lou'd, as was my lot,
That further mayd, hight *Philtera* the faire,
With whom a goodly doure I ſhould haue got,
And ſhould haue ioyned bene to her in wedlocks knot.

Then did my younger brother *Amidas*
Loue that ſame other Damzell, *Lucy* bright,
To whom but little dowre allotted was;
Her vertue was the dowre, that did delight.
What better dowre can to a dame be hight?
But now when *Philtra* ſaw my lands decay,
And former liuelod fayle, ſhe left me quight,
And to my brother did ellope ſtreight way:
Who taking her from me, his owne loue left aſtray.

She ſeeing then her ſelfe forſaken ſo,
Through dolorous deſpaire, which ſhe conceyued,
Into the Sea her ſelfe did headlong throw,
Thinking to haue her griefe by death bereaued.

But

But see how much her purpose was deceaued.
Whilest thus amidst the billowes beating of her
Twixt life and death, long to and fro she weaued,
She chaunst vnwares to light vppon this coffer,
Which to her in that daunger hope of life did offer.

The wretched mayd that earst desir'd to die,
When as the paine of death she tasted had,
And but halfe seene his vgly visnomie,
Gan to repent, that she had beene so mad,
For any death to chaunge life though most bad:
And catching hold of this Sea-beaten chest,
The lucky Pylot of her passage sad,
After long tossing in the seas distrest,
Her weary barke at last vppon mine Isle did rest.

Where I by chaunce then wandring on the shore,
Did her espy, and through my good endeuour
From dreadfull mouth of death, which threatned sore
Her to haue swallow'd vp, did helpe to saue her.
She then in recompence of that great fauour,
Which I on her bestowed, bestowed on me
The portion of that good, which Fortune gaue her,
Together with her selfe in dowry free;
Both goodly portions, but of both the better she.

Yet in this coffer, which she with her brought,
Great threasure sithence we did finde contained;
Which as our owne we tooke, and so it thought.
But this same other Damzell since hath fained,
That to her selfe that threasure appertained;
And that she did transport the same by sea,
To bring it to her husband new ordained,
But suffred cruell shipwracke by the way.
But whether it be so or no, I can not say.

But whether it indeede be ſo or no,
This doe I ſay, that what ſo good or ill
Or God or Fortune vnto me did throw,
Not wronging any other by my will,
I hold mine owne, and ſo will hold it ſtill.
And though my land he firſt did winne away,
And then my loue (though now it little skill,)
Yet my good lucke he ſhall not likewiſe pray;
But I will it defend, whilſt euer that I may.

So hauing ſayd, the younger did enſew;
Full true it is, what ſo about our land
My brother here declared hath to you:
But not for it this ods twixt vs doth ſtand,
But for this threaſure throwne vppon his ſtrand;
Which well I proue, as ſhall appeare by triall,
To be this maides, with whom I faſtned hand,
Known by good markes, and perfect good eſpiall,
Therefore it ought be rendred her without deniall.

When they thus ended had, the Knight began;
Certes your ſtrife were eaſie to accord,
Would ye remit it to ſome righteous man.
Vnto your ſelfe, ſaid they, we giue our word,
To bide what iudgement ye ſhall vs afford.
Then for aſſuraunce to my doome to ſtand,
Vnder my foote let each lay downe his ſword,
And then you ſhall my ſentence vnderſtand.
So each of them layd downe his ſword out of his hand.

Then *Artegall* thus to the younger ſayd;
Now tell me *Amidas*, if that ye may,
Your brothers land the which the ſea hath layd
Vnto your part, and pluckt from his away,

By

By what good right doe you withhold this day?
What other right (quoth he) ſhould you eſteeme,
But that the ſea it to my ſhare did lay?
Your right is good (ſayd he) and ſo I deeme,
That what the ſea vnto you ſent, your own ſhould ſeeme.

Then turning to the elder thus he ſayd;
Now *Bracidas* let this likewiſe be ſhowne.
Your brothers threaſure, which from him is ſtrayd,
Being the dowry of his wife well knowne,
By what right doe you claime to be your owne?
What other right (quoth he) ſhould you eſteeme,
But that the ſea hath it vnto me throwne?
Your right is good (ſayd he) and ſo I deeme,
That what the ſea vnto you ſent, your own ſhould ſeeme.

For equall right in equall things doth ſtand,
For what the mighty Sea hath once poſſeſt,
And plucked quite from all poſſeſſors hand,
Whether by rage of waues, that neuer reſt,
Or elſe by wracke, that wretches hath diſtreſt,
He may diſpoſe by his imperiall might,
As thing at randon left, to whom he liſt.
So *Amidas*, the land was yours firſt hight,
And ſo the threaſure yours is *Bracidas* by right.

When he his ſentence thus pronounced had,
Both *Amidas* and *Philtra* were diſpleaſed:
But *Bracidas* and *Lucy* were right glad,
And on the threaſure by that iudgement ſeaſed.
So was their diſcord by this doome appeaſed,
And each one had his right. Then *Artegall*
When as their ſharpe contention he had ceaſed,
Departed on his way, as did befall,
To follow his old queſt, the which him forth did call.

So as he trauelled vppon the way,
He chaunst to come, where happily he spide
A rout of many people farre away;
To whom his course he hastily applide,
To weete the cause of their assemblaunce wide.
To whom when he approched neare in sight,
(An vncouth sight) he plainely then descride
To be a troupe of women warlike dight,
With weapons in their hands, as ready for to fight.

And in the midst of them he saw a Knight,
With both his hands behinde him pinnoed hard,
And round about his necke an halter tight,
As ready for the gallow tree prepard:
His face was couered, and his head was bar'd,
That who he was, vneath was to descry;
And with full heauy heart with them he far'd,
Grieu'd to the soule, and groning inwardly,
That he of womens hands so base a death should dy.

But they like tyrants, mercilesse the more,
Reioyced at his miserable case,
And him reuiled, and reproched sore
With bitter taunts, and termes of vile disgrace.
Now when as *Artegall* arriu'd in place,
Did aske, what cause brought that man to decay,
They round about him gan to swarme apace,
Meaning on him their cruell hands to lay,
And to haue wrought vnwares some villanous assay.

But he was soone aware of their ill minde,
And drawing backe deceiued their intent;
Yet though him selfe did shame on womankinde
His mighty hand to shend, he *Talus* sent

To

To wrecke on them their follies hardyment:
Who with few ſowces of his yron flale,
Diſperſed all their troupe incontinent,
And ſent them home to tell a piteous tale,
Of their vaine proweſſe, turned to their proper bale.

But that ſame wretched man, ordaynd to die,
They left behind them, glad to be ſo quit:
Him *Talus* tooke out of perplexitie,
And horrour of fowle death for Knight vnfit,
Who more then loſſe of life ydreaded it;
And him reſtoring vnto liuing light,
So brought vnto his Lord, where he did ſit,
Beholding all that womaniſh weake fight;
Whom ſoone as he beheld, he knew, and thus behight.

Sir *Turpine*, hapleſſe man, what make you here?
Or haue you loſt your ſelfe, and your diſcretion,
That euer in this wretched caſe ye were?
Or haue ye yeelded you to proude oppreſſion
Of womens powre, that boaſt of mens ſubiection?
Or elſe what other deadly diſmall day
Is falne on you, by heauens hard direction,
That ye were runne ſo fondly far aſtray,
As for to lead your ſelfe vnto your owne decay?

Much was the man confounded in his mind,
Partly with ſhame, and partly with diſmay,
That all aſtoniſht he him ſelfe did find,
And little had for his excuſe to ſay,
But onely thus; Moſt hapleſſe well ye may
Me iuſtly terme, that to this ſhame am brought,
And made the ſcorne of Knighthod this ſame day.
But who can ſcape, what his owne fate hath wrought?
The worke of heauens will ſurpaſſeth humaine thought.

Right true: but faulty men vse oftentimes
To attribute their folly vnto fate,
And lay on heauen the guilt of their owne crimes.
But tell, Sir *Terpin*, ne let you amate
Your misery, how fell ye in this state.
Then sith ye needs (quoth he) will know my shame,
And all the ill, which chaunst to me of late,
I shortly will to you rehearse the same,
In hope ye will not turne misfortune to my blame.

Being desirous (as all Knights are woont)
Through hard aduentures deedes of armes to try,
And after fame and honour for to hunt,
I heard report that farre abrode did fly,
That a proud Amazon did late defy
All the braue Knights, that hold of Maidenhead,
And vnto them wrought all the villany,
That she could forge in her malicious head,
Which some hath put to shame, and many done be dead.

The cause, they say, of this her cruell hate,
Is for the sake of *Bellodant* the bold,
To whom she bore most feruent loue of late,
And wooed him by all the waies she could:
But when she saw at last, that he ne would
For ought or nought be wonne vnto her will,
She turn'd her loue to hatred manifold,
And for his sake vow'd to doe all the ill
Which she could doe to Knights, which now she doth (fulfill.

For all those Knights, the which by force or guile
She doth subdue, she fowly doth entreate.
First she doth them of warlike armes despoile,
And cloth in womens weedes: And then with threat

Doth them compell to worke, to earne their meat,
To spin, to card, to sew, to wash, to wring;
Ne doth she giue them other thing to eat,
But bread and water, or like feeble thing,
Them to disable from reuenge aduenturing.

But if through stout disdaine of manly mind,
Any her proud obseruaunce will withstand,
Vppon that gibbet, which is there behind,
She causeth them be hang'd vp out of hand;
In which condition I right now did stand.
For being ouercome by her in fight,
And put to that base seruice of her band,
I rather chose to die in liues despight,
Then lead that shamefull life, vnworthy of a Knight.

How hight that Amazon (sayd *Artegall?*)
And where, and how far hence does she abide?
Her name (quoth he) they *Radigund* doe call,
A Princesse of great powre, and greater pride,
And Queene of Amazons, in armes well tride,
And sundry battels, which she hath atchieued
With great successe, that her hath glorifide,
And made her famous, more then is belieued;
Ne would I it haue ween'd, had I not late it prieued.

Now sure (said he) and by the faith that I
To Maydenhead and noble knighthood owe,
I will not rest, till I her might doe trie,
And venge the shame, that she to Knights doth show.
Therefore Sir *Terpin* from you lightly throw
This squalid weede, the patterne of dispaire,
And wend with me, that ye may see and know,
How Fortune will your ruin'd name repaire,
And knights of Maidenhead, whose praise she would em-
(paire.

With that, like one that hopeleſſe was repry'ud
From deathes dore, at which he lately lay,
Thoſe yron fetters, wherewith he was gyu'd,
The badges of reproch, he threw away,
And nimbly did him dight to guide the way
Vnto the dwelling of that Amazone.
Which was from thence not paſt a mile or tway:
A goodly citty and a mighty one,
The which of her owne name ſhe called *Radegone.*

Where they arriuing, by the watchmen were
Deſcried ſtreight, who all the citty warned,
How that three warlike perſons did appeare,
Of which the one him ſeem'd a Knight all armed,
And th'other two well likely to haue harmed.
Eftſoones the people all to harneſſe ran,
And like a ſort of Bees in cluſters ſwarmed:
Ere long their Queene her ſelfe halfe, like a man
Came forth into the rout, and them t'array began.

And now the Knights being arriued neare,
Did beat vppon the gates to enter in,
And at the Porter, ſkorning them ſo few,
Threw many threats, if they the towne did win,
To teare his fleſh in peeces for his ſin.
Which when as *Radigund* there comming heard,
Her heart for rage did grate, and teeth did grin:
She bad that ſtreight the gates ſhould be vnbard,
And to them way to make, with weapons well prepard.

Soone as the gates were open to them ſet,
They preſſed forward, entraunce to haue made.
But in the middle way they were ymet
With a ſharpe ſhowre of arrowes, which them ſtaid,

And

And better bad aduise, ere they assaid
Vnknowen perill of bold womens pride.
Then all that rout vppon them rudely laid,
And heaped strokes so sast on euery side,
And arrowes haild so thicke, that they could not abide.

But *Radigund* her selfe, when she espide
Sir *Terpin*, from her direfull doome acquit,
So cruell doile amongst her maides dauide,
T'auenge that shame, they did on him commit,
All sodainely enflam'd with furious fit,
Like a fell Lioneſſe at him she flew,
And on his head-peece him so fiercely smit,
That to the ground him quite she ouerthrew,
Dismayd so with the stroke, that he no colours knew.

Soone as she saw him on the ground to grouell,
She lightly to him leapt, and in his necke
Her proud foote setting, at his head did leuell,
Weening at once her wrath on him to wreake,
And his contempt, that did her iudg'ment breake.
As when a Beare hath seiz'd her cruell clawes
Vppon the carkasse of some beast too weake,
Proudly stands ouer, and a while doth pause,
To heare the piteous beast pleading her plaintiffe cause.

Whom when as *Artegall* in that distresse
By chaunce beheld, he left the bloudy slaughter,
In which he swam, and ranne to his redresse.
There her assayling fiercely fresh, he raught her
Such an huge stroke, that it of sence distraught her:
And had she not it warded warily,
It had depriu'd her mother of a daughter.
Nathlesse for all the powre she did apply,
It made her stagger oft, and stare with ghastly eye.

Like to an Eagle in his kingly pride,
Soring through his wide Empire of the aire,
To weather his brode sailes, by chaunce hath spide
A Goshauke, which hath seized for her share
Vppon some fowle, that should her feast prepare;
With dreadfull force he flies at her byliue,
That with his souce, which none enduren dare,
Her from the quarrey he away doth driue,
And from her griping pounce the greedy prey doth riue.

But soone as she her sence recouer'd had,
She fiercely towards him her selfe gan dight,
Through vengeful wrath & sdeignfull pride half mad:
For neuer had she suffred such despight.
But ere she could ioyne hand with him to fight,
Her warlike maides about her flockt so fast,
That they disparted them, maugre their might,
And with their troupes did far a sunder cast:
But mongst the rest the fight did vntill euening last.

And euery while that mighty yron man,
With his strange weapon, neuer wont in warre,
Them sorely vext, and courst, and ouerran,
And broke their bowes, and did their shooting marre,
That none of all the many once did darre
Him to assault, nor once approach him nie,
But like a sort of sheepe dispersed farre
For dread of their deuouring enemie,
Through all the fields and vallies did before him flie.

But when as daies faire shinie-beame, yclowded
With fearefull shadowes of deformed night,
Warn'd man and beast in quiet rest be shrowded,
Bold *Radigund* with sound of trumpe on hight,

Cauſd all her people to ſurceaſe from fight,
And gathering them vnto her citties gate,
Made them all enter in before her ſight,
And all the wounded, and the weake in ſtate,
To be conuayed in, ere ſhe would once retrate.

When thus the field was voided all away,
And all things quieted, the Elfin Knight
Weary of toile and trauell of that day,
Cauſd his pauilion to be richly pight
Before the city gate, in open ſight;
Where he him ſelfe did reſt in ſafety,
Together with ſir *Terpin* all that night:
But *Talus* vſde in times of ieopardy
To keepe a nightly watch, for dread of treachery.

But *Radigund* full of heart-gnawing griefe,
For the rebuke, which ſhe ſuſtain'd that day,
Could take no reſt, ne would receiue reliefe,
But toſſed in her troublous minde, what way
She mote reuenge that blot, which on her lay.
There ſhe reſolu'd her ſelfe in ſingle fight
To try her Fortune, and his force aſſay,
Rather then ſee her people ſpoiled quight,
As ſhe had ſeene that day a diſauenterous fight.

She called forth to her a truſty mayd,
Whom ſhe thought fitteſt for that buſineſſe,
Her name was *Clarin*, and thus to her ſayd;
Goe damzell quickly, doe thy ſelfe addreſſe,
To doe the meſſage, which I ſhall expreſſe.
Goe thou vnto that ſtranger Faery Knight,
Who yeeſter day droue vs to ſuch diſtreſſe,
Tell, that to morrow I with him wil fight,
And try in equall field, whether hath greater might.

But theſe conditions doe to him propound,
That if I vanquiſhe him, he ſhall obay
My law, and euer to my lore be bound,
And ſo will I, if me he vanquiſh may;
What euer he ſhall like to doe or ſay:
Goe ſtreight, and take with thee, to witneſſe it,
Sixe of thy fellowes of the beſt array,
And beare with you both wine and iuncates fit,
And bid him eate, henceforth he oft ſhall hungry ſit.

The Damzell ſtreight obayd, and putting all
In readineſſe, forth to the Towne-gate went,
Where ſounding loud a Trumpet from the wall,
Vnto thoſe warlike Knights ſhe warning ſent.
Then *Talus* forth iſſuing from the tent,
Vnto the wall his way did feareleſſe take,
To weeten what that trumpets ſounding ment:
Where that ſame Damzell lowdly him beſpake,
And ſhew'd, that with his Lord ſhe would emparlaunce (make.

So he them ſtreight conducted to his Lord,
Who, as he could, them goodly well did greete,
Till they had told their meſſage word by word:
Which he accepting well, as he could weete,
Them fairely entertaynd with curt'ſies meete,
And gaue them gifts and things of deare delight.
So backe againe they homeward turnd their feete:
But *Artegall* him ſelfe to reſt did dight,
That he mote freſher be againſt the next daies fight.

Cant. V.

Arte gall fights with Radigund
And is subdewd by guile:
He is by her empriſoned,
But wrought by Clarins wile.

SO ſoone as day forth dawning from the Eaſt,
Nights humid curtaine from the heauens withdrew,
And earely calling forth both man and beaſt,
Comaunded them their daily workes renew,
Theſe noble warriors, mindefull to purſew
The laſt daies purpoſe of their vowed fight,
Them ſelues thereto preparde in order dew;
The Knight, as beſt was ſeeming for a Knight,
And th'Amazon, as beſt it likt her ſelfe to dight.

All in a Camis light of purple ſilke
Wouen vppon with ſiluer, ſubtly wrought,
And quilted vppon ſattin white as milke,
Trayled with ribbands diuerſly diſtraught
Like as the workeman had their courſes taught;
Which was ſhort tucked for light motion
Vp to her ham, but when ſhe liſt, it raught
Downe to her loweſt heele, and thereuppon
She wore for her defence a mayled habergeon.

And on her legs ſhe painted buskins wore,
Baſted with bends of gold on euery ſide,
And mailes betweene, and laced cloſe afore:
Vppon her thigh her Cemitare was tide,

With an embrodered belt of mickell pride;
And on her ſhoulder hung her ſhield, bedeckt
Vppon the boſſe with ſtones, that ſhined wide,
As the faire Moone in her moſt full aſpect,
That to the Moone it mote be like in each reſpect.

So forth ſhe came out of the citty gate,
With ſtately port and proud magnificence,
Guarded with many damzels, that did waite
Vppon her perſon for her ſure defence,
Playing on ſhaumes and trumpets, that from hence
Their ſound did reach vnto the heauens hight.
So forth into the field ſhe marched thence,
Where was a rich Pauilion ready pight,
Her to receiue, till time they ſhould begin the fight.

Then forth came *Artegall* out of his tent,
All arm'd to point, and firſt the Liſts did enter:
Soone after eke came ſhe, with fell intent,
And countenaunce fierce, as hauing fully bent her,
That battels vtmoſt triall to aduenter.
The Liſts were cloſed faſt, to barre the rout
From rudely preſſing to the middle center;
Which in great heapes them circled all about,
Wayting, how Fortune would reſolue that daungerous (dout.

The Trumpets ſounded, and the field began;
With bitter ſtrokes it both began, and ended.
She at the firſt encounter on him ran
With furious rage, as if ſhe had intended
Out of his breaſt the very heart haue rended:
But he that had like tempeſts often tride,
From that firſt flaw him ſelfe right well defended.
The more ſhe rag'd, the more he did abide;
She hewd, ſhe foynd, ſhe laſht, ſhe laid on euery ſide.

Yet

Yet ſtill her blowes he bore, and her forbore,
Weening at laſt to win aduantage new;
Yet ſtill her crueltie increaſed more,
And though powre faild, her courage did accrew,
Which fayling he gan fiercely her purſew.
Like as a Smith that to his cunning feat
The ſtubborne mettall ſeeketh to ſubdew,
Soone as he feeles it mollifide with heat,
With his great yron ſledge doth ſtrongly on it beat.

So did Sir *Artegall* vpon her lay,
As if ſhe had an yron anduile beene,
That flakes of fire, bright as the ſunny ray,
Out of her ſteely armes were flaſhing ſeene,
That all on fire ye would her ſurely weene.
But with her ſhield ſo well her ſelfe ſhe warded,
From the dread daunger of his weapon keene,
That all that while her life ſhe ſafely garded:
But he that helpe from her againſt her will diſcarded.

For with his trenchant blade at the next blow
Halfe of her ſhield he ſhared quite away,
That halfe her ſide it ſelfe did naked ſhow,
And thenceforth vnto daunger opened way.
Much was ſhe moued with the mightie ſway
Of that ſad ſtroke, that halfe enrag'd ſhe grew,
And like a greedie Beare vnto her pray,
With her ſharpe Cemitare at him ſhe flew,
That glauncing downe his thigh, the purple bloud forth drew.

Thereat ſhe gan to triumph with great boaſt,
And to vpbrayd that chaunce, which him misfell,
As if the prize ſhe gotten had almoſt,
With ſpightfull ſpeaches, fitting with her well;

That his great hart gan inwardly to swell
With indignation, at her vaunting vaine,
And at her strooke with puissance fearefull fell;
Yet with her shield she warded it againe,
That shattered all to peeces round about the plaine.

Hauing her thus disarmed of her shield,
Vpon her helmet he againe her strooke,
That downe she fell vpon the grassie field,
In senceleſſe swoune, as if her life forsooke,
And pangs of death her spirit ouertooke.
Whom when he saw before his foote prostrated,
He to her lept with deadly dreadfull looke,
And her sunshynie helmet soone vnlaced,
Thinking at once both head and helmet to haue raced.

But when as he discouered had her face,
He saw his senses straunge astonishment,
A miracle of natures goodly grace,
In her faire visage voide of ornament,
But bath'd in bloud and sweat together ment;
Which in the rudeneſſe of that euill plight,
Bewrayd the signes of feature excellent:
Like as the Moone in foggie winters night,
Doth seeme to be her selfe, though darkned be her light.

At sight thereof his cruell minded hart
Empierced was with pittifull regard,
That his sharpe sword he threw from him apart,
Cursing his hand that had that visage mard:
No hand so cruell, nor no hart so hard,
But ruth of beautie will it mollifie.
By this vpstarting from her swoune, she star'd
A while about her with confused eye;
Like one that from his dreame is waked suddenlye.

Soone

Soone as the knight she there by her did spy,
Standing with emptie hands all weaponlesse,
With fresh assault vpon him she did fly,
And gan renew her former cruelnesse:
And though he still retyr'd, yet natheless
With huge redoubled strokes she on him layd;
And more increast her outrage mercilesse,
The more that he with meeke intreatie prayd,
Her wrathful hand from greedy vengeance to haue stayd.

Like as a Puttocke hauing spyde in sight
A gentle Faulcon sitting on an hill,
Whose other wing, now made vnmeete for flight,
Was lately broken by some fortune ill;
The foolish Kyte, led with licentious will,
Doth beat vpon the gentle bird in vaine,
With many idle stoups her troubling still:
Euen so did *Radigund* with bootlesse paine
Annoy this noble Knight, and sorely him constraine.

Nought could he do, but shun the dred despight
Of her fierce wrath, and backward still retyre,
And with his single shield, well as he might,
Beare off the burden of her raging yre;
And euermore he gently did desyre,
To stay her stroks, and he himselfe would yield:
Yet nould she hearke, ne let him once respyre,
Till he to her deliuered had his shield,
And to her mercie him submitted in plaine field.

So was he ouercome, not ouercome,
But to her yeelded of his owne accord;
Yet was he iustly damned by the doome
Of his owne mouth, that spake so wareless word,

To be her thrall, and ſeruice her afford.
For though that he firſt victorie obtayned,
Yet after by abandoning his ſword,
He wilfull loſt, that he before attayned.
No fayrer conqueſt, then that with goodwill is gayned.

Tho with her ſword on him ſhe flatling ſtrooke,
In ſigne of true ſubiection to her powre,
And as her vaſſall him to thraldome tooke.
But *Terpine* borne to'a more vnhappy howre,
As he, on whom the luckleſſe ſtarres did lowre,
She cauſd to be attacht, and forthwith led
Vnto the crooke t'abide the balefull ſtowre,
From which he lately had through reskew fled:
Where he full ſhamefully was hanged by the hed.

But when they thought on *Talus* hands to lay,
He with his yron flaile amongſt them thondred,
That they were fayne to let him ſcape away,
Glad from his companie to be ſo ſondred;
Whoſe preſence all their troups ſo much encombred
That th'heapes of thoſe, which he did wound and ſlay,
Beſides the reſt diſmayd, might not be nombred:
Yet all that while he would not once aſſay,
To reskew his owne Lord, but thought it iuſt t'obay.

Then tooke the Amazon this noble knight,
Left to her will by his owne wilfull blame,
And cauſed him to be diſarmed quight,
Of all the ornaments of knightly name,
With which whylome he gotten had great fame:
In ſtead whereof ſhe made him to be dight
In womans weedes, that is to manhood ſhame,
And put before his lap a napron white,
In ſtead of Curiets and baſes fit for fight.

So

So being clad, ſhe brought him from the field,
In which he had bene trayned many a day,
Into a long large chamber, which was ſield
With moniments of many knights decay,
By her ſubdewed in victorious fray:
Amongſt the which ſhe cauſd his warlike armes
Be hang'd on high, that mote his ſhame bewray;
And broke his ſword, for feare of further harmes,
With which he wont to ſtirre vp battailous alarmes.

There entred in, he round about him ſaw
Many braue knights, whoſe names right well he knew,
There bound t'obay that Amazons proud law,
Spinning and carding all in comely rew,
That his bigge hart loth'd ſo vncomely vew.
But they were forſt through penurie and pyne,
To doe thoſe workes, to them appointed dew:
For nought was giuen them to ſup or dyne,
But what their hands could earne by twiſting linnen twyne.

Amongſt them all ſhe placed him moſt low,
And in his hand a diſtaffe to him gaue,
That he thereon ſhould ſpin both flax and tow;
A ſordid office for a mind ſo braue.
So hard it is to be a womans ſlaue.
Yet he it tooke in his owne ſelfes deſpight,
And thereto did himſelfe right well behaue,
Her to obay, ſith he his faith had plight,
Her vaſſall to become, if ſhe him wonne in fight.

Who had him ſeene, imagine mote thereby,
That whylome hath of *Hercules* bene told,
How for *Iolas* ſake he did apply
His mightie hands, the diſtaffe vile to hold,

For his huge club, which had ſubdew'd of old
So many monſters, which the world annoyed;
His Lyons skin chaungd to a pall of gold,
In which forgetting warres, he onely ioyed
In combats of ſweet loue, and with his miſtreſſe toyed.

Such is the crueltie of women kynd,
When they haue ſhaken off the ſhamefaſt band,
With which wiſe Nature did them ſtrongly bynd,
To bay the heaſts of mans well ruling hand,
That then all rule and reaſon they withſtand,
To purchaſe a licentious libertie.
But vertuous women wiſely vnderſtand,
That they were borne to baſe humilitie,
Vnleſſe the heauens them lift to lawfull ſoueraintie.

Thus there long while continu'd *Artegall*,
Seruing proud *Radigund* with true ſubiection;
How euer it his noble heart did gall,
To bay a womans tyrannous direction,
That might haue had of life or death election:
But hauing choſen, now he might not chaunge.
During which time, the warlike Amazon,
Whoſe wandring fancie after luſt did raunge,
Gan caſt a ſecret liking to this captiue ſtraunge.

Which long concealing in her couert breſt,
She chaw'd the cud of louers carefull plight;
Yet could it not ſo thoroughly digeſt,
Being faſt fixed in her wounded ſpright,
But it tormented her both day and night:
Yet would ſhe not thereto yeeld free accord,
To ſerue the lowly vaſſall of her might,
And of her ſeruant make her ſoueraine Lord:
So great her pride, that ſhe ſuch baſeneſſe much abhord.

So

So much the greater ſtill her anguiſh grew,
Through ſtubborne handling of her loue-ſicke hart;
And ſtill the more ſhe ſtroue it to ſubdew,
The more ſhe ſtill augmented her owne ſmart,
And wyder made the wound of th'hidden dart.
At laſt when long ſhe ſtruggled had in vaine,
She gan to ſtoupe, and her proud mind conuert
To meeke obeyſance of loues mightie raine,
And him entreat for grace, that had procur'd her paine.

Vnto her ſelfe in ſecret ſhe did call
Her neareſt handmayd, whom ſhe moſt did truſt,
And to her ſaid; *Clarinda* whom of all
I truſt a liue, ſith I thee foſtred firſt;
Now is the time, that I vntimely muſt
Thereof make tryall, in my greateſt need:
It is ſo hapned, that the heauens vniuſt,
Spighting my happie freedome, haue agreed,
To thrall my looſer life, or my laſt bale to breed.

With that ſhe turn'd her head, as halfe abaſhed,
To hide the bluſh which in her viſage roſe,
And through her eyes like ſudden lightning flaſhed,
Decking her cheeke with a vermilion roſe:
But ſoone ſhe did her countenance compoſe,
And to her turning, thus began againe;
This griefes deepe wound I would to thee diſcloſe,
Thereto compelled through hart-murdring paine,
But dread of ſhame my doubtfull lips doth ſtill reſtraine.

Ah my deare dread (ſaid then the faithfull Mayd)
Can dread of ought your dreadleſſe hart withhold,
That many hath with dread of death diſmayd,
And dare euen deathes moſt dreadfull face behold?

Say on my ſouerayne Ladie, and be bold;
Doth not your handmayds life at your foot lie?
Therewith much comforted, ſhe gan vnfold
The cauſe of her conceiued maladie,
As one that would confeſſe, yet faine would it denie.

Clarin (ſayd ſhe) thou ſeeſt yond Fayry Knight,
Whom not my valour, but his owne braue mind
Subiected hath to my vnequall might;
What right is it, that he ſhould thraldome find,
For lending life to me a wretch vnkind;
That for ſuch good him recompence with ill?
Therefore I caſt, how I may him vnbind,
And by his freedome get his free goodwill;
Yet ſo, as bound to me he may continue ſtill.

Bound vnto me, but not with ſuch hard bands
Of ſtrong compulſion, and ſtreight violence,
As now in miſerable ſtate he ſtands;
But with ſweet loue and ſure beneuolence,
Voide of malitious mind, or foule offence.
To which if thou canſt win him any way,
Without diſcouerie of my thoughts pretence,
Both goodly meede of him it purchaſe may,
And eke with gratefull ſeruice me right well apay.

Which that thou mayſt the better bring to pas,
Loe here this ring, which ſhall thy warrant bee,
And token true to old *Eumenias*,
From time to time, when thou it beſt ſhalt ſee,
That in and out thou mayſt haue paſſage free.
Goe now, *Clarinda*, well thy wits aduiſe,
And all thy forces gather vnto thee;
Armies of louely lookes, and ſpeeches wiſe,
With which thou canſt euen *Ioue* himſelfe to loue entiſe.

The

The truſtie Mayd, conceiuing her intent,
Did with ſure promiſe of her good indeuour,
Giue her great comfort, and ſome harts content.
So from her parting, ſhe thenceforth did labour
By all the meanes ſhe might, to curry fauour
With th'Elfin Knight, her Ladies beſt beloued;
With daily ſhew of courteous kind behauiour,
Euen at the markewhite of his hart ſhe roued,
And with wide glauncing words, one day ſhe thus him proued.

Vnhappie Knight, vpon whoſe hopeleſſe ſtate
Fortune enuying good, hath felly frowned,
And cruell heauens haue heapt an heauy fate;
I rew that thus thy better dayes are drowned
In ſad deſpaire, and all thy ſenſes ſwowned
In ſtupid ſorow, ſith thy iuſter merit
Might elſe haue with felicitie bene crowned:
Looke vp at laſt, and wake thy dulled ſpirit,
To thinke how this long death thou mighteſt diſinherit.

Much did he maruell at her vncouth ſpeach,
Whoſe hidden drift he could not well perceiue;
And gan to doubt, leaſt ſhe him ſought t'appeach
Of treaſon, or ſome guilefull traine did weaue,
Through which ſhe might his wretched life bereaue.
Both which to barre, he with this anſwere met her;
Faire Damzell, that with ruth (as I perceaue)
Of my miſhaps, art mou'd to wiſh me better,
For ſuch your kind regard, I can but reſt your detter.

Yet weet ye well, that to a courage great
It is no leſſe beſeeming well, to beare
The ſtorme of fortunes frowne, or heauens threat,
Then in the ſunſhine of her countenance cleare.

Timely to ioy, and carrie comely cheare.
For though this cloud haue now me ouercaſt,
Yet doe I not of better times deſpeyre;
And, though vnlike, they ſhould for euer laſt,
Yet in my truthes aſſurance I reſt fixed faſt.

But what ſo ſtonie mind (ſhe then replyde)
But if in his owne powre occaſion lay,
Would to his hope a windowe open wyde,
And to his fortunes helpe make readie way?
Vnworthy ſure (quoth he) of better day,
That will not take the offer of good hope,
And eke purſew, if he attaine it may.
Which ſpeaches ſhe applying to the ſcope
Of her intent, this further purpoſe to him ſhope.

Then why doeſt not, thou ill aduized man,
Make meanes to win thy libertie forlorne,
And try if thou by faire entreatie, can
Moue *Radigund*? who though ſhe ſtill haue worne
Her dayes in warre, yet (weet thou) was not borne,
Of Beares and Tygres, nor ſo ſaluage mynded,
As that, albe all loue of men ſhe ſcorne,
She yet forgets, that ſhe of men was kynded:
And ſooth oft ſeene, that proudeſt harts baſe loue hath (blynded.

Certes *Clarinda*, not of cancred will,
(Sayd he) nor obſtinate diſdainefull mind,
I haue forbore this duetie to fulfill:
For well I may this weene, by that I fynd,
That ſhe a Queene, and come of Princely kynd,
Both worthie is for to be ſewd vnto,
Chiefely by him, whoſe life her law doth bynd,
And eke of powre her owne doome to vndo,
And alſ of princely grace to be inclyn'd thereto.

But want of meanes hath bene mine onely let,
From seeking fauour, where it doth abound;
Which if I might by your good office get,
I to your selfe should rest for euer bound,
And readie to deserue, what grace I found.
She feeling him thus bite vpon the bayt,
Yet doubting least his hold was but vnsound,
And not well fastened, would not strike him strayt,
But drew him on with hope, fit leasure to awayt.

But foolish Mayd, whyles heedlesse of the hooke,
She thus oft times was beating off and on,
Through slipperie footing, fell into the brooke,
And there was caught to her confusion.
For seeking thus to salue the Amazon,
She wounded was with her deceipts owne dart,
And gan thenceforth to cast affection,
Conceiued close in her beguiled hart,
To *Artegall*, through pittie of his causelesse smart.

Yet durst she not disclose her fancies wound,
Ne to himselfe, for doubt of being sdayned,
Ne yet to any other wight on ground,
For feare her mistresse shold haue knowledge gayned,
But to her selfe it secretly retayned,
Within the closet of her couert brest:
The more thereby her tender hart was payned.
Yet to awayt fit time she weened best,
And fairely did dissemble her sad thoughts vnrest.

One day her Ladie, calling her apart,
Gan to demaund of her some tydings good,
Touching her loues successe, her lingring smart.
Therewith she gan at first to change her mood,

As one adaw'd, and halfe confuſed ſtood;
But quickly ſhe it ouerpaſt, ſo ſoone
As ſhe her face had wypt, to freſh her blood:
Tho gan ſhe tell her all, that ſhe had donne,
And all the wayes ſhe fought, his loue for to haue wonne.

But ſayd, that he was obſtinate and ſterne,
Scorning her offers and conditions vaine;
Ne would be taught with any termes, to lerne
So fond a leſſon, as to loue againe.
Die rather would he in periurious paine,
And his abridged dayes in dolour waſt,
Then his foes loue or liking entertaine:
His reſolution was both firſt and laſt,
His bodie was her thrall, his hart was freely plaſt.

Which when the cruell Amazon perceiued,
She gan to ſtorme, and rage, and rend her gall,
For very fell deſpight, which ſhe conceiued,
To be ſo ſcorned of a baſe borne thrall,
Whoſe life did lie in her leaſt eye-lids fall;
Of which ſhe vow'd with many a curſed threat,
That ſhe therefore would him ere long forſtall.
Nathleſſe when calmed was her furious heat,
She chang'd that threatfull mood, & mildly gan entreat.

What now is left *Clarinda*? what remaines,
That we may compaſſe this our enterprize?
Great ſhame to loſe ſo long employed paines,
And greater ſhame t'abide ſo great miſprize,
With which he dares our offers thus deſpize.
Yet that his guilt the greater may appeare,
And more my gratious mercie by this wize,
I will a while with his firſt folly beare,
Till thou haue tride againe, & tempted him more neare.

Say,

Say, and do all, that may thereto preuaile;
Leaue nought vnpromiſt, that may him perſwade,
Life, freedome, grace, and gifts of great auaile,
With which the Gods themſelues are mylder made:
Thereto adde art, euen womens witty trade,
The art of mightie words, that men can charme;
With which in caſe thou canſt him not inuade,
Let him feele hardneſſe of thy heauie arme:
Who will not ſtoupe with good, ſhall be made ſtoupe (with harme.

Some of his diet doe from him withdraw;
For I him find to be too proudly fed.
Giue him more labour, and with ſtreighter law,
That he with worke may be forwearied.
Let him lodge hard, and lie in ſtrawen bed,
That may pull downe the courage of his pride;
And lay vpon him, for his greater dread,
Cold yron chaines, with which let him be tide;
And let, what euer he deſires, be him denide.

When thou haſt all this doen, then bring me newes
Of his demeane: thenceforth not like a louer,
But like a rebell ſtout I will him vſe.
For I reſolue this ſiege not to giue ouer,
Till I the conqueſt of my will recouer.
So ſhe departed, full of griefe and ſdaine,
Which inly did to great impatience moue her.
But the falſe mayden ſhortly turn'd againe
Vnto the priſon, where her hart did thrall remaine.

There all her ſubtill nets ſhe did vnfold,
And all the engins of her wit diſplay;
In which ſhe meant him wareleſſe to enfold,
And of his innocence to make her pray.

So cunningly she wrought her crafts assay,
That both her Ladie, and her selfe withall,
And eke the knight attonce she did betray:
But most the knight, whom she with guilefull call
Did cast for to allure, into her trap to fall.

As a bad Nurse, which fayning to receiue
In her owne mouth the food, ment for her chyld,
Withholdes it to her selfe, and doeth deceiue
The infant, so for want of nourture spoyld:
Euen so *Clarinda* her owne Dame beguyld,
And turn'd the trust, which was in her affyde,
To feeding of her priuate fire, which boyld
Her inward brest, and in her entrayles fryde,
The more that she it sought to couer and to hyde.

For comming to this knight, she purpose fayned,
How earnest suit she earst for him had made
Vnto her Queene, his freedome to haue gayned;
But by no meanes could her thereto perswade:
But that in stead thereof, she sternely bade
His miserie to be augmented more,
And many yron bands on him to lade.
All which nathlesse she for his loue forbore:
So praying him t'accept her seruice euermore.

And more then that, she promist that she would,
In case she might finde fauour in his eye,
Deuize how to enlarge him out of hould.
The Fayrie glad to gaine his libertie,
Can yeeld great thankes for such her curtesie,
And with faire words, fit for the time and place,
To feede the humour of her maladie;
Promist, if she would free him from that case,
He wold by all good means he might, deserue such grace.

So

So daily he faire ſemblant did her ſhew,
Yet neuer meant he in his noble mind,
To his owne abſent loue to be vntrew:
Ne euer did deceiptfull *Clarin* find
In her falſe hart, his bondage to vnbind;
But rather how ſhe mote him faſter tye.
Therefore vnto her miſtreſſe moſt vnkind
She daily told, her loue he did defye,
And him ſhe told, her Dame his freedome did denye.

Yet thus much friendſhip ſhe to him did ſhow,
That his ſcarſe diet ſomewhat was amended,
And his worke leſſened, that his loue mote grow:
Yet to her Dame him ſtill ſhe diſcommended,
That ſhe with him mote be the more offended.
Thus he long while in thraldome there remayned,
Of both beloued well, but litle frended;
Vntill his owne true loue his freedome gayned,
Which in an other Canto will be beſt contayned.

Cant. VI.

Talus brings newes to Britomart,
of Artegals mishap,
She goes to seeke him, Dolon meetes,
who seekes her to entrap.

SOme men, I wote, will deeme in *Artegall*
Great weakneſſe, and report of him much ill,
For yeelding ſo himſelfe a wretched thrall,
To th'inſolent commaund of womens will;
That all his former praiſe doth fowly ſpill.
But he the man, that ſay or doe ſo dare,
Be well aduiz'd, that he ſtand ſtedfaſt ſtill:
For neuer yet was wight ſo well aware,
But he at firſt or laſt was trapt in womens ſnare.

Yet in the ſtreightneſſe of that captiue ſtate,
This gentle knight himſelfe ſo well behaued,
That notwithſtanding all the ſubtill bait,
With which thoſe Amazons his loue ſtill craued,
To his owne loue his loialtie he ſaued:
Whoſe character in th'Adamantine mould
Of his true hart ſo firmely was engraued,
That no new loues impreſſion euer could
Bereaue it thence: ſuch blot his honour blemiſh ſhould.

Yet his owne loue, the noble *Britomart*,
Scarſe ſo conceiued in her iealous thought,
What time ſad tydings of his balefull ſmart
In womans bondage, *Talus* to her brought;

Brought

Brought in vntimely houre, ere it was ſought.
For after that the vtmoſt date, aſſynde
For his returne, ſhe waited had for nought,
She gan to caſt in her miſdoubtfull mynde
A thouſand feares, that loue-ſicke fancies faine to fynde.

Sometime ſhe feared, leaſt ſome hard miſhap
Had him miſfalne in his aduenturous queſt;
Sometime leaſt his falſe foe did him entrap
In traytrous traine, or had vnwares oppreſt:
But moſt ſhe did her troubled mynd moleſt,
And ſecretly afflict with iealous feare,
Leaſt ſome new loue had him from her poſſeſt;
Yet loth ſhe was, ſince ſhe no ill did heare,
To thinke of him ſo ill: yet could ſhe not forbeare.

One while ſhe blam'd her ſelfe; another whyle
She him condemn'd, as truſtleſſe and vntrew:
And then, her griefe with errour to beguyle,
She fayn'd to count the time againe anew,
As if before ſhe had not counted trew.
For houres but dayes; for weekes, that paſſed were,
She told but moneths, to make them ſeeme more few:
Yet when ſhe reckned them, ſtill drawing neare,
Each hour did ſeeme a moneth, & euery moneth a yeare.

But when as yet ſhe ſaw him not returne,
She thought to ſend ſome one to ſeeke him out;
But none ſhe found ſo fit to ſerue that turne,
As her owne ſelfe, to eaſe her ſelfe of dout.
Now ſhe deuiz'd amongſt the warlike rout
Of errant Knights, to ſeeke her errant Knight;
And then againe reſolu'd to hunt him out
Amongſt looſe Ladies, lapped in delight:
And then both Knights enuide, & Ladies eke did ſpight.

One day, when as she long had sought for ease
In euery place, and euery place thought best,
Yet found no place, that could her liking please,
She to a window came, that opened West,
Towards which coast her loue his way addrest.
There looking forth, shee in her heart did find
Many vaine fancies, working her vnrest;
And sent her winged thoughts, more swift then wind,
To beare vnto her loue the message of her mind.

There as she looked long, at last she spide
One comming towards her with hasty speede:
Well weend she then, ere him she plaine descride,
That it was one sent from her loue indeede.
Who when he nigh approcht, shee mote arede
That it was *Talus*, *Artegall* his groome;
Whereat her heart was fild with hope and drede;
Ne would she stay, till he in place could come,
But ran to meete him forth, to know his tidings somme.

Euen in the dore him meeting, she begun;
And where is he thy Lord, and how far hence?
Declare at once; and hath he lost or wun?
The yron man, albe he wanted sence
And sorrowes feeling, yet with conscience
Of his ill newes, did inly chill and quake,
And stood still mute, as one in great suspence,
As if that by his silence he would make
Her rather reade his meaning, then him selfe it spake.

Till she againe thus sayd; *Talus* be bold,
And tell what euer it be, good or bad,
That from thy tongue thy hearts intent doth hold.
To whom he thus at length, The tidings sad,

That

That I would hide, will needs, I see, be rad.
My Lord, your loue, by hard misha̅p doth lie
In wretched bondage, wofully bestad.
Ay me (quoth she) what wicked destinie?
And is he vanquisht by his tyrant enemy?

Not by that Tyrant, his intended foe;
But by a Tyranesse (he then replide,)
That him captiued hath in hapless woe.
Cease thou bad newes-man, badly doest thou hide
Thy maisters shame, in harlots bondage tide.
The rest my selfe too readily can spell.
With that in rage she turn'd from him aside,
Forcing in vaine the rest to her to tell,
And to her chamber went like solitary cell.

There she began to make her monefull plaint
Against her Knight, for being so vntrew;
And him to touch with falshoods fowle attaint,
That all his other honour ouerthrew.
Oft did she blame her selfe, and often rew,
For yeelding to a straungers loue so light,
Whose life and manners straunge she neuer knew;
And euermore she did him sharpely twight
For breach of faith to her, which he had firmely plight.

And then she in her wrathfull will did cast,
How to reuenge that blot of honour blent;
To fight with him, and goodly die her last:
And then againe she did her selfe torment,
Inflicting on her selfe his punishment.
A while she walkt, and chauft; a while she threw
Her selfe vppon her bed, and did lament:
Yet did she not lament with loude alew,
As women wont, but with deepe sighes, and singulfs few.

Like as a wayward childe, whoſe ſounder ſleepe
Is broken with ſome fearefull dreames affright,
With froward will doth ſet him ſelfe to weepe;
Ne can be ſtild for all his nurſes might,
But kicks, and ſquals, and ſhrieckes for fell deſpight:
Now ſcratching her, and her looſe locks miſuſing;
Now ſeeking darkeneſſe, and now ſeeking light;
Then crauing ſucke, and then the ſucke refuſing.
Such was this Ladies fit, in her loues fond accuſing.

But when ſhe had with ſuch vnquiet fits
Her ſelfe there cloſe afflicted long in vaine,
Yet found no eaſement in her troubled wits,
She vnto *Talus* forth return'd againe,
By change of place ſeeking to eaſe her paine;
And gan enquire of him, with mylder mood,
The certaine cauſe of *Artegals* detaine;
And what he did, and in what ſtate he ſtood,
And whether he did woo, or whether he were woo'd.

Ah wellaway (ſayd then the yron man,)
That he is not the while in ſtate to woo;
But lies in wretched thraldome, weake and wan,
Not by ſtrong hand compelled thereunto,
But his owne doome, that none can now vndoo.
Sayd I not then (quoth ſhee) erwhile aright,
That this is things compacte betwixt you two,
Me to deceiue of faith vnto me plight,
Since that he was not forſt, nor ouercome in fight?

With that he gan at large to her dilate
The whole diſcourſe of his captiuance ſad,
In ſort as ye haue heard the ſame of late,
All which when ſhe with hard enduraunce had

Heard

Here to the end, she was right sore bestad,
With sodaine stounds of wrath and griefe attone:
Ne would abide, till she had aunswere made,
But streight her selfe did dight, and armor don;
And mounting to her steede, bad *Talus* guide her on.

So forth she rode vppon her ready way,
To seeke her Knight, as *Talus* her did guide:
Sadly she rode, and neuer word did say,
Nor good nor bad, ne euer lookt aside,
But still right downe, and in her thought did hide
The felnesse of her heart, right fully bent
To fierce auengement of that womans pride,
Which had her Lord in her base prison pent,
And so great honour with so fowle reproch had blent.

So as she thus melancholicke did ride,
Chawing the cud of griefe and inward paine,
She chaunst to meete toward th'euen-tide
A Knight, that softly paced on the plaine,
As if him selfe to solace he were faine.
Well shot in yeares he seem'd, and rather bent
To peace, then needlesse trouble to constraine.
As well by view of that his vestiment,
As by his modest semblant, that no euill ment.

He comming neare, gan gently her salute.
With curteous words, in the most comely wize;
Who though desirous rather to rest mute,
Then termes to entertaine of common guize,
Yet rather then she kindnesse would despize,
She would her selfe displease, so him requite.
Then gan the other further to deuize
Of things abrode, as next to hand did light,
And many things demaund, to which she answer'd light.

For little luſt had ſhe to talke of ought,
Or ought to heare, that mote delightfull bee;
Her minde was whole poſſeſſed of one thought,
That gaue none other place. Which when as hee
By outward ſignes, (as well he might) did ſee,
He liſt no lenger to vſe lothfull ſpeach,
But her beſought to take it well in gree,
Sith ſhady dampe had dimd the heauens reach,
To lodge with him that night, vnles good cauſe empeach

The Championeſſe, now ſeeing night at dore,
Was glad to yeeld vnto his good requeſt:
And with him went without gaine-ſaying more.
Not farre away, but little wide by Weſt,
His dwelling was, to which he him addreſt;
Where ſoone arriuing they receiued were
In ſeemely wiſe, as them beſeemed beſt:
For he their hoſt them goodly well did cheare,
And talk't of pleaſant things, the night away to weare.

Thus paſſing th'euening well, till time of reſt,
Then *Britomart* vnto a bowre was brought;
Where groomes awayted her to haue vndreſt.
But ſhe ne would vndreſſed be for ought,
Ne doffe her armes, though he her much beſought.
For ſhe had vow'd, ſhe ſayd, not to forgo
Thoſe warlike weedes, till ſhe reuenge had wrought
Of a late wrong vppon a mortall foe;
Which ſhe would ſure performe, betide her wele or wo.

Which when their Hoſt perceiu'd, right diſcontent
In minde he grew, for feare leaſt by that art
He ſhould his purpoſe miſſe, which cloſe he ment:
Yet taking leaue of her, he did depart.
There

There all that night remained *Britomart*,
Restlesse, recomfortlesse, with heart deepe grieued,
Not suffering the least twinckling sleepe to start
Into her eye, which th'heart mote haue relieued,
But if the least appear'd, her eyes she streight reprieued.

Ye guilty eyes (sayd she) the which with guyle
My heart at first betrayd, will ye betray
My life now to, for which a little whyle
Ye will not watch? false watches, wellaway,
I wote when ye did watch both night and day
Vnto your losse: and now needes will ye sleepe?
Now ye haue made my heart to wake alway,
Now will ye sleepe? ah wake, and rather weepe,
To thinke of your nights want, that should yee waking keepe.

Thus did she watch, and weare the weary night
In waylfull plaints, that none was to appease;
Now walking soft, now sitting still vpright,
As sundry chaunge her seemed best to ease.
Ne lesse did *Talus* suffer sleepe to seaze
His eye-lids sad, but watcht continually,
Lying without her dore in great disease;
Like to a Spaniell wayting carefully
Least any should betray his Lady treacherously.

What time the natiue Belman of the night,
The bird, that warned *Peter* of his fall,
First rings his siluer Bell t'each sleepy wight,
That should their mindes vp to deuotion call,
She heard a wondrous noise below the hall.
All sodainely the bed, where she should lie,
By a false trap was let adowne to fall
Into a lower roome, and by and by
The loft was raysd againe, that no man could it spie.

With ſight whereof ſhe was diſmayd right ſore,
Perceiuing well the treaſon, which was ment:
Yet ſtirred not at all for doubt of more,
But kept her place with courage confident,
Wayting what would enſue of that euent.
It was not long, before ſhe heard the ſound
Of armed men, comming with cloſe intent
Towards her chamber; at which dreadfull ſtound
She quickly caught her ſword, & ſhield about her bound.

With that there came vnto her chamber dore
Two Knights, all arm'd ready for to fight,
And after them full many other more,
A raskall rout, with weapons rudely dight.
Whom ſoone as *Talus* ſpide by glims of night,
He ſtarted vp, there where on ground he lay,
And in his hand his threſher ready keight.
They ſeeing that, let driue at him ſtreight way,
And round about him preace in riotous aray.

But ſoone as he began to lay about
With his rude yron flaile, they gan to flie,
Both armed Knights, and eke vnarmed rout:
Yet *Talus* after them apace did plie,
Where euer in the darke he could them ſpie;
That here and there like ſcattred ſheepe they lay.
Then backe returning, where his Dame did lie,
He to her told the ſtory of that fray,
And all that treaſon there intended did bewray.

Wherewith though wondrous wroth, and inly burning,
To be auenged for ſo fowle a deede,
Yet being forſt to abide the daies returning,
She there remain'd, but with right wary heede,

Least

Leaſt any more ſuch practiſe ſhould proceede.
Now mote ye know (that which to *Britomart*
Vnknowen was) whence all this did proceede,
And for what cauſe ſo great miſchieuous ſmart
Was ment to her, that neuer euill ment in hart.

The goodman of this houſe was *Dolon* hight,
A man of ſubtill wit and wicked minde,
That whilome in his youth had bene a Knight,
And armes had borne, but little good could finde,
And much leſſe honour by that warlike kinde
Of life: for he was nothing valorous,
But with ſlie ſhiftes and wiles did vnderminde
All noble Knights, which were aduenturous,
And many brought to ſhame by treaſon treacherous.

He had three ſonnes, all three like fathers ſonnes,
Like treacherous, like full of fraud and guile,
Of all that on this earthly compaſſe wonnes:
The eldeſt of the which was ſlaine erewhile
By *Artegall*, through his owne guilty wile;
His name was *Guizor*, whoſe vntimely fate
For to auenge, full many treaſons vile
His father *Dolon* had deuiz'd of late
With theſe his wicked ſons, and ſhewd his cankred hate.

For ſure he weend, that this his preſent gueſt
Was *Artegall*, by many tokens plaine;
But chiefly by that yron page he gheſt,
Which ſtill was wont with *Artegall* remaine;
And therefore ment him ſurely to haue ſlaine.
But by Gods grace, and her good heedineſſe,
She was preſerued from their traytrous traine.
Thus ſhe all night wore out in watchfulneſſe,
Ne ſuffred ſlothfull ſleepe her eyelids to oppreſſe.

The morrow next, ſo ſoone as dawning houre
Diſcouered had the light to liuing eye,
She forth yſſew'd out of her loathed bowre,
With full intent t'auenge that villany,
On that vilde man, and all his family
And comming down to ſeeke them, where they wond,
Nor ſire, nor ſonnes, nor any could ſhe ſpie:
Each rowme ſhe ſought, but them all empty fond:
They all were fled for feare, but whether, nether kond.

She ſaw it vaine to make there lenger ſtay,
But tooke her ſteede, and thereon mounting light,
Gan her addreſſe vnto her former way.
She had not rid the mountenance of a flight,
But that ſhe ſaw there preſent in her ſight,
Thoſe two falſe brethren, on that perillous Bridge,
On which *Pollente* with *Artegall* did fight.
Streight was the paſſage like a ploughed ridge,
That if two met, the one mote needes fall ouer the lidge.

There they did thinke them ſelues on her to wreake:
Who as ſhe nigh vnto them drew, the one
Theſe vile reproches gan vnto her ſpeake;
Thou recreant falſe traytor, that with lone
Of armes haſt knighthood ſtolne, yet Knight art none,
No more ſhall now the darkeneſſe of the night
Defend thee from the vengeance of thy fone,
But with thy bloud thou ſhalt appeaſe the ſpright
Of *Guizor*, by thee ſlaine, and murdred by thy ſlight.

Strange were the words in *Britomartis* eare;
Yet ſtayd ſhe not for them, but forward fared,
Till to the perillous Bridge ſhe came, and there
Talus deſir'd, that he might haue prepared

The

The way to her, and thoſe two loſels ſcared.
But ſhe thereat was wroth, that for deſpight
The glauncing ſparkles through her beuer glared,
And from her eies did flaſh out fiery light,
Like coles, that through a ſiluer Cenſer ſparkle bright.

She ſtayd not to aduiſe which way to take;
But putting ſpurres vnto her fiery beaſt,
Thorough the midſt of them ſhe way did make.
The one of them, which moſt her wrath increaſt,
Vppon her ſpeare ſhe bore before her breaſt,
Till to the Bridges further end ſhe paſt,
Where falling downe, his challenge he releaſt:
The other ouer ſide the Bridge ſhe caſt
Into the riuer, where he drunke his deadly laſt.

As when the flaſhing Leuin haps to light
Vppon two ſtubborne oakes, which ſtand ſo neare,
That way betwixt them none appeares in ſight;
The Engin fiercely flying forth, doth teare
Th'one from the earth, & through the aire doth beare;
The other it with force doth ouerthrow,
Vppon one ſide, and from his rootes doth reare.
So did the Championeſſe thoſe two there ſtrow,
And to their ſire their carcaſſes left to beſtow.

Cant. VII

Britomart comes to Isis Church,
Where shee strange visions sees:
She fights with Radigund, her slaues,
And Artegall thence frees.

NOught is on earth more sacred or diuine,
That Gods and men doe equally adore,
Then this same vertue, that doth right define:
For th'heuens themselues, whence mortal men implore
Right in their wrongs, are rul'd by righteous lore
Of highest Ioue, who doth true iustice deale
To his inferiour Gods, and euermore
Therewith containes his heauenly Common-weale:
The skill whereof to Princes hearts he doth reueale.

Well therefore did the antique world inuent,
That Iustice was a God of soueraine grace,
And altars vnto him, and temples lent,
And heauenly honours in the highest place;
Calling him great *Osyris*, of the race
Of th'old Ægyptian Kings, that whylome were;
With fayned colours shading a true case:
For that *Osyris*, whilest he liued here,
The iustest man aliue, and truest did appeare.

His wife was *Isis*, whom they likewise made
A Goddesse of great powre and souerainty,
And in her person cunningly did shade
That part of Iustice, which is Equity,

Whereof

Whereof I haue to treat here presently.
Vnto whose temple when as *Britomart*
Arriued, shee with great humility
Did enter in, ne would that night depart;
But *Talus* mote not be admitted to her part.

There she receiued was in goodly wize
Of many Priests, which duely did attend
Vppon the rites and daily sacrifize,
All clad in linnen robes with siluer hemd;
And on their heads with long locks comely kemd,
They wore rich Mitres shaped like the Moone,
To shew that *Isis* doth the Moone portend;
Like as *Osyris* signifies the Sunne.
For that they both like race in equall iustice runne.

The Championesse them greeting, as she could,
Was thence by them into the Temple led;
Whose goodly building when she did behould,
Borne vppon stately pillours, all dispred
With shining gold, and arched ouer hed,
She wondred at the workemans passing skill,
Whose like before she neuer saw nor red;
And thereuppon long while stood gazing still,
But thought, that she thereon could neuer gaze her fill.

Thence forth vnto the Idoll they her brought,
The which was framed all of siluer fine,
So well as could with cunning hand be wrought,
And clothed all in garments made of line,
Hemd all about with fringe of siluer twine.
Vppon her head she wore a Crowne of gold,
To shew that she had powre in things diuine;
And at her feete a Crocodile was rold,
That with her wreathed taile her middle did enfold.

One foote was set vppon the Crocodile,
And on the ground the other fast did stand,
So meaning to suppresse both forged guile,
And open force: and in her other hand
She stretched forth a long white sclender wand.
Such was the Goddesse; whom when *Britomart*
Had long beheld, her selfe vppon the land
She did prostrate, and with right humble hart,
Vnto her selfe her silent prayers did impart.

To which the Idoll as it were inclining,
Her wand did moue with amiable looke,
By outward shew her inward sence desining.
Who well perceiuing, how her wand she shooke,
It as a token of good fortune tooke.
By this the day with dampe was ouercast,
And ioyous light the house of *Ioue* forsooke:
Which when she saw, her helmet she vnlaste,
And by the altars side her selfe to slumber plaste.

For other beds the Priests there vsed none,
But on their mother Earths deare lap did lie,
And bake their sides vppon the cold hard stone,
T'enure them selues to sufferaunce thereby
And proud rebellious flesh to mortify.
For by the vow of their religion
They tied were to stedfast chastity,
And continence of life, that all forgon,
They mote the better tend to their deuotion.

Therefore they mote not taste of fleshly food,
Ne feed on ought, the which doth bloud containe,
Ne drinke of wine, for wine they say is blood,
Euen the bloud of Gyants, which were slaine,

By

By thundring Ioue in the Phlegrean plaine.
For which the earth (as they the ſtory tell)
Wroth with the Gods, which to perpetuall paine
Had damn'd her ſonnes, which gainſt them did rebell,
With inward griefe and malice did againſt them ſwell.

And of their vitall bloud, the which was ſhed
Into her pregnant boſome, forth ſhe brought
The fruitfull vine, whoſe liquor blouddy red
Hauing the mindes of men with fury fraught,
Mote in them ſtirre vp old rebellious thought,
To make new warre againſt the Gods againe:
Such is the powre of that ſame fruit, that nought
The fell contagion may thereof reſtraine,
Ne within reaſons rule, her madding mood containe.

There did the warlike Maide her ſelfe repoſe,
Vnder the wings of *Iſis* all that night,
And with ſweete reſt her heauy eyes did cloſe,
After that long daies toile and weary plight.
Where whileſt her earthly parts with ſoft delight
Of ſenceleſſe ſleepe did deeply drowned lie,
There did appeare vnto her heauenly ſpright
A wondrous viſion, which did cloſe implie
The courſe of all her fortune and poſteritie.

Her ſeem', das ſhe was doing ſacrifize
To *Iſis*, deckt with Mitre on her hed,
And linnen ſtole after thoſe Prieſtes guize,
All ſodainely ſhe ſaw transfigured
Her linnen ſtole to robe of ſcarlet red.
And Moone-like Mitre to a Crowne of gold,
That euen ſhe her ſelfe much wondered
At ſuch a chaunge, and ioyed to behold
Her ſelfe, adorn'd with gems and iewels manifold.

And in the midst of her felicity,
An hideous tempest seemed from below,
To rise through all the Temple sodainely,
That from the Altar all about did blow
The holy fire, and all the embers strow
Vppon the ground, which kindled priuily,
Into outragious flames vnwares did grow,
That all the Temple put in ieopardy
Of flaming, and her selfe in great perplexity.

With that the Crocodile, which sleeping lay
Vnder the Idols feete in feareless bowre,
Seem'd to awake in horrible dismay,
As being troubled with that stormy stowre;
And gaping greedy wide, did streight deuoure
Both flames and tempest: with which growen great,
And swolne with pride of his owne peereless powre,
He gan to threaten her likewise to eat;
But that the Goddesse with her rod him backe did beat.

Tho turning all his pride to humbless meeke,
Him selfe before her feete he lowly threw,
And gan for grace and loue of her to seeke:
Which she accepting, he so neare her drew,
That of his game she soone enwombed grew,
And forth did bring a Lion of great might;
That shortly did all other beasts subdew.
With that she waked, full of fearefull fright,
And doubtfully dismayd through that so vncouth sight.

So thereuppon long while she musing lay,
With thousand thoughts feeding her fantasie,
Vntill she spide the lampe of lightsome day,
Vp-lifted in the porch of heauen hie.

Then

Then vp she rose fraught with melancholy,
And forth into the lower parts did pas;
Whereas the Priestes she found full busily
About their holy things for morrow Mas:
Whom she saluting faire, faire resaluted was.

But by the change of her vnchearefull looke,
They might perceiue, she was not well in plight;
Or that some pensiuenesse to heart she tooke.
Therefore thus one of them, who seem'd in sight
To be the greatest, and the graueſt wight,
To her bespake; Sir Knight it seemes to me,
That thorough euill rest of this last night,
Or ill apayd, or much dismayd ye be,
That by your change of cheare is easie for to see.

Certes (sayd she) sith ye so well haue spide
The troublous passion of my pensiue mind,
I will not seeke the same from you to hide,
But will my cares vnfolde, in hope to find
Your aide, to guide me out of errour blind.
Say on (quoth he) the secret of your hart:
For by the holy vow, which me doth bind,
I am adiur'd, best counsell to impart
To all, that shall require my comfort in their smart.

Then gan she to declare the whole discourse
Of all that vision, which to her appeard,
As well as to her minde it had recourse.
All which when he vnto the end had heard,
Like to a weake faint-hearted man he fared,
Through great astonishment of that strange sight;
And with long locks vp-standing, stifly stared
Like one adawed with some dreadfull spright.
So fild with heauenly fury, thus he her behight.

Magnificke Virgin, that in queint diſguiſe
Of Britiſh armes doeſt maske thy royall blood,
So to purſue a perillous emprize,
How couldſt thou weene, through that diſguized hood,
To hide thy ſtate from being vnderſtood?
Can from th'immortall Gods ought hidden bee?
They doe thy linage, and thy Lordly brood;
They doe thy ſire, lamenting ſore for thee;
They doe thy loue, forlorne in womens thraldome ſee.

The end whereof, and all the long euent,
They doe to thee in this ſame dreame diſcouer.
For that ſame Crocodile doth repreſent
The righteous Knight, that is thy faithfull louer,
Like to *Oſyris* in all iuſt endeuer.
For that ſame Crocodile *Oſyris* is,
That vnder *Iſis* feete doth ſleepe for euer:
To ſhew that clemence oft in things amis,
Reſtraines thoſe ſterne beheſts, and cruell doomes of his.

That Knight ſhall all the troublous ſtormes affwage,
And raging flames, that many foes ſhall reare,
To hinder thee from the iuſt heritage
Of thy ſires Crowne, and from thy countrey deare.
Then ſhalt thou take him to thy loued fere,
And ioyne in equall portion of thy realme:
And afterwards a ſonne to him ſhalt beare,
That Lion-like ſhall ſhew his powre extreame.
So bleſſe thee God, and giue thee ioyance of thy dreame.

All which when ſhe vnto the end had heard,
She much was eaſed in her troublous thought,
And on thoſe Prieſts beſtowed rich reward:
And royall gifts of gold and ſiluer wrought,

She for a present to their Goddesse brought.
Then taking leaue of them, she forward went,
To seeke her loue, where he was to be sought;
Ne rested till she came without relent
Vnto the land of Amazons, as she was bent.

Whereof when newes to *Radigund* was brought,
Not with amaze, as women wonted bee,
She was confused in her troublous thought,
But fild with courage and with ioyous glee,
As glad to heare of armes, the which now she
Had long surceast, she bad to open bold,
That she the face of her new foe might see.
But when they of that yron man had told,
Which late her folke had slaine, she bad thẽ forth to hold

So there without the gate (as seemed best)
She caused her Pauilion be pight;
In which stout *Britomart* her selfe did rest,
Whiles *Talus* watched at the dore all night.
All night likewise, they of the towne in fright,
Vppon their wall good watch and ward did keepe.
The morrow next, so soone as dawning light
Bad doe away the dampe of drouzie sleepe,
The warlike Amazon out of her bowre did peepe.

And caused streight a Trumpet loud to shrill,
To warne her foe to battell soone be prest:
Who long before awoke (for she ful ill
Could sleepe all night, that in vnquiet brest
Did closely harbour such a iealous guest)
Was to the battell whilome ready dight.
Eftsoones that warrioures se with haughty crest
Did forth issue, all ready for the fight:
On th'other side her foe appeared soone in sight.

But ere they reared hand, the Amazone
Began the ſtreight conditions to propound,
With which ſhe vſed ſtill to tye her fone;
To ſerue her ſo, as ſhe the reſt had bound.
Which when the other heard, ſhe ſternly frownd
For high diſdaine of ſuch indignity,
And would no lenger treat, but bad them ſound.
For her no other termes ſhould euer tie.
Then what preſcribed were by lawes of cheualrie.

The Trumpets ſound, and they together run
With greedy rage, and with their faulchins ſmot;
Ne either ſought the others ſtrokes to ſhun,
But through great fury both their skill forgot,
And practicke vſe in armes: ne ſpared not
Their dainty parts, which nature had created
So faire and tender, without ſtaine or ſpot,
For other vſes, then they them tranſlated;
Which they now hackt & hewd, as if ſuch vſe they hated,

As when a Tygre and a Lioneſſe
Are met at ſpoyling of ſome hungry pray,
Both challenge it with equall greedineſſe:
But firſt the Tygre clawes thereon did lay;
And therefore loth to looſe her right away,
Doth in defence thereof full ſtoutly ſtond:
To which the Lion ſtrongly doth gainſay,
That ſhe to hunt the beaſt firſt tooke in hond;
And therefore ought it haue, where euer ſhe it fond.

Full fiercely layde the Amazon about,
And dealt her blowes vnmercifully ſore:
Which *Britomart* withſtood with courage ſtout,
And them repaide againe with double more.

So

So long they fought, that all the grassie flore
Was fild with bloud, which from their sides did flow,
And gushed through their armes, that all in gore
They trode, and on the ground their liues did strow,
Like fruitles seede, of which vntimely death should grow.

At last proud *Radigund* with fell despight,
Hauing by chaunce espide aduantage neare,
Let driue at her with all her dreadfull might,
And thus vpbrayding said; This token beare
Vnto the man, whom thou doest loue so deare;
And tell him for his sake thy life thou gauest.
Which spitefull words she sore engrieu'd to heare,
Thus answer'd; Lewdly thou my loue deprauest,
Who shortly must repent that now so vainely brauest.

Nath'lesse that stroke so cruell passage found,
That glauncing on her shoulder plate, it bit
Vnto the bone, and made a griesly wound,
That she her shield through raging smart of it
Could scarse vphold; yet soone she it requit.
For hauing force increast through furious paine,
She her so rudely on the helmet smit,
That it empierced to the very braine,
And her proud person low prostrated on the plaine.

Where being layd, the wrothfull Britonesse
Stayd not, till she came to her selfe againe,
But in reuenge both of her loues distresse,
And her late vile reproch, though vaunted vaine,
And also of her wound, which sore did paine,
She with one stroke both head and helmet cleft.
Which dreadfull sight, when all her warlike traine
There present saw, each one of sence bereft,
Fled fast into the towne, and her sole victor left.

But yet so fast they could not home retrate,
But that swift *Talus* did the formost win;
And pressing through the preace vnto the gate,
Pelmell with them attonce did enter in.
There then a piteous slaughter did begin:
For all that euer came within his reach,
He with his yron flale did thresh so thin,
That he no worke at all left for the leach:
Like to an hideous storme, which nothing may empeach.

And now by this the noble Conquereſſe
Her selfe came in, her glory to partake;
Where though reuengefull vow she did profesſe,
Yet when she saw the heapes, which he did make,
Of slaughtred carkasſes, her heart did quake
For very ruth, which did it almost riue,
That she his fury willed him to slake:
For else he sure had left not one aliue,
But all in his reuenge of spirite would depriue.

Tho when she had his execution stayd,
She for that yron prison did enquire,
In which her wretched loue was captiue layd:
Which breaking open with indignant ire,
She entred into all the partes entire.
Where when she saw that lothly vncouth sight,
Of men disguiz'd in womanishe attire,
Her heart gan grudge, for very deepe despight
Of so vnmanly maske, in misery misdight.

At last when as to her owne Loue she came,
Whom like disguize no lesse deformed had,
At sight thereof abasht with secrete shame,
She turnd her head aside, as nothing glad,

To haue beheld a ſpectacle ſo bad:
And then too well beleeu'd, that which tofore
Iealous ſuſpect as true vntruely drad,
Which vaine conceipt now nouriſhing no more,
She ſought with ruth to ſalue his ſad misfortunes ſore.

Not ſo great wonder and aſtoniſhment,
Did the moſt chaſt *Penelope* poſſeſſe,
To ſee her Lord, that was reported drent,
And dead long ſince in dolorous diſtreſſe,
Come home to her in piteous wretchedneſſe,
After long trauell of full twenty yeares,
That ſhe knew not his fauours likelyneſſe,
For many ſcarres and many hoary heares,
But ſtood long ſtaring on him, mongſt vncertaine feares.

Ah my deare Lord, what ſight is this (quoth ſhe)
What May-game hath misfortune made of you?
Where is that dreadfull manly looke? where be
Thoſe mighty palmes, the which ye wont t'embrew
In bloud of Kings, and great hoaſtes to ſubdew?
Could ought on earth ſo wondrous change haue
As to haue robde you of that manly hew? (wrought,
Could ſo great courage ſtouped haue to ought?
Then farewell fleſhly force; I ſee thy pride is nought.

Thenceforth ſhe ſtreight into a bowre him brought,
And cauſd him thoſe vncomely weedes vndight;
And in their ſteede for other rayment ſought,
Whereof there was great ſtore, and armors bright,
Which had bene reft from many a noble Knight;
Whom that proud Amazon ſubdewed had,
Whileſt Fortune fauourd her ſucceſſe in fight,
In which when as ſhe him anew had clad,
She was reuiu'd, and ioyd much in his ſemblance glad.

So there a while they afterwards remained,
Him to refresh, and her late wounds to heale:
During which space she there as Princes rained,
And changing all that forme of common weale,
The liberty of women did repeale,
Which they had long vsurpt; and them restoring
To mens subiection, did true Iustice deale:
That all they as a Goddesse her adoring,
Her wisedome did admire, and hearkned to her loring.

For all those Knights, which long in captiue shade
Had shrowded bene, she did from thraldome free;
And magistrates of all that city made,
And gaue to them great liuing and large fee:
And that they should for euer faithfull bee,
Made them sweare fealty to *Artegall*.
Who when him selfe now well recur'd did see,
He purposd to proceed, what so be fall,
Vppon his first aduenture, which him forth did call.

Full sad and sorrowfull was *Britomart*
For his departure, her new cause of griefe;
Yet wisely moderated her owne smart,
Seeing his honor, which she tendred chiefe,
Consisted much in that aduentures priefe.
The care whereof, and hope of his successe
Gaue vnto her great comfort and reliefe,
That womanish complaints she did represse,
And tempred for the time her present heauinesse.

There she continu'd for a certaine space,
Till through his want her woe did more increase:
Then hoping that the change of aire and place
Would change her paine, and sorrow somewhat ease,

She parted thence, her anguish to appease.
Meane while her noble Lord sir *Artegall*
Went on his way, ne euer howre did cease,
Till he redeemed had that Lady thrall:
That for another Canto will more fitly fall.

Cant. VIII.

Prince Arthure and Sir Artegall,
Free Samient from feare:
They slay the Soudan, driue his wife,
Adicia to despaire.

NOught vnder heauen so strongly doth allure
The sence of man, and all his minde possesse,
As beauties louely baite, that doth procure
Great warriours oft their rigour to represse,
And mighty hands forget their manlinesse;
Drawne with the powre of an heart-robbing eye,
And wrapt in fetters of a golden tresse,
That can with melting pleasaunce mollifye
Their hardned hearts, enur'd to bloud and cruelty.

So whylome learnd that mighty Iewish swaine,
Each of whose lockes did match a man in might,
To lay his spoiles before his lemans traine:
So also did that great Oetean Knight
For his loues sake his Lions skin vndight:
And so did warlike *Antony* neglect
The worlds whole rule for *Cleopatras* sight.
Such wondrous powre hath wemens faire aspect,
To captiue men, and make them all the world reiect.

Yet could it not sterne *Artegall* retaine,
Nor hold from suite of his auowed quest,
Which he had vndertane to *Gloriane*;
But left his loue, albe her strong request,
Faire *Britomart* in languor and vnrest,
And rode him selfe vppon his first intent:
Ne day nor night did euer idly rest;
Ne wight but onely *Talus* with him went,
The true guide of his way and vertuous gouernment.

So trauelling, he chaunst far off to heed
A Damzell, flying on a palfrey fast
Before two Knights, that after her did speed
With all their powre, and her full fiercely chast
In hope to haue her ouerhent at last:
Yet fled she fast, and both them farre outwent,
Carried with wings of feare, like fowle aghast,
With locks all loose, and rayment all to rent;
And euer as she rode, her eye was backeward bent.

Soone after these he saw another Knight,
That after those two former rode apace,
With speare in rest, and prickt with all his might:
So ran they all, as they had bene at bace,
They being chased, that did others chase.
At length he saw the hindmost ouertake
One of those two, and force him turne his face;
How euer loth he were his way to slake,
Yet mote he algates now abide, and answere make.

But th'other still pursu'd the fearefull Mayd;
Who still from him as fast away did flie,
Ne once for ought her speedy passage stayd,
Till that at length she did before her spie

Sir

Sir *Artegall*, to whom she streight did hie
With gladfull haſt, in hope of him to get
Succour againſt her greedy enimy:
Who ſeeing her approch gan forward ſet,
To ſaue her from her feare, and him from force to let.

But he like hound full greedy of his pray,
Being impatient of impediment,
Continu'd ſtill his courſe, and by the way
Thought with his ſpeare him quight haue ouerwent.
So both together ylike felly bent,
Like fiercely met. But *Artegall* was ſtronger,
And better skild in Tilt and Turnament,
And bore him quite out of his ſaddle, longer
Then two ſpeares length; So miſchiefe ouermatcht the (wronger.
And in his fall misfortune him miſtooke;
For on his head vnhappily he pight,
That his owne waight his necke aſunder broke,
And left there dead. Meane while the other Knight
Defeated had the other faytour quight,
And all his bowels in his body braſt:
Whom leauing there in that diſpiteous plight,
He ran ſtill on, thinking to follow faſt
His other fellow Pagan, which before him paſt.

In ſtead of whom finding there ready preſt
Sir *Artegall*, without diſcretion
He at him ran, with ready ſpeare in reſt:
Who ſeeing him come ſtill ſo fiercely on,
Againſt him made againe. So both anon
Together met, and ſtrongly either ſtrooke,
And broke their ſpeares; yet neither has forgon
His horſes backe, yet to and fro long ſhooke, (quooke.
And tottred like two towres, which through a tempeſt

But when againe they had recouered ſence,
They drew their ſwords, in mind to make amends
For what their ſpeares had fayld of their pretence.
Which when the Damzell, who thoſe deadly ends
Of both her foes had ſeene, and now her frends
For her beginning a more fearefull fray,
She to them runnes in haſt, and her haire rends,
Crying to them their cruell hands to ſtay,
Vntill they both doe heare, what ſhe to them will ſay.

They ſtayd their hands, when ſhe thus gan to ſpeake;
Ah gentle Knights, what meane ye thus vnwiſe
Vpon your ſelues anothers wrong to wreake?
I am the wrong'd, whom ye did enterpriſe
Both to redreſſe, and both redreſt likewiſe:
Witneſſe the Paynims both, whom ye may ſee
There dead on ground. What doe ye then deuiſe
Of more reuenge? if more, then I am ſhee,
Which was the roote of all, end your reuenge on mee.

Whom when they heard ſo ſay, they lookt about,
To weete if it were true, as ſhe had told;
Where when they ſaw their foes dead out of doubt,
Eftſoones they gan their wrothfull hands to hold,
And Ventailes reare, each other to behold.
Tho when as *Artegall* did *Arthure* vew,
So faire a creature, and ſo wondrous bold,
He much admired both his heart and hew,
And touched with intire affection, nigh him drew.

Saying, ſir Knight, of pardon I you pray,
That all vnweeting haue you wrong'd thus ſore,
Suffring my hand againſt my heart to ſtray:
Which if ye pleaſe forgiue, I will therefore

Yeeld for amends my ſelfe yours euermore,
Or what ſo penaunce ſhall by you be red.
To whom the Prince; Certes me needeth more
To craue the ſame, whom errour ſo miſled,
As that I did miſtake the liuing for the ded.

But ſith ye pleaſe, that both our blames ſhall die,
Amends may for the treſpaſſe ſoone be made,
Since neither is endamadg'd much thereby.
So can they both themſelues full eath perſwade
To faire accordaunce, and both faults to ſhade,
Either embracing other louingly,
And ſwearing faith to either on his blade,
Neuer thenceforth to nouriſh enmity,
But either others cauſe to maintaine mutually.

Then *Artegall* gan of the Prince enquire,
What were thoſe knights, which there on groũd were layd,
And had receiu'd their follies worthy hire,
And for what cauſe they chaſed ſo that Mayd.
Certes I wote not well (the Prince then ſayd)
But by aduenture found them faring ſo,
As by the way vnweetingly I ſtrayd,
And lo the Damzell ſelfe, whence all did grow,
Of whom we may at will the whole occaſion know.

Then they that Damzell called to them nie,
And asked her, what were thoſe two her fone,
From whom ſhe earſt ſo faſt away did flie;
And what was ſhe her ſelfe ſo woe begone,
And for what cauſe purſu'd of them attone.
To whom ſhe thus; Then wote ye well, that I
Doe ſerue a Queene, that not far hence doth wone,
A Princeſſe of great powre and maieſtie,
Famous through all the world, and honor'd far and nie.

Her name *Mercilla* most men vse to call;
That is a mayden Queene of high renowne,
For her great bounty knowen ouer all,
And soueraine grace, with which her royall crowne
She doth support, and strongly beateth downe
The malice of her foes, which her enuy,
And at her happinesse do fret and frowne:
Yet she her selfe the more doth magnify,
And euen to her foes her mercies multiply.

Mongst many which maligne her happy state,
There is a mighty man, which wonnes here by
That with most fell despight and deadly hate,
Seekes to subuert her Crowne and dignity,
And all his powre doth thereunto apply:
And her good Knights, of which so braue a band
Serues her, as any Princesse vnder sky,
He either spoiles, if they against him stand,
Or to his part allures, and bribeth vnder hand.

Ne him sufficeth all the wrong and ill,
Which he vnto her people does each day,
But that he seekes by traytrous traines to spill
Her person, and her sacred selfe to slay:
That ô ye heauens defend, and turne away
From her, vnto the miscreant him selfe,
That neither hath religion nor fay,
But makes his God of his vngodly pelfe,
And Idols serues; so let his Idols serue the Elfe.

To all which cruell tyranny they say,
He is prouokt, and stird vp day and night
By his bad wife, that hight *Adicia*,
Who counsels him through confidence of might,

To

To breake all bonds of law, and rules of right.
For she her selfe professeth mortall foe
To Iustice, and against her still doth fight,
Working to all, that loue her, deadly woe,
And making all her Knights and people to doe so.

Which my liege Lady seeing, thought it best,
With that his wife in friendly wise to deale,
For stint of strife, and stablishment of rest
Both to her selfe, and to her common weale,
And all forepast displeasures to repeale.
So me in message vnto her she sent,
To treat with her by way of enterdeale,
Of finall peace and faire attonement,
Which might concluded be by mutuall consent.

All times haue wont safe passage to afford
To messengers, that come for causes iust:
But this proude Dame disdayning all accord,
Not onely into bitter termes forth brust,
Reuiling me, and rayling as she lust,
But lastly to make proofe of vtmost shame,
Me like a dog she out of dores did thrust,
Miscalling me by many a bitter name,
That neuer did her ill, ne once deserued blame.

And lastly, that no shame might wanting be,
When I was gone, soone after me she sent
These two false Knights, whom there ye lying see,
To be by them dishonoured and shent:
But thankt be God, and your good hardiment,
They haue the price of their owne folly payd.
So said this Damzell, that hight *Samient*,
And to those knights, for their so noble ayd,
Her selfe most gratefull shew'd, & heaped thanks repayd.

But they now hauing throughly heard, and seene
Al those great wrongs, the which that mayd complai-
To haue bene done against her Lady Queene, (ned.
By that proud dame, which her so much disdained,
Were moued much thereat, and twixt them fained,
With all their force to worke auengement strong
Vppon the Souldan selfe, which it mayntained,
And on his Lady, th'author of that wrong,
And vppon all those Knights, that did to her belong.

But thinking best by counterfet disguise
To their deseigne to make the easier way,
They did this complot twixt them selues deuise,
First that sir *Artegall* should him array,
Like one of those two Knights, which dead there lay.
And then that Damzell, the sad *Samient*,
Should as his purchast prize with him conuay
Vnto the Souldans court, her to present
Vnto his scornefull Lady, that for her had sent.

So as they had deuiz'd, sir *Artegall*
Him clad in th'armour of a Pagan knight,
And taking with him, as his vanquisht thrall,
That Damzell, led her to the Souldans right.
Where soone as his proud wife of her had sight,
Forth of her window as she looking lay,
She weened streight, it was her Paynim Knight,
Which brought that Damzell, as his purchast pray;
And sent to him a Page, that mote direct his way.

Who bringing them to their appointed place,
Offred his seruice to disarme the Knight;
But he refusing him to let vnlace,
For doubt to be discouered by his sight,

Kept

Kept himselfe still in his straunge armour dight.
Soone after whom the Prince arriued there,
And sending to the Souldan in despight
A bold defyance, did of him requere
That Damzell, whom he held as wrongfull prisonere.

Wherewith the Souldan all with furie fraught,
Swearing, and banning most blasphemously,
Commaunded straight his armour to be brought,
And mounting straight vpon a charret hye,
With yron wheeles and hookes arm'd dreadfully,
And drawne of cruell steedes, which he had fed
With flesh of men, whom through fell tyranny
He slaughtred had, and ere they were halfe ded,
Their bodies to his beasts for prouender did spred.

So forth he came all in a cote of plate,
Burnisht with bloudie rust, whiles on the greene
The Briton Prince him readie did awayte,
In glistering armes right goodly well beseene,
That shone as bright, as doth the heauen sheene;
And by his stirrup *Talus* did attend,
Playing his pages part, as he had beene
Before directed by his Lord; to th'end
He should his flale to finall execution bend.

Thus goe they both together to their geare,
With like fierce minds, but meanings different:
For the proud Souldan with presumpteous cheare,
And countenance sublime and insolent,
Sought onely slaughter and auengement:
But the braue Prince for honour and for right,
Gainst tortious powre and lawlesse regiment,
In the behalfe of wronged weake did fight:
More in his causes truth he trusted then in might.

Like to the *Thracian* Tyrant, who they say
Vnto his horses gaue his guests for meat,
Till he himselfe was made their greedie pray,
And torne in peeces by *Alcides* great.
So thought the Souldan in his follies threat,
Either the Prince in peeces to haue torne
With his sharpe wheeles, in his first rages heat,
Or vnder his fierce horses feet haue borne
And trampled downe in dust his thoughts disdained scorne.

But the bold child that perill well espying,
If he too rashly to his charet drew,
Gaue way vnto his horses speedie flying,
And their resistlesse rigour did eschew.
Yet as he passed by, the Pagan threw
A shiuering dart with so impetuous force,
That had he not it shun'd with heedfull vew,
It had himselfe transfixed, or his horse,
Or made them both one masse withouten more remorse.

Oft drew the Prince vnto his charret nigh,
In hope some stroke to fasten on him neare;
But he was mounted in his seat so high,
And his wingfooted coursers him did beare
So fast away, that ere his readie speare
He could aduance, he farre was gone and past.
Yet still he him did follow euery where,
And followed was of him likewise full fast;
So long as in his steedes the flaming breath did last.

Againe the Pagan threw another dart,
Of which he had with him abundant store,
On euery side of his embatteld cart,
And of all other weapons lesse or more,

Which warlike vſes had deuiz'd of yore.
The wicked ſhaft guyded through th'ayrie wyde,
By ſome bad ſpirit, that it to miſchiefe bore,
Stayd not, till through his curat it did glyde,
And made a grieſly wound in his enriuen ſide.

Much was he grieued with that hapleſſe throe,
That opened had the welſpring of his blood;
But much the more that to his hatefull foe
He mote not come, to wreake his wrathfull mood.
That made him raue, like to a Lyon wood,
Which being wounded of the huntſmans hand
Can not come neare him in the couert wood,
Where he with boughes hath built his ſhady ſtand,
And fenſt himſelfe about with many a flaming brand.

Still when he ſought t'approch vnto him ny,
His charret wheeles about him whirled round,
And made him backe againe as faſt to fly;
And eke his ſteedes like to an hungry hound,
That hunting after game hath carrion found,
So cruelly did him purſew and chace,
That his good ſteed, all were he much renound
For noble courage, and for hardie race,
Durſt not endure their ſight, but fled from place to place.

Thus long they traſt, and trauerſt to and fro,
Seeking by euery way to make ſome breach,
Yet could the Prince not nigh vnto him goe,
That one ſure ſtroke he might vnto him reach,
Whereby his ſtrengthes aſſay he might him teach.
At laſt from his victorious ſhield he drew
The vaile, which did his powrefull light empeach;
And comming full before his horſes vew,
As they vpon him preſt, it plaine to them did ſhew.

Like lightening flash, that hath the gazer burned,
So did the sight thereof their sense dismay,
That backe againe vpon themselues they turned,
And with their ryder ranne perforce away:
Ne could the Souldan them from flying stay,
With raynes, or wonted rule, as well he knew.
Nought feared they, what he could do, or say,
But th'onely feare, that was before their vew;
From which like mazed deare, dismayfully they flew.

Fast did they fly, as them their feete could beare,
High ouer hilles, and lowly ouer dales,
As they were follow'd of their former feare.
In vaine the Pagan bannes, and sweares, and rayles,
And backe with both his hands vnto him hayles
The resty raynes, regarded now no more:
He to them calles and speakes, yet nought auayles;
They heare him not, they haue forgot his lore,
But go, which way they list, their guide they haue forlore.

As when the firie-mouthed steeds, which drew
The Sunnes bright wayne to *Phaetons* decay,
Soone as they did the monstrous Scorpion vew,
With vgly craples crawling in their way,
The dreadfull sight did them so sore affray,
That their well knowne courses they forwent,
And leading th'euer-burning lampe astray,
This lower world nigh all to ashes brent,
And left their scorched path yet in the firmament.

Such was the furie of these head-strong steeds,
Soone as the infants sunlike shield they saw,
That all obedience both to words and deeds
They quite forgot, and scornd all former law;
Through

Through woods, and rocks, and mountaines they did (draw
The yron charet, and the wheeles did teare,
And toſt the Paynim, without feare or awe;
From ſide to ſide they toſt him here and there,
Crying to them in vaine, that nould his crying heare.

Yet ſtill the Prince purſew'd him cloſe behind,
Oft making offer him to ſmite, but found
No eaſie meanes according to his mind.
At laſt they haue all ouerthrowne to ground
Quite topſide turuey, and the pagan hound
Amongſt the yron hookes and graples keene,
Torne all to rags, and rent with many a wound,
That no whole peece of him was to be ſeene,
But ſcattred all about, and ſtrow'd vpon the greene.

Like as the curſed ſonne of *Theſeus*,
That following his chace in dewy morne,
To fly his ſtepdames loues outrageous,
Of his owne ſteedes was all to peeces torne,
And his faire limbs left in the woods forlorne;
That for his ſake *Diana* did lament,
And all the wooddy Nymphes did wayle and mourne.
So was this Souldan rapt and all to rent,
That of his ſhape appear'd no litle moniment.

Onely his ſhield and armour, which there lay,
Though nothing whole, but all to bruſd and broken,
He vp did take, and with him brought away,
That mote remaine for an eternall token
To all, mongſt whom this ſtorie ſhould be ſpoken,
How worthily, by heauens high decree,
Iuſtice that day of wrong her ſelfe had wroken,
That all men which that ſpectacle did ſee,
By like enſample mote for euer warned bee.

So on a tree, before the Tyrants dore,
He cauſed them be hung in all mens ſight,
To be a moniment for euermore.
Which when his Ladie from the caſtles hight
Beheld, it much appald her troubled ſpright:
Yet not, as women wont in dolefull fit,
She was diſmayd, or faynted through affright,
But gathered vnto her her troubled wit,
And gan eftſoones deuize to be aueng'd for it.

Streight downe ſhe ranne, like an enraged cow,
That is berobbed of her youngling dere,
With knife in hand, and fatally did vow,
To wreake her on that mayden meſſengere,
Whom ſhe had cauſd be kept as priſonere,
By *Artegall*, miſween'd for her owne Knight,
That brought her backe. And comming preſent there,
She at her ran with all her force and might,
All flaming with reuenge and furious deſpight.

Like raging *Ino*, when with knife in hand
She threw her husbands murdred infant out,
Or fell *Medea*, when on *Colchicke* ſtrand
Her brothers bones ſhe ſcattered all about;
Or as that madding mother, mongſt the rout
Of *Bacchus* Prieſts her owne deare fleſh did teare.
Yet neither *Ino*, nor *Medea* ſtout,
Nor all the *Mænades* ſo furious were,
As this bold woman, when ſhe ſaw that Damzell there.

But *Artegall* being thereof aware,
Did ſtay her cruell hand, ere ſhe her raught,
And as ſhe did her ſelfe to ſtrike prepare,
Out of her fiſt the wicked weapon caught:

With

With that like one enfelon'd or diſtraught,
She forth did rome, whether her rage her bore,
With franticke paſſion, and with furie fraught;
And breaking forth out at a poſterne dore,
Vnto the wyld wood ranne, her dolours to deplore.

As a mad bytch, when as the franticke fit
Her burning tongue with rage inflamed hath,
Doth runne at randon, and with furious bit
Snatching at euery thing, doth wreake her wrath
On man and beaſt, that commeth in her path.
There they doe ſay, that ſhe transformed was
Into a Tygre, and that Tygres ſcath
In crueltie and outrage ſhe did pas,
To proue her ſurname true, that ſhe impoſed has.

Then *Artegall* himſelfe diſcouering plaine,
Did iſſue forth gainſt all that warlike rout
Of knights and armed men, which did maintaine
That Ladies part, and to the Souldan lout:
All which he did aſſault with courage ſtout,
All were they nigh an hundred knights of name,
And like wyld Goates them chaced all about,
Flying from place to place with cowheard ſhame,
So that with finall force them all he ouercame.

Then cauſed he the gates be opened wyde,
And there the Prince, as victour of that day,
With tryumph entertayn'd and glorifyde,
Preſenting him with all the rich array,
And roiall pompe, which there long hidden lay,
Purchaſt through lawleſſe powre and tortious wrong
Of that proud Souldan, whom he earſt did ſlay.
So both for reſt there hauing ſtayd not long,
Marcht with that mayd, fit matter for another ſong.

Cant. IX.

Arthur and Artegall catch Guyle
whom Talus doth dismay.
They to Mercilaes pallace come,
and see her rich array.

WHat Tygre, or what other saluage wight
Is so exceeding furious and fell,
As wrong, when it hath arm'd it selfe with might?
Not fit mongst men, that doe with reason mell,
But mongst wyld beasts and saluage woods to dwell;
Where still the stronger doth the weake deuoure,
And they that most in boldnesse doe excell,
Are dreadded most, and feared for their powre:
Fit for *Adicia*, there to build her wicked bowre.

There let her wonne farre from resort of men,
Where righteous *Artegall* her late exyled;
There let her euer keepe her damned den,
Where none may be with her lewd parts defyled,
Nor none but beasts may be of her despoyled:
And turne we to the noble Prince, where late
We did him leaue, after that he had foyled
The cruell Souldan, and with dreadfull fate
Had vtterly subuerted his vnrighteous state.

Where hauing with Sir *Artegall* a space
Well solast in that Souldans late delight,
They both resoluing now to leaue the place,
Both it and all the wealth therein behight

Vnto that Damzell in her Ladies right,
And so would haue departed on their way.
But she them woo'd by all the meanes she might,
And earnestly besought, to wend that day
With her, to see her Ladie thence not farre away.

By whose entreatie both they ouercommen,
Agree to goe with her, and by the way,
(As often falles) of sundry things did commen.
Mongst which that Damzell did to them bewray
A straunge aduenture, which not farre thence lay;
To weet a wicked villaine, bold and stout,
Which wonned in a rocke not farre away,
That robbed all the countrie there about,
And brought the pillage home, whence none could get it out.

Thereto both his owne wylie wit, (she sayd)
And eke the fastnesse of his dwelling place,
Both vnassaylable, gaue him great ayde:
For he so crafty was to forge and face,
So light of hand, and nymble of his pace,
So smooth of tongue, and subtile in his tale,
That could deceiue one looking in his face;
Therefore by name *Malengin* they him call,
Well knowen by his feates, and famous ouer all.

Through these his slights he many doth confound,
And eke the rocke, in which he wonts to dwell,
Is wondrous strong, and hewen farre vnder ground
A dreadfull depth, how deepe no man can tell;
But some doe say, it goeth downe to hell.
And all within, it full of wyndings is,
And hidden wayes, that scarse an hound by smell
Can follow out those false footsteps of his,
Ne none can backe returne, that once are gone amis.

Which when thoſe knights had heard, their harts gan
To vnderſtand that villeins dwelling place, (earne,
And greatly it deſir'd of her to learne,
And by which way they towards it ſhould trace.
Were not (ſayd ſhe) that it ſhould let your pace
Towards my Ladies preſence by you ment,
I would you guyde directly to the place.
Then let not that (ſaid they) ſtay your intent;
For neither will one foot, till we that carle haue hent.

So forth they paſt, till they approched ny
Vnto the rocke, where was the villains won,
Which when the Damzell neare at hand did ſpy,
She warn'd the knights thereof: who thereupon
Gan to aduize, what beſt were to be done.
So both agreed, to ſend that mayd afore,
Where ſhe might ſit nigh to the den alone,
Wayling, and rayſing pittifull vprore,
As if ſhe did ſome great calamitie deplore.

With noyſe whereof when as the caytiue carle
Should iſſue forth, in hope to find ſome ſpoyle,
They in awayt would cloſely him enſnarle,
Ere to his den he backward could recoyle,
And ſo would hope him eaſily to foyle.
The Damzell ſtraight went, as ſhe was directed,
Vnto the rocke, and there vpon the ſoyle
Hauing her ſelfe in wretched wize abiected,
Gan weepe and wayle, as if great griefe had her affected.

The cry whereof entring the hollow caue,
Eftſoones brought forth the villaine, as they ment,
With hope of her ſome wiſhfull boot to haue.
Full dreadfull wight he was, as euer went

Vpon

Vpon the earth, with hollow eyes deepe pent,
And long curld locks, that downe his ſhoulders ſhag-
And on his backe an vncouth veſtiment (ged,
Made of ſtraunge ſtuffe, but all to worne and ragged,
And vnderneath his breech was all to torne and iagged.

And in his hand an huge long ſtaffe he held,
Whoſe top was arm'd with many an yron hooke,
Fit to catch hold of all that he could weld,
Or in the compaſſe of his clouches tooke;
And euer round about he caſt his looke.
Als at his backe a great wyde net he bore,
With which he ſeldome fiſhed at the brooke,
But vſd to fiſh for fooles on the dry ſhore,
Of which he in faire weather wont to take great ſtore.

Him when the damzell ſaw faſt by her ſide,
So vgly creature, ſhe was nigh diſmayd,
And now for helpe aloud in earneſt cride.
But when the villaine ſaw her ſo affrayd,
He gan with guilefull words her to perſwade,
To baniſh feare, and with *Sardonian* ſmyle
Laughing on her, his falſe intent to ſhade,
Gan forth to lay his bayte her to beguyle,
That from her ſelf vnwares he might her ſteale the whyle.

Like as the fouler on his guilefull pype
Charmes to the birds full many a pleaſant lay,
That they the whiles may take leſſe heedie keepe,
How he his nets doth for their ruine lay:
So did the villaine to her prate and play,
And many pleaſant trickes before her ſhow,
To turne her eyes from his intent away:
For he in ſlights and iugling feates did flow,
And of legierdemayne the myſteries did know.

To which whileſt ſhe lent her intentiue mind,
He ſuddenly his net vpon her threw,
That ouerſprad her like a puffe of wind;
And ſnatching her ſoone vp, ere well ſhe knew,
Ran with her faſt away vnto his mew,
Crying for helpe aloud. But when as ny
He came vnto his caue, and there did vew
The armed knights ſtopping his paſſage by,
He threw his burden downe, and faſt away did fly.

But *Artegall* him after did purſew,
The whiles the Prince there kept the entrance ſtill:
Vp to the rocke he ran, and thereon flew
Like a wyld Gote, leaping from hill to hill,
And dauncing on the craggy cliffes at will;
That deadly daunger ſeem'd in all mens ſight,
To tempt ſuch ſteps, where footing was ſo ill:
Ne ought auayled for the armed knight,
To thinke to follow him, that was ſo ſwift and light.

Which when he ſaw, his yron man he ſent,
To follow him; for he was ſwift in chace.
He him purſewd, where euer that he went,
Both ouer rockes, and hilles, and euery place,
Where ſo he fled, he followd him apace:
So that he ſhortly forſt him to forſake
The hight, and downe deſcend vnto the baſe.
There he him courſt a freſh, and ſoone did make
To leaue his proper forme, and other ſhape to take.

Into a Foxe himſelfe he firſt did tourne;
But he him hunted like a Foxe full faſt:
Then to a buſh himſelfe he did transforme,
But he the buſh did beat, till that at laſt

Into a bird it chaung'd, and from him paſt,
Flying from tree to tree, from wand to wand;
But he then ſtones at it ſo long did caſt,
That like a ſtone it fell vpon the land,
But he then tooke it vp, and held faſt in his hand.

So he it brought with him vnto the knights,
And to his Lord Sir *Artegall* it lent,
Warning him hold it faſt, for feare of ſlights.
Who whileſt in hand it gryping hart he hent,
Into a Hedgehogge all vnwares it went,
And prickt him ſo, that he away it threw.
Then gan it runne away incontinent,
Being returned to his former hew:
But *Talus* ſoone him ouertooke, and backward drew.

But when as he would to a ſnake againe
Haue turn'd himſelfe, he with his yron flayle
Gan driue at him, with ſo huge might and maine,
That all his bones, as ſmall as ſandy grayle
He broke, and did his bowels diſentrayle;
Crying in vaine for helpe, when helpe was paſt.
So did deceipt the ſelfe deceiuer fayle,
There they him left a carrion outcaſt;
For beaſts and foules to feede vpon for their repaſt.

Thence forth they paſſed with that gentle Mayd,
To ſee her Ladie, as they did agree.
To which when ſhe approched, thus ſhe ſayd;
Loe now, right noble knights, arriu'd ye bee
Nigh to the place, which ye deſir'd to ſee:
There ſhall ye ſee my ſouerayne Lady Queene
Moſt ſacred wight, moſt debonayre and free,
That euer yet vpon this earth was ſeene,
Or that with Diademe hath euer crowned beene.

The gentle knights reioyced much to heare
The prayses of that Prince so manifold,
And passing litle further, commen were,
Where they a stately pallace did behold,
Of pompous show, much more then she had told;
With many towres, and tarras mounted hye,
And all their tops bright glistering with gold,
That seemed to outshine the dimmed skye,
And with their brightnesse daz'd the straunge beholders eye.

There they alighting, by that Damzell were
Directed in, and shewed all the sight:
Whose porch, that most magnificke did appeare,
Stood open wyde to all men day and night;
Yet warded well by one of mickle might,
That sate thereby, with gyantlike resemblance,
To keepe out guyle, and malice, and despight,
That vnder shew oftimes of fayned semblance,
Are wont in Princes courts to worke great scath and hindrance.

His name was *Awe*; by whom they passing in
Went vp the hall, that was a large wyde roome,
All full of people making troublous din,
And wondrous noyse, as if that there were some,
Which vnto them was dealing righteous doome.
By whom they passing, through the thickest preasse,
The marshall of the hall to them did come;
His name hight *Order*, who commaunding peace,
Them guyded through the throng, that did their clamors ceasse.

They ceast their clamors vpon them to gaze;
Whom seeing all in armour bright as day,
Straunge there to see, it did them much amaze,
And with vnwonted terror halfe affray.

For

For neuer ſaw they there the like array.
Ne euer was the name of warre there ſpoken,
But ioyous peace and quietneſſe alway,
Dealing iuſt iudgements, that mote not be broken
For any brybes, or threates of any to be wroken.

There as they entred at the Scriene, they ſaw
Some one, whoſe tongue was for his treſpaſſe vyle
Nayld to a poſt, adiudged ſo by law:
For that therewith he falſely did reuyle,
And foule blaſpheme that Queene for forged guyle,
Both with bold ſpeaches, which he blazed had,
And with lewd poems, which he did compyle;
For the bold title of a Poet bad
He on himſelfe had ta'en, and rayling rymes had ſprad.

Thus there he ſtood, whyleſt high ouer his head,
There written was the purport of his ſin,
In cyphers ſtrange, that few could rightly read,
BON FONS: but *bon* that once had written bin,
Was raced out, and *Mal* was now put in:
So now *Malfont* was plainely to be red;
Eyther for th'euill, which he did therein,
Or that he likened was to a welhed
Of euill words, and wicked ſclaunders by him ſhed.

They paſſing by, were guyded by degree
Vnto the preſence of that gratious Queene:
Who ſate on high, that ſhe might all men ſee,
And might of all men royally be ſeene,
Vpon a throne of gold full bright and ſheene,
Adorned all with gemmes of endleſſe price,
As either might for wealth haue gotten bene,
Or could be fram'd by workmans rare deuice;
And all emboſt with Lyons and with Flourdelice.

All ouer her a cloth of ſtate was ſpred,
Not of rich tiſſew, nor of cloth of gold,
Nor of ought elſe, that may be richeſt red,
But like a cloud, as likeſt may be told,
That her brode ſpreading wings did wyde vnfold;
Whoſe skirts were bordred with bright ſunny beams,
Gliſtring like gold, amongſt the plights enrold,
And here and there ſhooting forth ſiluer ſtreames,
Mongſt which crept litle Angels through the glittering gleames.

Seemed thoſe litle Angels did vphold
The cloth of ſtate, and on their purpled wings
Did beare the pendants, through their nimbleſſe bold:
Beſides a thouſand more of ſuch, as ſings
Hymnes to high God, and carols heauenly things,
Encompaſſed the throne, on which ſhe ſate:
She Angel-like, the heyre of ancient kings
And mightie Conquerors, in royall ſtate,
Whyleſt kings and keſars at her feet did them proſtrate.

Thus ſhe did ſit in ſouerayne Maieſtie,
Holding a Scepter in her royall hand,
The ſacred pledge of peace and clemencie,
With which high God had bleſt her happie land,
Maugre ſo many foes, which did withſtand.
But at her feet her ſword was likewiſe layde,
Whoſe long reſt ruſted the bright ſteely brand;
Yet when as foes enforſt, or friends ſought ayde,
She could it ſternely draw, that all the world diſmayde.

And round about, before her feet there ſate
A beuie of faire Virgins clad in white,
That goodly ſeem'd t'adorne her royall ſtate,
All louely daughters of high *Ioue*, that hight,

Lita by him begot in loues delight,
Vpon the righteous *Themis*: those they say
Vpon *Ioues* iudgement seat wayt day and night,
And when in wrath he threats the worlds decay,
They doe his anger calme, and cruell vengeance stay.

They also doe by his diuine permission
Vpon the thrones of mortall Princes tend,
And often treat for pardon and remission
To suppliants, through frayltie which offend.
Those did vpon *Mercillaes* throne attend:
Iust *Dice*, wise *Eunomie*, myld *Eirene*,
And them amongst, her glorie to commend,
Sate goodly *Temperance* in garments clene,
And sacred *Reuerence*, yborne of heauenly strene.

Thus did she sit in royall rich estate,
Admyr'd of many, honoured of all,
Whylest vnderneath her feete, there as she sate,
An huge great Lyon lay, that mote appall
An hardie courage, like captiued thrall,
With a strong yron chaine and coller bound,
That once he could not moue, nor quich at all;
Yet did he murmure with rebellions sound,
And softly royne, when saluage choler gan redound.

So sitting high in dreaded soueraynte, (brought;
Those two strange knights were to her presence
Who bowing low before her Maiestie,
Did to her myld obeysance, as they ought,
And meekest boone, that they imagine mought.
To whom she eke inclyning her withall,
As a faire stoupe of her high soaring thought,
A chearefull countenance on them let fall,
Yet tempred with some maiestie imperiall.

As the bright sunne, what time his fierie teme
Towards the westerne brim begins to draw,
Gins to abate the brightnesse of his beme,
And feruour of his flames somewhat adaw:
So did this mightie Ladie, when she saw
Those two strange knights such homage to her make,
Bate somewhat of that Maiestie and awe,
That whylome wont to doe so many quake,
And with more myld aspect those two to entertake.

Now at that instant, as occasion fell,
When these two stranger knights arriu'd in place,
She was about affaires of common wele,
Dealing of Iustice with indifferent grace,
And hearing pleas of people meane and base.
Mongst which as then, there was for to be heard
The tryall of a great and weightie case,
Which on both sides was then debating hard:
But at the sight of these, those were a while debard.

But after all her princely entertayne,
To th'hearing of that former cause in hand,
Her selfe eftsoones she gan conuert againe;
Which that those knights likewise mote vnderstand,
And witnesse forth aright in forrain land,
Taking them vp vnto her stately throne,
Where they mote heare the matter throughly scand
On either part, she placed th'one on th'one,
The other on the other side, and neare them none.

Then was there brought, as prisoner to the barre,
A Ladie of great countenance and place,
But that she it with foule abuse did marre;
Yet did appeare rare beautie in her face,

But

But blotted with condition vile and baſe,
That all her other honour did obſcure,
And titles of nobilitie deface:
Yet in that wretched ſemblant, ſhe did ſure
The peoples great compaſſion vnto her allure.

Then vp aroſe a perſon of deepe reach,
And rare in-ſight, hard matters to reuele;
That well could charme his tongue, & time his ſpeach
To all aſſayes; his name was called *Zele*:
He gan that Ladie ſtrongly to appele
Of many haynous crymes, by her enured,
And with ſharpe reaſons rang her ſuch a pele,
That thoſe, whom ſhe to pitie had allured,
He now t'abhorre and loath her perſon had procured.

Firſt gan he tell, how this that ſeem'd ſo faire
And royally arayd, *Dueſſa* hight
That falſe *Dueſſa*, which had wrought great care,
And mickle miſchiefe vnto many a knight,
By her beguyled, and confounded quight:
But not for thoſe ſhe now in queſtion came,
Though alſo thoſe mote queſtion'd be aright,
But for vyld treaſons, and outrageous ſhame,
Which ſhe againſt the dred *Mercilla* oft did frame.

For ſhe whylome (as ye mote yet right well
Remember) had her counſels falſe conſpyred,
With faithleſſe *Blandamour* and *Paridell*,
(Both two her paramours, both by her hyred,
And both with hope of ſhadowes vaine inſpyred.)
And with them practiz'd, how for to depryue
Mercilla of her crowne, by her aſpyred,
That ſhe might it vnto her ſelfe deryue,
And tryumph in their blood, whō ſhe to death did dryue.

But through high heauens grace, which fauour not
The wicked driftes of trayterous deſynes,
Gainſt loiall Princes, all this curſed plot,
Ere proofe it tooke, diſcouered was betymes,
And th'actours won the meede meet for their crymes.
Such be the meede of all, that by ſuch mene
Vnto the type of kingdomes title clymes.
But falſe *Dueſſa* now vntitled Queene,
Was brought to her ſad doome, as here was to be ſeene.

Strongly did *Zele* her haynous fact enforce,
And many other crimes of foule defame
Againſt her brought, to baniſh all remorſe,
And aggrauate the horror of her blame.
And with him to make part againſt her, came
Many graue perſons, that againſt her pled;
Firſt was a ſage old Syre, that had to name
The *Kingdomes care*, with a white ſiluer hed,
That many high regards and reaſons gainſt her red.

Then gan *Authority* her to appoſe
With peremptorie powre, that made all mute;
And then the law of *Nations* gainſt her roſe,
And reaſons brought, that no man could refute;
Next gan *Religion* gainſt her to impute
High Gods beheaſt, and powre of holy lawes;
Then gan the Peoples cry and Commons ſute,
Importune care of their owne publicke cauſe;
And laſtly *Iuſtice* charged her with breach of lawes.

But then for her, on the contrarie part,
Roſe many aduocates for her to plead:
Firſt there came *Pittie*, with full tender hart,
And with her ioyn'd *Regard* of womanhead;

And then came *Daunger* threatning hidden dread,
And high alliance vnto forren powre;
Then came Nobilitie of birth, that bread
Great ruth through her misfortunes tragicke ſtowre;
And laſtly Griefe did plead, & many teares forth powre.

With the neare touch whereof in tender hart
The Briton Prince was ſore empaſſionate,
And woxe inclined much vnto her part,
Through the ſad terror of ſo dreadfull fate,
And wretched ruine of ſo high eſtate,
That for great ruth his courage gan relent.
Which when as *Zele* perceiued to abate,
He gan his earneſt feruour to augment,
And many fearefull obiects to them to preſent.

He gan t'efforce the euidence anew,
And new accuſements to produce in place:
He brought forth that old hag of helliſh hew,
The curſed *Ate*, brought her face to face,
Who priuie was, and partie in the caſe:
She, glad of ſpoyle and ruinous decay,
Did her appeach, and to her more diſgrace,
The plot of all her practiſe did diſplay,
And all her traynes, and all her treaſons forth did lay.

Then brought he forth, with grieſly grim aſpect,
Abhorred *Murder*, who with bloudie knyfe
Yet dropping freſh in hand did her detect,
And there with guiltie bloudſhed charged ryfe:
Then brought he forth *Sedition*, breeding ſtryfe
In troublous wits, and mutinous vprore:
Then brought he forth *Incontinence* of lyfe,
Euen foule *Adulterie* her face before,
And lewd *Impietie*, that her accuſed ſore.

All which when as the Prince had heard and seene,
His former fancies ruth he gan repent,
And from her partie eftsoones was drawen cleene.
But *Artegall* with constant firme intent,
For zeale of Iustice was against her bent.
So was she guiltie deemed of them all.
Then *Zele* began to vrge her punishment,
And to their Queene for iudgement loudly call,
Vnto *Mercilla* myld for Iustice gainst the thrall.

But she, whose Princely breast was touched nere
With piteous ruth of her so wretched plight,
Though plaine she saw by all, that she did heare,
That she of death was guiltie found by right,
Yet would not let iust vengeance on her light;
But rather let in stead thereof to fall
Few perling drops from her faire lampes of light;
The which she couering with her purple pall
Would haue the passion hid, and vp arose withall.

CANT.

Cant. X.

Prince Arthur takes the enterprize
for Belgee for to fight,
Gerioneos Seneschall
he slayes in Belges right.

SOme Clarkes doe doubt in their deuicefull art,
Whether this heauenly thing, whereof I treat,
To weeten *Mercie* be of Iustice part,
Or drawne forth from her by diuine extreate.
This well I wote, that sure she is as great,
And meriteth to haue as high a place,
Sith in th'Almighties euerlasting seat
She first was bred, and borne of heauenly race;
From thence pour'd down on men, by influence of grace.

For if that Vertue be of so great might,
Which from iust verdict will for nothing start,
But to preserue inuiolated right,
Oft spilles the principall, to saue the part;
So much more then is that of powre and art,
That seekes to saue the subiect of her skill,
Yet neuer doth from doome of right depart:
As it is greater prayse to saue, then spill,
And better to reforme, then to cut off the ill.

Who then can thee, *Mercilla*, throughly prayse,
That herein doest all earthly Princes pas?
What heauenly Muse shall thy great honour rayse
Vp to the skies, whence first deriu'd it was,

And now on earth it selfe enlarged has,
From th'vtmost brinke of the *Armericke* shore,
Vnto the margent of the *Molucas*?
Those Nations farre thy iustice doe adore:
But thine owne people do thy mercy prayse much more.

Much more it praysed was of those two knights;
The noble Prince, and righteous *Artegall*,
When they had seene and heard her doome a rights
Against *Duessa*, damned by them all;
But by her tempred without griefe or gall,
Till strong constraint did her thereto enforce.
And yet euen then ruing her wilfull fall,
With more then needfull naturall remorse,
And yeelding the last honour to her wretched corse.

During all which, those knights continu'd there,
Both doing and receiuing curtesies,
Of that great Ladie, who with goodly chere
Them entertayn'd, fit for their dignities,
Approuing dayly to their noble eyes
Royall examples of her mercies rare,
And worthie paterns of her clemencies;
Which till this day mongst many liuing are,
Who them to their posterities doe still declare.

Amongst the rest, which in that space befell,
There came two Springals of full tender yeares,
Farre thence from forrein land, where they did dwell,
To seeke for succour of her and of her Peares,
With humble prayers and intreatfull teares;
Sent by their mother, who a widow was,
Wrapt in great dolours and in deadly feares,
By a strong Tyrant, who inuaded has
Her land, and slaine her children ruefully alas.

Her name was *Belgæ*, who in former age
A Ladie of great worth and wealth had beene,
And mother of a frutefull heritage,
Euen seuenteene goodly sonnes; which who had seene
In their first flowre, before this fatall teene
Them ouertooke, and their faire blossomes blasted,
More happie mother would her surely weene,
Then famous *Niobe*, before she tasted
Latonaes childrens wrath, that all her issue wasted.

But this fell Tyrant, through his tortious powre,
Had left her now but fiue of all that brood:
For twelue of them he did by times deuoure,
And to his Idols sacrifice their blood,
Whyleſt he of none was stopped, nor withstood.
For soothly he was one of matchlesse might,
Of horrible aspect, and dreadfull mood,
And had three bodies in one waſt empight,
And th'armes and legs of three, to succour him in fight.

And sooth they say, that he was borne and bred
Of Gyants race, the sonne of *Geryon*,
He that whylome in Spaine so sore was dred,
For his huge powre and great oppression,
Which brought that land to his subiection,
Through his three bodies powre, in one combynd;
And eke all strangers in that region
Arryuing, to his kyne for food assynd;
The fayreſt kyne aliue, but of the fierceſt kynd.

For they were all, they say, of purple hew,
Kept by a cowheard, hight *Eurytion*,
A cruell carle, the which all strangers slew,
Ne day nor night did sleepe, t'attend them on,

But walkt about them euer and anone,
With his two headed dogge, that *Orthrus* hight;
Orthrus begotten by great *Typhaon*,
And foule *Echidna*, in the houſe of night;
But *Hercules* them all did ouercome in fight.

His ſonne was this, *Geryoneo* hight;
Who after that his monſtrous father fell
Vnder *Alcides* club, ſtreight tooke his flight
From that ſad land, where he his ſyre did quell,
And came to this, where *Belge* then did dwell,
And flouriſh in all wealth and happineſſe,
Being then new made widow (as befell)
After her Noble husbands late deceſſe;
Which gaue beginning to her woe and wretchedneſſe.

Then this bold Tyrant, of her widowhed
Taking aduantage, and her yet freſh woes,
Himſelfe and ſeruice to her offered,
Her to defend againſt all forrein foes,
That ſhould their powre againſt her right oppoſe.
Whereof ſhe glad, now needing ſtrong defence,
Him entertayn'd, and did her champion choſe:
Which long he vſd with carefull diligence,
The better to confirme her feareleſſe confidence.

By meanes whereof, ſhe did at laſt commit
All to his hands, and gaue him ſoueraine powre
To doe, what euer he thought good or fit.
Which hauing got, he gan forth from that howre
To ſtirre vp ſtrife, and many a Tragicke ſtowre,
Giuing her deareſt children one by one
Vnto a dreadfull Monſter to deuoure,
And ſetting vp an Idole of his owne,
The image of his monſtrous parent *Geryone*.

So

So tyrannizing, and oppreſſing all,
The woefull widow had no meanes now left,
But vnto gratious great *Mercilla* call
For ayde, againſt that crueil Tyrants theft,
Ere all her children he from her had reft.
Therefore theſe two, her eldeſt ſonnes ſhe ſent,
To ſeeke for ſuccour of this Ladies gieft:
To whom their ſute they humbly did preſent,
In th'hearing of full many Knights and Ladies gent.

Amongſt the which then fortuned to bee
The noble Briton Prince, with his braue Peare;
Who when he none of all thoſe knights did ſee
Haſtily bent, that enterpriſe to heare,
Nor vndertake the ſame, for cowheard feare,
He ſtepped forth with courage bold and great,
Admyr'd of all the reſt in preſence there,
And humbly gan that mightie Queene entreat,
To graunt him that aduenture for his former feat.

She gladly graunted it: then he ſtraight way
Himſelfe vnto his iourney gan prepare,
And all his armours readie dight that day,
That nought the morrow next mote ſtay his fare.
The morrow next appear'd, with purple hayre
Yet dropping freſh out of the *Indian* fount,
And bringing light into the heauens fayre,
When he was readie to his ſteede to mount;
Vnto his way, which now was all his care and count.

Then taking humble leaue of that great Queene,
Who gaue him roiall giftes and riches rare,
As tokens of her thankefull mind beſeene,
And leauing *Artegall* to his owne care;

Vpon his voyage forth he gan to fare,
With thoſe two gentle youthes, which him did guide,
And all his way before him ſtill prepare.
Ne after him did *Artigall* abide,
But on his firſt aduenture forward forth did ride.

It was not long, till that the Prince arriued
Within the land, where dwelt that Ladie ſad,
Whereof that Tyrant had her now depriued,
And into moores and marſhes baniſht had,
Out of the pleaſant ſoyle, and citties glad,
In which ſhe wont to harbour happily:
But now his cruelty ſo ſore ſhe drad,
That to thoſe fennes for faſtneſſe ſhe did fly,
And there her ſelfe did hyde from his hard tyranny.

There he her found in ſorrow and diſmay,
All ſolitarie without liuing wight;
For all her other children, through affray,
Had hid themſelues, or taken further flight:
And eke her ſelfe through ſudden ſtrange affright,
When one in armes ſhe ſaw, began to fly;
But when her owne two ſonnes ſhe had in ſight,
She gan take hart, and looke vp ioyfully:
For well ſhe wiſt this knight came, ſuccour to ſupply.

And running vnto them with greedy ioyes,
Fell ſtraight about their neckes, as they did kneele,
And burſting forth in teares; Ah my ſweet boyes,
(Sayd ſhe) yet now I gin new life to feele,
And feeble ſpirits, that gan faint and reele,
Now riſe againe, at this your ioyous ſight.
Alreadie ſeemes that fortunes headlong wheele
Begins to turne, and ſunne to ſhine more bright,
Then it was wont, through comfort of this noble knight.

Then

Then turning vnto him; And you Sir knight
(Said she) that taken haue this toyleſome paine
For wretched woman, miſerable wight,
May you in heauen immortall guerdon gaine
For ſo great trauell, as you doe ſuſtaine:
For other meede may hope for none of mee,
To whom nought elſe, but bare life doth remaine,
And that ſo wretched one, as ye do ſee
Is liker lingring death, then loathed life to bee.

Much was he moued with her piteous plight,
And low diſmounting from his loftie ſteede,
Gan to recomfort her all that he might,
Seeking to driue away deepe rooted dreede,
With hope of helpe in that her greateſt neede.
So thence he wiſhed her with him to wend,
Vnto ſome place, where they mote reſt and feede,
And ſhe take comfort, which God now did ſend:
Good hart in euils doth the euils much amend.

Ay me (ſayd ſhe) and whether ſhall I goe?
Are not all places full of forraine powres?
My pallaces poſſeſſed of my foe,
My cities ſackt, and their sky-threating towres
Raced, and made ſmooth fields now full of flowres?
Onely theſe mariſhes, and myrie bogs,
In which the fearefull ewftes do build their bowres,
Yeeld me an hoſtry mongſt the croking frogs,
And harbour here in ſafety from thoſe rauenous dogs.

Nathleſſe (ſaid he) deare Ladie with me goe,
Some place ſhall vs receiue, and harbour yield;
If not, we will it force, maugre your foe,
And purchaſe it to vs with ſpeare and ſhield:

And if all fayle, yet farewell open field:
The earth to all her creatures lodging lends.
With ſuch his chearefull ſpeaches he doth wield
Her mind ſo well, that to his will ſhe bends
And bynding vp her locks and weeds, forth with him (wends.
They came vnto a Citie farre vp land,
The which whylome that Ladies owne had bene;
But now by force extort out of her hand,
By her ſtrong foe, who had defaced cleene
Her ſtately towres, and buildings ſunny ſheene;
Shut vp her hauen, mard her marchants trade,
Robbed her people, that full rich had beene,
And in her necke a Caſtle huge had made,
The which did her cõmaund, without needing perſwade.

That Caſtle was the ſtrength of all that ſtate,
Vntill that ſtate by ſtrength was pulled downe,
And that ſame citie, ſo now ruinate,
Had bene the keye of all that kingdomes crowne;
Both goodly Caſtle, and both goodly Towne,
Till that th'offended heauens liſt to lowre
Vpon their bliſſe, and balefull fortune frowne.
When thoſe gainſt ſtates and kingdomes do coniure,
Who then can thinke their hedlong ruine to recure.

But he had brought it now in ſeruile bond,
And made it beare the yoke of inquiſition,
Stryuing long time in vaine it to withſtond;
Yet glad at laſt to make moſt baſe ſubmiſſion,
And life enioy for any compoſition.
So now he hath new lawes and orders new
Impoſd on it, with many a hard condition,
And forced it, the honour that is dew
To God, to doe vnto his Idole moſt vntrew.

To him he hath, before this Caſtle greene,
Built a faire Chappell, and an Altar framed
Of coſtly Iuory, full rich beſeene,
On which that curſed Idole farre proclamed,
He hath ſet vp, and him his God hath named,
Offring to him in ſinfull ſacrifice
The fleſh of men, to Gods owne likeneſſe framed,
And powring forth their bloud in brutiſhe wize,
That any yron eyes, to ſee it would agrize.

And for more horror and more crueltie,
Vnder that curſed Idols altar ſtone;
An hideous monſter doth in darkneſſe lie,
Whoſe dreadfull ſhape was neuer ſeene of none
That liues on earth; but vnto thoſe alone
The which vnto him ſacrificed bee.
Thoſe he deuoures, they ſay, both fleſh and bone:
What elſe they haue, is all the Tyrants fee;
So that no whit of them remayning one may ſee.

There eke he placed a ſtrong garriſone,
And ſet a Seneſchall of dreaded might,
That by his powre oppreſſed euery one,
And vanquiſhed all ventrous knights in fight;
To whom he wont ſhew all the ſhame he might,
After that them in battell he had wonne.
To which when now they gan approch in ſight,
The Ladie counſeld him the place to ſhonne,
Whereas ſo many knights had fouly bene fordonne.

Her fearefull ſpeaches nought he did regard,
But ryding ſtreight vnder the Caſtle wall,
Called aloud vnto the watchfull ward,
Which there did wayte, willing them forth to call

Into the field their Tyrants Seneſchall.
To whom when tydings thereof came, he ſtreight
Cals for his armes, and arming him withall,
Eftſoones forth pricked proudly in his might,
And gan with courage fierce addreſſe him to the fight.

They both encounter in the middle plaine,
And their ſharpe ſpeares doe both together ſmite
Amid their ſhields, with ſo huge might and maine,
That ſeem'd their ſoules they wold haue ryuen quight
Out of their breaſts, with furious deſpight.
Yet could the Seneſchals no entrance find
Into the Princes ſhield, where it empight;
So pure the mettall was, and well refynd,
But ſhiuered all about, and ſcattered in the wynd.

Not ſo the Princes, but with reſtleſſe force,
Into his ſhield it readie paſſage found,
Both through his haberieon, and eke his corſe:
Which tombling downe vpon the ſenſeleſſe ground,
Gaue leaue vnto his ghoſt from thraldome bound,
To wander in the grieſly ſhades of night.
There did the Prince him leaue in deadly ſwound,
And thence vnto the caſtle marched right,
To ſee if entrance there as yet obtaine he might.

But as he nigher drew, three knights he ſpyde,
All arm'd to point, iſſuing forth a pace,
Which towards him with all their powre did ryde,
And meeting him right in the middle race,
Did all their ſpeares attonce on him enchace.
As three great Culuerings for battrie bent,
And leueld all againſt one certaine place,
Doe all attonce their thunders rage forth rent,
That makes the wals to ſtagger with aſtoniſhment.

So

So all attonce they on the Prince did thonder;
Who from his saddle swarued nought asyde,
Ne to their force gaue way, that was great wonder,
But like a bulwarke, firmely did abyde,
Rebutting him, which in the midst did ryde,
With so huge rigour, that his mortall speare
Past through his shield, & pierst through either syde,
That downe he fell vppon his mother deare,
And powred forth his wretched life in deadly dreare.

Whom when his other fellowes saw, they fled
As fast as feete could carry them away;
And after them the Prince as swiftly sped,
To be aueng'd of their vnknightly play.
There whilest they entring, th'one did th'other stay,
The hindmost in the gate he ouerhent,
And as he pressed in, him there did slay:
His carkasse tumbling on the threshold, sent
His groning soule vnto her place of punishment.

The other which was entred, laboured fast
To sperre the gate; but that same lumpe of clay,
Whose grudging ghost was thereout fled and past;
Right in the middest of the threshold lay,
That it the Posterne did from closing stay:
The whiles the Prince hard preased in betweene,
And entraunce wonne. Streight th'other fled away,
And ran into the Hall, where he did weene
Him selfe to saue: but he there slew him at the skreene.

Then all the rest which in that Castle were,
Seeing that sad ensample them before,
Durst not abide, but fled away for feare,
And them conuayd out at a Posterne dore.

Long ſought the Prince, but when he found no more
T'oppoſe againſt his powre, he forth iſſued
Vnto that Lady, where he her had lore,
And her gan cheare, with what ſhe there had vewed,
And what ſhe had not ſeene, within vnto her ſhewed.

Who with right humble thankes him goodly greeting,
For ſo great proweſſe, as he there had proued,
Much greater then was euer in her weeting,
With great admiraunce inwardly was moued,
And honourd him, with all that her behoued.
Thenceforth into that Caſtle he her led,
With her two ſonnes, right deare of her beloued,
Where all that night them ſelues they cheriſhed,
And from her balefull minde all care he baniſhed.

Cant. XI

Prince Arthure ouercomes the great
Gerioneo in fight:
Doth ſlay the Monſter, and reſtore
Belge vnto her right.

IT often fals in courſe of common life,
That right long time is ouerborne of wrong,
Through auarice, or powre, or guile, or ſtrife,
That weakens her, and makes her party ſtrong:
But Iuſtice, though her dome ſhe doe prolong,
Yet at the laſt ſhe will her owne cauſe right.
As by ſad *Belge* ſeemes, whoſe wrongs though long
She ſuffred, yet at length ſhe did requight,
And ſent redreſſe thereof by this braue Briton Knight.

Whereof

Whereof when newes was to that Tyrant brought,
How that the Lady *Belge* now had found
A Champion, that had with his Champion fought,
And laid his Seneſchall low on the ground,
And eke him ſelfe did threaten to confound,
He gan to burne in rage, and frieſe in feare,
Doubting ſad end of principle vnſound:
Yet ſith he heard but one, that did appeare,
He did him ſelfe encourage, and take better cheare.

Natheleſſe him ſelfe he armed all in haſt,
And forth he far'd with all his many bad,
Ne ſtayed ſtep, till that he came at laſt
Vnto the Caſtle, which they conquerd had.
There with huge terrour, to be more ydrad,
He ſternely marcht before the Caſtle gate,
And with bold vaunts, and ydle threatning bad
Deliuer him his owne, ere yet too late,
To which they had no right, nor any wrongfull ſtate.

The Prince ſtaid not his aunſwere to deuize,
But opening ſtreight the Sparre, forth to him came,
Full nobly mounted in right warlike wize;
And asked him, if that he were the ſame,
Who all that wrong vnto that wofull Dame
So long had done, and from her natiue land
Exiled her, that all the world ſpake ſhame.
He boldly aunſwerd him, he there did ſtand
That would his doings iuſtifie with his owne hand.

With that ſo furiouſly at him he flew,
As if he would haue ouerrun him ſtreight,
And with his huge great yron axe gan hew
So hideouſly vppon his armour bright,

As he to peeces would haue chopt it quight:
That the bold Prince was forced foote to giue
To his firſt rage, and yeeld to his deſpight;
The whileſt at him ſo dreadfully he driue,
That ſeem'd a marble rocke aſunder could haue riue.

Thereto a great aduauntage eke he has
Through his three double hands thriſe multiplyde,
Beſides the double ſtrength, which in them was:
For ſtil when fit occaſion did betyde,
He could his weapon ſhift from ſide to ſyde,
From hand to hand, and with ſuch nimbleſſe ſly
Could wield about, that ere it were eſpide,
The wicked ſtroke did wound his enemy,
Behinde, beſide, before, as he it liſt apply.

Which vncouth vſe when as the Prince perceiued,
He gan to watch the wielding of his hand,
Leaſt by ſuch ſlight he were vnwares deceiued;
And euer ere he ſaw the ſtroke to land,
He would it meete, and warily withſtand.
One time, when he his weapon faynd to ſhift,
As he was wont, and chang'd from hand to hand,
He met him with a counterſtroke ſo ſwift,
That quite ſmit off his arme, as he it vp did lift.

Therewith, all fraught with fury and diſdaine,
He brayd aloud for very fell deſpight,
And ſodainely t'auenge him ſelfe againe,
Gan into one aſſemble all the might
Of all his hands, and heaued them on hight,
Thinking to pay him with that one for all:
But the ſad ſteele ſeizd not, where it was hight,
Vppon the childe, but ſomewhat ſhort did fall,
And lighting on his horſes head, him quite did mall.

Downe

Downe ſtreight to ground fell his aſtoniſht ſteed,
And eke to th'earth his burden with him bare:
But he himſelfe full lightly from him freed,
And gan himſelfe to fight on foote prepare.
Whereof when as the Gyant was aware,
He wox right blyth, as he had got thereby,
And laught ſo loud, that all his teeth wide bare
One might haue ſeene enraung'd diſorderly,
Like to a rancke of piles, that pitched are awry.

Eftſoones againe his axe he raught on hie,
Ere he were throughly buckled to his geare,
And can let driue at him ſo dreadfullie,
That had he chaunced not his ſhield to reare,
Ere that huge ſtroke arriued on him neare,
He had him ſurely clouen quite in twaine.
But th'Adamantine ſhield, which he did beare,
So well was tempred, that for all his maine,
It would no paſſage yeeld vnto his purpoſe vaine.

Yet was the ſtroke ſo forcibly applide,
That made him ſtagger with vncertaine ſway,
As if he would haue tottered to one ſide.
Wherewith full wroth, he fiercely gan aſſay,
That curt'ſie with like kindneſſe to repay;
And ſmote at him with ſo importune might,
That two more of his armes did fall away,
Like fruitleſſe braunches, which the hatchets ſlight
Hath pruned from the natiue tree, and cropped quight.

With that all mad and furious he grew,
Like a fell maſtiffe through enraging heat,
And curſt, and band, and blaſphemies forth threw,
Againſt his Gods, and fire to them did threat,

And hell vnto him ſelfe with horrour great.
Thenceforth he car'd no more, which way he ſtrooke,
Nor where it light, but gan to chauſe and ſweat,
And gnaſht his teeth, and his head at him ſhooke,
And ſternely him beheld with grim and ghaſtly looke.

Nought fear'd the childe his lookes, ne yet his threats,
But onely wexed now the more aware,
To ſaue him ſelfe from thoſe his furious heats,
And watch aduauntage, how to worke his care:
The which good Fortune to him offred faire.
For as he in his rage him ouerſtrooke,
He ere he could his weapon backe repaire,
His ſide all bare and naked ouertooke,
And with his mortal ſteel quite throgh the body ſtrooke.

Through all three bodies he him ſtrooke attonce;
That all the three attonce fell on the plaine:
Elſe ſhould he thriſe haue needed, for the nonce
Them to haue ſtricken, and thriſe to haue ſlaine.
So now all three one ſenceleſſe lumpe remaine,
Enwallow'd in his owne blacke bloudy gore,
And byting th'earth for very deaths diſdaine;
Who with a cloud of night him couering, bore
Downe to the houſe of dole, his daies there to deplore.

Which when the Lady from the Caſtle ſaw,
Where ſhe with her two ſonnes did looking ſtand,
She towards him in haſt her ſelfe did draw,
To greet him the good fortune of his hand:
And all the people both of towne and land,
Which there ſtood gazing from the Citties wall
Vppon theſe warriours, greedy t'vnderſtand,
To whether ſhould the victory befall,
Now when they ſaw it falne, they eke him greeted all.

But

But *Belge* with her ſonnes proſtrated low
Before his feete, in all that peoples ſight;
Mongſt ioyes mixing ſome tears, mongſt wele, ſome (wo,
Him thus beſpake; O moſt redoubted Knight,
The which haſt me, of all moſt wretched wight,
That earſt was dead, reſtor'd to life againe,
And theſe weake impes replanted by thy might;
What guerdon can I giue thee for thy paine,
But euen that which thou ſauedſt, thine ſtill to remaine?

He tooke her vp forby the lilly hand,
And her recomforted the beſt he might,
Saying; Deare Lady, deedes ought not be ſcand
By th'authors manhood, nor the doers might,
But by their trueth and by the cauſes right:
That ſame is it, which fought for you this day.
What other meed then need me to requight,
But that which yeeldeth vertues meed alway?
That is the vertue ſelfe, which her reward doth pay.

She humbly thankt him for that wondrous grace,
And further ſayd; Ah Sir, but mote ye pleaſe,
Sith ye thus farre haue tendred my poore caſe,
As from my chiefeſt foe me to releaſe,
That your victorious arme will not yet ceaſe,
Till ye haue rooted all the relickes out
Of that vilde race, and ſtabliſhed my peace.
What is there elſe (ſayd he) left of their rout?
Declare it boldly Dame, and doe not ſtand in dout.

Then wote you, Sir, that in this Church hereby,
There ſtands an Idole of great note and name,
The which this Gyant reared firſt on hie,
And of his owne vaine fancies thought did frame:

To whom for endleſſe horrour of his ſhame,
He offred vp for daily ſacrifize
My children and my people, burnt in flame;
With all the tortures, that he could deuize,
The more t'aggrate his God with ſuch his blouddy guize.

And vnderneath this Idoll there doth lie
An hideous monſter, that doth it defend,
And feedes on all the carkaſſes, that die
In ſacrifize vnto that curſed feend:
Whoſe vgly ſhape none euer ſaw, nor kend,
That euer ſcap'd: for of a man they ſay
It has the voice, that ſpeaches forth doth ſend,
Euen blaſphemous words, which ſhe doth bray
Out of her poyſnous entrails, fraught with dire decay.

Which when the Prince heard tell, his heart gan earne
For great deſire, that Monſter to aſſay,
And prayd the place of her abode to learne.
Which being ſhew'd, he gan him ſelfe ſtreight way
Thereto addreſſe, and his bright ſhield diſplay.
So to the Church he came, where it was told,
The Monſter vnderneath the Altar lay;
There he that Idoll ſaw of maſſy gold
Moſt richly made, but there no Monſter did behold.

Vpon the Image with his naked blade
Three times, as in defiance, there he ſtrooke;
And the third time out of an hidden ſhade,
There forth iſſewd, from vnder th' Altars ſmooke,
A dreadfull feend, with fowle deformed looke,
That ſtretcht it ſelfe, as it had long lyen ſtill;
And her long taile and fethers ſtrongly ſhooke,
That all the Temple did with terrour fill;
Yet him nought terrifide, that feared nothing ill.

An huge great Beast it was, when it in length
Was stretched forth, that nigh fild all the place,
And seem'd to be of infinite great strength;
Horrible, hideous, and of hellish race,
Borne of the brooding of *Echidna* base,
Or other like infernall furies kinde:
For of a Mayd she had the outward face,
To hide the horrour, which did lurke behinde,
The better to beguile, whom she so fond did finde.

Thereto the body of a dog she had,
Full offell rauin and fierce greedinesse;
A Lions clawes, with powre and rigour clad,
To rend and teare, what so she can oppresse;
A Dragons taile, whose sting without redresse
Full deadly wounds, where so it is empight;
And Eagles wings, for scope and speedinesse,
That nothing may escape her reaching might,
Whereto she euer list to make her hardy flight.

Much like in foulnesse and deformity
Vnto that Monster, whom the Theban Knight,
The father of that fatall progeny,
Made kill her selfe for very hearts despight,
That he had red her Riddle, which no wight
Could euer loose, but suffred deadly doole.
So also did this Monster vse like slight
To many a one, which came vnto her schoole,
Whom she did put to death, deceiued like a foole.

She comming forth, when as she first beheld
The armed Prince, with shield so blazing bright,
Her ready to assaile, was greatly queld,
And much dismayd with that dismayfull sight,

That backe she would haue turnd for great affright.
But he gan her with courage fierce assay,
That forst her turne againe in her despight,
To saue her selfe, least that he did her slay:
And sure he had her slaine, had she not turnd her way.

Tho when she saw, that she was forst to fight,
She flew at him, like to an hellish feend,
And on his shield tooke hold with all her might,
As if that it she would in peeces rend,
Or reaue out of the hand, that did it hend.
Strongly he stroue out of her greedy gripe
To loose his shield, and long while did contend:
But when he could not quite it, with one stripe
Her Lions clawes he from her feete away did wipe.

With that aloude she gan to bray and yell,
And fowle blasphemous speaches forth did cast,
And bitter curses, horrible to tell,
That euen the Temple, wherein she was plast,
Did quake to heare, and nigh asunder brast.
Tho with her huge long taile she at him strooke,
That made him stagger, and stand halfe agast
With trembling ioynts, as he for terrour shooke;
Who nought was tertifide, but greater courage tooke.

As when the Mast of some well timbred hulke
Is with the blast of some outragious storme
Blowne downe, it shakes the bottome of the bulke,
And makes her ribs to cracke, as they were torne,
Whilest still she stands as stonisht and forlorne:
So was he stound with stroke of her huge taile.
But ere that it she backe againe had borne,
He with his sword it strooke, that without faile
He ioynted it, and mard the swinging of her flaile.

Then

Then gan she cry much louder then afore,
That all the people there without it heard,
And *Belge* selfe was therewith stonied sore,
As if the onely sound thereof she feard.
But then the feend her selfe more fiercely reard
Vppon her wide great wings, and strongly flew
With all her body at his head and beard,
That had he not foreseene with heedfull vew,
And thrown his shield atween, she had him done to rew.

But as she prest on him with heauy sway,
Vnder her wombe his fatall sword he thrust,
And for her entrailes made an open way,
To issue forth; the which once being brust,
Like to a great Mill damb forth fiercely gusht,
And powred out of her infernall sinke
Most vgly filth, and poyson therewith rusht,
That him nigh choked with the deadly stinke:
Such loathly matter were small lust to speake, or thinke.

Then downe to ground fell that deformed Masse,
Breathing out clouds of sulphure fowle and blacke,
In which a puddle of contagion was,
More loathd then *Lerna*, or then *Stygian* lake,
That any man would nigh awhaped make.
Whom when he saw on ground, he was full glad,
And streight went forth his gladnesse to partake
With *Belge*, who watcht all this while full sad,
Wayting what end would be of that same daunger drad.

Whom when she saw so ioyously come forth,
She gan reioyce, and shew triumphant chere,
Lauding and praysing his renowmed worth,
By all the names that honorable were.

Then in he brought her, and her shewed there
The present of his paines, that Monsters spoyle,
And eke that Idoll deem'd so costly dere;
Whom he did all to peeces breake and foyle
In filthy durt, and left so in the loathely soyle.

Then all the people, which beheld that day,
Gan shout aloud, that vnto heauen it rong;
And all the damzels of that towne in ray,
Came dauncing forth, and ioyous carrols song:
So him they led through all their streetes along,
Crowned with girlonds of immortall baies,
And all the vulgar did about them throng,
To see the man, whose euerlasting praise
They all were bound to all posterities to raise.

There he with *Belga* did a while remaine,
Making great feast and ioyous merriment,
Vntill he had her settled in her raine,
With safe assuraunce and establishment.
Then to his first emprize his mind he lent,
Full loath to *Belga*, and to all the rest:
Of whom yet taking leaue, thenceforth he went
And to his former iourney him addrest,
On which long way he rode, ne euer day did rest.

But turne we now to noble *Artegall*;
Who hauing left *Mercilla*, streight way went
On his first quest, the which him forth did call,
To weet to worke *Irenaes* franchisement,
And eke *Grantortoes* worthy punishment.
So forth he fared as his manner was,
With onely *Talus* wayting diligent,
Through many perils and much way did pas,
Till nigh vnto the place at length approcht he has.

There as he traueld by the way, he met
An aged wight, wayfaring all alone,
Who through his yeares long since aside had set
The vse of armes, and battell quite forgone:
To whom as he approcht, he knew anone,
That it was he which whilome did attend
On faire *Irene* in her affliction,
When first to Faery court he saw her wend,
Vnto his soueraine Queene her suite for to commend.

Whom by his name saluting, thus he gan;
Haile good Sir *Sergis*, trueſt Knight aliue,
Well tride in all thy Ladies troubles than,
When her that Tyrant did of Crowne depriue;
What new ocasion doth thee hither driue,
Whiles she alone is left, and thou here found?
Or is she thrall, or doth she not suruiue?
To whom he thus; She liueth sure and sound;
But by that Tyrant is in wretched thraldome bound.

For she presuming on th'appointed tyde,
In which ye promist, as ye were a Knight,
To meete her at the saluage Hands syde,
And then and there for triall of her right
With her vnrigteous enemy to fight,
Did thither come, where she afrayd of nought,
By guilefull treason and by subtill slight
Surprized was, and to *Grantorto* brought,
Who her imprisond hath, and her life often sought.

And now he hath to her prefixt a day,
By which if that no champion doe appeare,
Which will her cause in battailous array
Against him iustifie, and proue her cleare

Of all thoſe crimes, that he gainſt her doth reare
She death ſhall by. Thoſe tidings ſad
Did much abaſh Sir *Artegall* to heare,
And grieued ſore, that through his fault ſhe had
Fallen into that Tyrants hand and vſage bad.

Then thus replide; Now ſure and by my life,
Too much am I too blame for that faire Maide,
That haue her drawne to all this troublous ſtrife,
Through promiſe to afford her timely aide,
Which by default I haue not yet defraide.
But witneſſe vnto me, ye heauens, that knew
How cleare I am from blame of this vpbraide:
For ye into like thraldome me did throw,
And kept from compliſhing the faith, which I did owe.

But now aread, Sir *Sergis*, how long ſpace,
Hath he her lent, a Champion to prouide:
Ten daies (quoth he) he graunted hath of grace,
For that he weeneth well, before that tide
None can haue tidings to aſſiſt her ſide.
For all the ſhores, which to the ſea accoſte,
He day and night doth ward both far and wide,
That none can there arriue without an hoſte:
So her he deemes already but a damned ghoſte.

Now turne againe (Sir *Artegall* then ſayd)
For if I liue till thoſe ten daies haue end,
Aſſure your ſelfe, Sir Knight, ſhe ſhall haue ayd,
Though I this deareſt life for her doe ſpend;
So backeward he attone with him did wend.
Tho as they rode together on their way,
A rout of people they before them kend,
Flocking together in confuſde array,
As if that there were ſome tumultuous affray.

To

To which as they approcht, the cause to know,
They saw a Knight in daungerous distresse
Of a rude rout him chasing to and fro,
That sought with lawlesse powre him to oppresse,
And bring in bondage of their brutishnesse:
And farre away, amid their rakehell bands,
They spide a Lady left all succourlesse,
Crying, and holding vp her wretched hands
To him for aide, who long in vaine their rage withstands.

Yet still he striues, ne any perill spares,
To reskue her from their rude violence,
And like a Lion wood amongst them fares,
Dealing his dreadfull blowes with large dispence,
Gainst which the pallid death findes no defence.
But all in vaine, their numbers are so great,
That naught may boot to banishe them from thence:
For soone as he their outrage backe doth beat,
They turne afresh, and oft renew their former threat.

And now they doe so sharpely him assay,
That they his shield in peeces battred haue,
And forced him to throw it quite away,
Fro dangers dread his doubtfull life to saue;
Albe that it most safety to him gaue,
And much did magnifie his noble name.
For from the day that he thus did it leaue,
Amongst all Knights he blotted was with blame,
And counted but a recreant Knight, with endles shame.

Whom when they thus distressed did behold,
They drew vnto his aide; but that rude rout
Them also gan assaile with outrage bold,
And forced them, how euer strong and stout

They were, as well approu'd in many a doubt,
Backe to recule; vntill that yron man
With his huge flaile began to lay about,
From whose sterne presence they diffused ran,
Like scattred chaffe, the which the wind away doth fan.

So when that Knight from perill cleare was freed,
He drawing neare, began to greete them faire,
And yeeld great thankes for their so goodly deed,
In sauing him from daungerous despaire
Of those, which sought his life for to empaire.
Of whom Sir *Artegall* gan then enquire
The whole occasion of his late misfare,
And who he was, and what those villaines were,
The which with mortall malice him pursu'd so nere.

To whom he thus; My name is *Burbon* hight,
Well knowne, and far renowmed heretofore,
Vntill late mischiefe did vppon me light,
That all my former praise hath blemisht sore;
And that faire Lady, which in that vprore
Ye with those caytiues saw, *Flourdelis* hight,
Is mine owne loue, though me she haue forlore,
Whether withheld from me by wrongfull might,
Or with her owne good will, I cannot read aright.

But sure to me her faith she first did plight,
To be my loue, and take me for her Lord,
Till that a Tyrant, which *Grandtorto* hight,
With golden giftes and many a guilefull word
Entyced her, to him for to accord.
O who may not with gifts and words be tempted?
Sith which she hath me euer since abhord,
And to my foe hath guilefully consented:
Ay me, that euer guyle in wemen was inuented.

And

And now he hath this troupe of villains sent,
By open force to fetch her quite away:
Gainst whom my selfe I long in vaine haue bent,
To rescue her, and daily meanes assay,
Yet rescue her thence by no meanes I may:
For they doe me with multitude oppresse,
And with vnequall might doe ouerlay,
That oft I driuen am to great distresse,
And forced to forgoe th'attempt remediless.

But why haue ye (said *Artegall*) forborne
Your owne good shield in daungerous dismay?
That is the greatest shame and foulest scorne,
Which vnto any knight behappen may
To loose the badge, that should his deedes display.
To whom Sir *Burbon*, blushing halfe for shame,
That shall I vnto you (quoth he) bewray;
Least ye therefore mote happily me blame,
And deeme it doen of will, that through inforcement (came.

True is, that I at first was dubbed knight
By a good knight, the knight of the *Redcrosse*;
Who when he gaue me armes, in field to fight,
Gaue me a shield, in which he did endosse
His deare Redeemers badge vpon the bosse:
The same long while I bore, and therewithall
Fought many battels without wound or losse;
Therewith *Grandtorto* selfe I did appall,
And made him oftentimes in field before me fall.

But for that many did that shield enuie,
And cruell enemies increased more;
To stint all strife and troublous enmitie,
That bloudie scutchin being battered sore,

I layd aside, and haue of late forbore,
Hoping thereby to haue my loue obtayned:
Yet can I not my loue haue nathemore;
For she by force is still fro me detayned,
And with corruptfull brybes is to vntruth mis-trayned.

To whom thus *Artegall*; Certes Sir knight,
Hard is the case, the which ye doe complaine;
Yet not so hard (for nought so hard may light,
That it to such a streight mote you constraine)
As to abandon, that which doth containe
Your honours stile, that is your warlike shield.
All perill ought be lesse, and lesse all paine
Then losse of fame in disauentrous field;
Dye rather, then doe ought, that mote dishonour yield.

Not so; (quoth he) for yet when time doth serue,
My former shield I may resume againe:
To temporize is not from truth to swerue,
Ne for aduantage terme to entertaine,
When as necessitie doth it constraine.
Fie on such forgerie (said *Artegall*)
Vnder one hood to shadow faces twaine.
Knights ought be true, and truth is one in all:
Of all things to dissemble foully may befall.

Yet let me you of courtesie request,
(Said *Burbon*) to assist me now at need
Against these pesants, which haue me opprest,
And forced me to so infamous deed,
That yet my loue may from their hands be freed.
Sir *Artegall*, albe he earst did wyte
His wauering mind, yet to his aide agreed,
And buckling him eftsoones vnto the fight,
Did set vpon those troupes withall his powre and might.

Who

Who flocking round about them, as a ſwarme
Of flyes vpon a birchen bough doth cluſter,
Did them aſſault with terrible allarme,
And ouer all the fields themſelues did muſter,
With bils and glayues making a dreadfull luſter;
That forſt at firſt thoſe knights backe to retyre:
As when the wrathfull *Boreas* doth bluſter,
Nought may abide the tempeſt of his yre,
Both man and beaſt doe fly, and ſuccour doe inquyre.

But when as ouerblowen was that brunt,
Thoſe knights began a freſh them to aſſayle,
And all about the fields like Squirrels hunt;
But chiefly *Talus* with his yron flayle,
Gainſt which no flight nor reſcue mote auayle,
Made cruell hauocke of the baſer crew,
And chaced them both ouer hill and dale:
The raskall manie ſoone they ouerthrew,
But the two knights themſelues their captains did ſubdew.

At laſt they came whereas that Ladie bode,
Whom now her keepers had forſaken quight,
To ſaue themſelues, and ſcattered were abrode:
Her halfe diſmayd they found in doubtfull plight,
As neither glad nor ſorie for their ſight;
Yet wondrous faire ſhe was, and richly clad
In roiall robes, and many Iewels dight,
But that thoſe villens through their vſage bad
Them fouly rent, and ſhamefully defaced had.

But *Burbon* ſtreight diſmounting from his ſteed,
Vnto her ran with greedie great deſyre,
And catching her faſt by her ragged weed,
Would haue embraced her with hart entyre.

But she backstarting with disdainefull yre,
Bad him auaunt, ne would vnto his lore
Allured be, for prayer nor for meed.
Whom when those knights so forward and forlore
Beheld, they her rebuked and vpbrayded sore.

Sayd *Artegall*; what foule disgrace is this,
To so faire Ladie, as ye seeme in sight,
To blot your beautie, that vnblemisht is,
With so foule blame, as breach of faith once plight,
Or change of loue for any worlds delight?
Is ought on earth so pretious or deare,
As prayse and honour? Or is ought so bright
And beautifull, as glories beames appeare,
Whose goodly light then *Phebus* lampe doth shine more cleare?

Why then will ye, fond Dame, attempted bee
Vnto a strangers loue, so lightly placed,
For guiftes of gold, or any worldly glee,
To leaue the loue, that ye before embraced,
And let your fame with falshood be defaced.
Fie on the pelfe, for which good name is sold,
And honour with indignitie debased:
Dearer is loue then life, and fame then gold;
But dearer thē them both, your faith once plighted hold;

Much was the Ladie in her gentle mind
Abasht at his rebuke, that bit her neare,
Ne ought to answere thereunto did find;
But hanging downe her head with heauie cheare,
Stood long amaz'd, as she amated weare.
Which *Burbon* seeing, her againe assayd,
And clasping twixt his armes, her vp did reare
Vpon his steede, whiles she no whit gainesayd,
So bore her quite away, nor well nor ill apayd.

Nathlesse

Nathleſſe the yron man did ſtill purſew
That raskall many with vnpittied ſpoyle,
Ne ceaſſed not, till all their ſcattred crew
Into the ſea he droue quite from that ſoyle,
The which they troubled had with great turmoyle.
But *Artegall* ſeeing his cruell deed,
Commaunded him from ſlaughter to recoyle,
And to his voyage gan againe proceed:
For that the terme approching faſt, required ſpeed.

Cant. XII.

Artegall doth Sir Burbon aide,
And blames for changing ſhield:
He with the great Grantorto fights,
And ſlaieth him in field.

O Sacred hunger of ambitious mindes,
And impotent deſire of men to raine,
Whom neither dread of God, that deuils bindes,
Nor lawes of men, that common weales containe,
Nor bands of nature, that wilde beaſtes reſtraine,
Can keepe from outrage, and from doing wrong,
Where they may hope a kingdome to obtaine.
No faith ſo firme, no truſt can be ſo ſtrong,
No loue ſo laſting then, that may endure long.

Witneſſe may *Burbon* be, whom all the bands,
Which may a Knight aſſure, had ſurely bound,
Vntill the loue of Lordſhip and of lands
Made him become moſt faithleſſe and vnſound:

And witnesse be *Gerioneo* found,
Who for like cause faire *Belge* did oppresse,
And right and wrong most cruelly confound:
And so be now *Grantorto*, who no lesse
Then all the rest burst out to all outragiousnesse.

Gainst whom Sir *Artegall*, long hauing since
Taken in hand th'exploit, being thereto
Appointed by that mightie Faerie Prince,
Great *Gloriane*, that Tyrant to fordoo,
Through other great aduentures hethertoo
Had it forslackt. But now time drawing ny,
To him assynd, her high behest to doo,
To the sea shore he gan his way apply,
To weete if shipping readie he mote there descry.

Tho when they came to the sea coast, they found
A ship all readie (as good fortune fell)
To put to sea, with whom they did compound,
To passe them ouer, where them list to tell:
The winde and weather serued them so well,
That in one day they with the coast did fall;
Whereas they readie found them to repell,
Great hostes of men in order martiall,
Which them forbad to land, and footing did forstall.

But nathemore would they from land refraine,
But when as nigh vnto the shore they drew,
That foot of man might sound the bottome plaine,
Talus into the sea did forth issew,
Though darts from shore & stones they at him threw;
And wading through the waues with stedfast sway,
Maugre the might of all those troupes in vew,
Did win the shore, whence he them chast away,
And made to fly, like doues, whom the Eagle doth affray.

The

The whyles Sir *Artegall*, with that old knight
Did forth descend, there being none them neare,
And forward marched to a towne in sight.
By this came tydings to the Tyrants eare,
By those, which earst did fly away for feare
Of their arriuall: wherewith troubled sore,
He all his forces streight to him did reare,
And forth issuing with his scouts afore,
Meant them to haue incountred, ere they left the shore.

But ere he marched farre, he with them met,
And fiercely charged them with all his force;
But *Talus* sternely did vpon them set,
And brusht, and battred them without remorse,
That on the ground he left full many a corse;
Ne any able was him to withstand,
But he them ouerthrew both man and horse,
That they lay scattred ouer all the land,
As thicke as doth the seede after the sowers hand.

Till *Artegall* him seeing so to rage,
Willd him to stay, and signe of truce did make:
To which all harkning, did a while asswage
Their forces furie, and their terror slake;
Till he an Herauld cald, and to him spake,
Willing him wend vnto the Tyrant streight,
And tell him that not for such slaughters sake
He thether came, but for to trie the right
Of fayre *Irenaes* cause with him in single fight.

And willed him for to reclayme with speed
His scattred people, ere they all were slaine,
And time and place conuenient to areed,
In which they two the combat might darraine.

Which message when *Grantorto* heard, full fayne
And glad he was the slaughter so to stay,
And pointed for the combat twixt them twayne
The morrow next, ne gaue him longer day.
So sounded the retraite, and drew his folke away.

That night Sir *Artegall* did cause his tent
There to be pitched on the open plaine;
For he had giuen streight commaundement,
That none should dare him once to entertaine:
Which none durst breake, though many would right faine
For fayre *Irena*, whom they loued deare.
But yet old *Sergis* did so well him paine,
That from close friends, that dar'd not to appeare,
He all things did puruay, which for them needfull weare.

The morrow next, that was the dismall day,
Appointed for *Irenas* death before,
So soone as it did to the world display
His chearefull face, and light to men restore,
The heauy Mayd, to whom none tydings bore
Of *Artegals* arryuall, her to free,
Lookt vp with eyes full sad and hart full sore;
Weening her lifes last howre then neare to bee,
Sith no redemption nigh she did nor heare nor see.

Then vp she rose, and on her selfe did dight
Most squalid garments, fit for such a day,
And with dull countenance, and with doleful spright,
She forth was brought in sorrowfull dismay,
For to receiue the doome of her decay.
But comming to the place, and finding there
Sir *Artegall*, in battailous array
Wayting his foe, it did her dead hart cheare,
And new life to her lent, in midst of deadly feare.

Like

Like as a tender Roſe in open plaine,
That with vntimely drought nigh withered was,
And hung the head, ſoone as few drops of raine
Thereon diſtill, and deaw her daintie face,
Gins to looke vp, and with freſh wonted grace
Diſpreds the glorie of her leaues gay;
Such was *Irenas* countenance, ſuch her caſe,
When *Artegall* ſhe ſaw in that array,
There wayting for the Tyrant, till it was farre day.

Who came at length, with proud preſumpteous gate,
Into the field, as if he feareleſſe were,
All armed in a cote of yron plate,
Of great defence to ward the deadly feare,
And on his head a ſteele cap he did weare
Of colour ruſtie browne, but ſure and ſtrong;
And in his hand an huge Polaxe did beare,
Whoſe ſteale was yron ſtudded, but not long,
With which he wont to fight, to iuſtifie his wrong.

Of ſtature huge and hideous he was,
Like to a Giant for his monſtrous hight,
And did in ſtrength moſt ſorts of men ſurpas,
Ne euer any found his match in might;
Thereto he had great skill in ſingle fight:
His face was vgly, and his countenance ſterne,
That could haue frayd one with the very ſight,
And gaped like a gulfe, when he did gerne,
That whether man or monſter one could ſcarſe diſcerne.

Soone as he did within the liſtes appeare,
With dreadfull looke he *Artegall* beheld,
As if he would haue daunted him with feare,
And grinning grieſly, did againſt him weld

His deadly weapon, which in hand he held.
But th'Elfin ſwayne, that oft had ſeene like fight,
Was with his ghaſtly count'nance nothing queld,
But gan him ſtreight to buckle to the fight,
And caſt his ſhield about, to be in readie plight.

The trompets ſound, and they together goe,
With dreadfull terror, and with fell intent;
And their huge ſtrokes full daungerouſly beſtow,
To doe moſt dammage, where as moſt they ment.
But with ſuch force and furie violent,
The tyrant thundred his thicke blowes ſo faſt,
That through the yron walles their way they rent,
And euen to the vitall parts they paſt,
Ne ought could them endure, but all they cleft or braſt.

Which cruell outrage when as *Artegall*
Did well auize, thenceforth with warie heed
He ſhund his ſtrokes, where euer they did fall,
And way did giue vnto their graceleſſe ſpeed:
As when a skilfull Marriner doth reed
A ſtorme approching, that doth perill threat,
He will not bide the daunger of ſuch dread,
But ſtrikes his ſayles, and vereth his mainſheat,
And lends vnto it leaue the emptie ayre to beat.

So did the Faerie knight himſelfe abeare,
And ſtouped oft his head from ſhame to ſhield;
No ſhame to ſtoupe, ones head more high to reare,
And much to gaine, a litle for to yield;
So ſtouteſt knights doen oftentimes in field.
But ſtill the tyrant ſternely at him layd,
And did his yron axe ſo nimbly wield,
That many wounds into his fleſh it made,
And with his burdenous blowes him ſore did ouerlade.

Yet

Yet when as fit aduantage he did spy,
The whiles the cursed felon high did reare
His cruell hand, to smite him mortally,
Vnder his stroke he to him stepping neare,
Right in the flanke him strooke with deadly dreare,
That the gore bloud thence gushing grieuously,
Did vnderneath him like a pond appeare,
And all his armour did with purple dye;
Thereat he brayed loud, and yelled dreadfully.

Yet the huge stroke, which he before intended,
Kept on his course, as he did it direct,
And with such monstrous poise adowne descended,
That seemed nought could him from death protect:
But he it well did ward with wise respect,
And twixt him and the blow his shield did cast,
Which thereon seizing, tooke no great effect,
But byting deepe therein did sticke so fast,
That by no meanes it backe againe he forth could wrast.

Long while he tug'd and stroue, to get it out,
And all his powre applyed thereunto,
That he therewith the knight drew all about:
Nathlesse, for all that euer he could doe,
His axe he could not from his shield vndoe.
Which *Artegall* perceiuing, strooke no more,
But loosing soone his shield, did it forgoe,
And whiles he combred was therewith so sore,
He gan at him let driue more fiercely then afore.

So well he him pursew'd, that at the last,
He stroke him with *Chrysaor* on the hed,
That with the souse thereof full sore aghast,
He staggered to and fro in doubtfull sted.

Againe whiles he him saw so ill bested,
He did him smite with all his might and maine,
That falling on his mother earth he fed:
Whom when he saw prostrated on the plaine,
He lightly reft his head, to ease him of his paine.

Which when the people round about him saw,
They shouted all for ioy of his successe,
Glad to be quit from that próud Tyrants awe,
Which with strōg powre did thē long time oppresse;
And running all with greedie ioyfulnesse
To faire *Irena*, at her feet did fall,
And her adored with due humblenesse,
As their true Liege and Princesse naturall;
And eke her champions glorie sounded ouer all.

Who streight her leading with meete maiestie
Vnto the pallace, where their kings did rayne,
Did her therein establish peaceablie,
And to her kingdomes seat restore agayne;
And all such persons, as did late maintayne
That Tyrants part, with close or open ayde,
He sorely punished with heauie payne;
That in short space, whiles there with her he stayd,
Not one was left, that durst her once haue disobayd.

During which time, that he did there remaine,
His studie was true Iustice how to deale,
And day and night employ'd his busie paine
How to reforme that ragged common-weale:
And that same yron man which could reueale
All hidden crimes, through all that realme he sent,
To search out those, that vsd to rob and steale,
Or did rebell gainst lawfull gouernment;
On whom he did inflict most grieuous punishment.

But

But ere he could reforme it thoroughly,
He through occasion called was away,
To Faerie Court, that of necessity
His course of Iustice he was forst to stay,
And *Talus* to reuoke from the right way,
In which he was that Realme for to redresse.
But enuies cloud still dimmeth vertues ray.
So hauing freed *Irena* from distresse,
He tooke his leaue of her, there left in heauinesse.

Tho as he backe returned from that land,
And there arriu'd againe, whence forth he set,
He had not passed farre vpon the strand,
When as two old ill fauour'd Hags he met,
By the way side being together set,
Two grieslly creatures; and, to that their faces
Most foule and filthie were, their garments yet
Being all rag'd and tatter'd, their disgraces
Did much the more augment, and made most vgly cases.

The one of them, that elder did appeare,
With her dull eyes did seeme to looke askew,
That her mis-shape much helpt; and her foule heare
Hung loose and loathsomely: Thereto her hew
Was wan and leane, that all her teeth arew,
And all her bones might through her cheekes be red;
Her lips were like raw lether, pale and blew,
And as she spake, therewith she slauered;
Yet spake she seldom, but thought more, the lesse she sed.

Her hands were foule and durtie, neuer washt
In all her life, with long nayles ouer raught,
Like puttocks clawes: with th'one of which she scracht
Her cursed head, although it itched naught;

The other held a ſnake with venime fraught,
On which ſhe fed, and gnawed hungrily,
As if that long ſhe had not eaten ought;
That round about her iawes one might deſcry
The bloudie gore and poyſon dropping lothſomely.

Her name was *Enuie*, knowen well thereby;
Whoſe nature is to grieue, and grudge at all,
That euer ſhe ſees doen prayſ-worthily,
Whoſe ſight to her is greateſt croſſe, may fall,
And vexeth ſo, that makes her eat her gall.
For when ſhe wanteth other thing to eat,
She feedes on her owne maw vnnaturall,
And of her owne foule entrayles makes her meat;
Meat fit for ſuch a monſters monſterous dyeat.

And if ſhe hapt of any good to heare,
That had to any happily betid,
Then would ſhe inly fret, and grieue, and teare
Her fleſh for felneſſe, which ſhe inward hid:
But if ſhe heard of ill, that any did,
Or harme, that any had, then would ſhe make
Great cheare, like one vnto a banquet bid;
And in anothers loſſe great pleaſure take,
As ſhe had got thereby, and gayned a great ſtake.

The other nothing better was, then ſhee;
Agreeing in bad will and cancred kynd,
But in bad maner they did diſagree:
For what ſo *Enuie* good or bad did fynd,
She did conceale, and murder her owne mynd;
But this, what euer euill ſhe conceiued,
Did ſpred abroad, and throw in th'open wynd.
Yet this in all her words might be perceiued, (reaued.
That all ſhe ſought, was mens good name to haue be-

For

For what soeuer good by any sayd,
Or doen she heard, she would streightwayes inuent,
How to depraue, or slaunderously vpbrayd,
Or to misconstrue of a mans intent,
And turne to ill the thing, that well was ment.
Therefore she vsed often to resort,
To common haunts, and companies frequent,
To hearke what any one did good report,
To blot the same with blame, or wrest in wicked sort.

And if that any ill she heard of any,
She would it eeke, and make much worse by telling,
And take great ioy to publish it to many,
That euery matter worse was for her melling.
Her name was hight *Detraction*, and her dwelling
Was neare to *Enuie*, euen her neighbour next;
A wicked hag, and *Enuy* selfe excelling
In mischiefe: for her selfe she onely vext;
But this same both her selfe, and others eke perplext.

Her face was vgly, and her mouth distort,
Foming with poyson round about her gils,
In which her cursed tongue full sharpe and short
Appear'd like Aspis sting, that closely kils,
Or cruelly does wound, whom so she wils:
A distaffe in her other hand she had,
Vpon the which she litle spinnes, but spils,
And faynes to weaue false tales and leasings bad,
To throw amongst the good, which others had disprad.

These two now had themselues combynd in one,
And linckt together gainst Sir *Artegall*,
For whom they wayted as his mortall fone,
How they might make him into mischiefe fall,

For freeing from their snares *Irena* thrall,
Besides vnto themselues they gotten had
A monster, which the *Blatant beast* men call,
A dreadfull feend of gods and men ydrad,
Whom they by slights allur'd, and to their purpose lad.

Such were these Hags, and so vnhandsome dreste:
Who when they nigh approching, had espyde
Sir *Artegall* return'd from his late queste,
They both arose, and at him loudly cryde,
As it had bene two shepheards curres, had scryde
A rauenous Wolfe amongst the scattered flockes.
And *Enuie* first, as she that first him eyde,
Towardes him runs, and with rude staring lockes
About her eares, does beat her brest, & forhead knockes.

Then from her mouth the gobbet she does take,
The which whyleare she was so greedily
Deuouring, euen that halfe-gnawen snake,
And at him throwes it most despightfully.
The cursed Serpent, though she hungrily
Earst chawd thereon, yet was not all so dead,
But that some life remayned secretly,
And as he past afore withouten dread,
Bit him behind, that long the marke was to be read.

Then th'other comming neare, gan him reuile,
And fouly rayle, with all she could inuent;
Saying, that he had with vnmanly guile,
And foule abusion both his honour blent,
And that bright sword the sword, of Iustice lent
Had stayned with reprochfull cruelty,
In guiltlesse blood of many an innocent:
As for *Grandorto*, him with treacherie
And traynes hauing surpriz'd, he fouly did to die.

Thereto

Thereto the Blatant beaſt by them ſet on
At him began aloud to barke and bay,
With bitter rage and fell contention,
That all the woods and rockes nigh to that way,
Began to quake and tremble with diſmay;
And all the aire rebellowed againe.
So dreadfully his hundred tongues did bray,
And euermore thoſe hags them ſelues did paine,
To ſharpen him, and their owne curſed tongs did ſtraine.

And ſtill among moſt bitter wordes they ſpake,
Moſt ſhamefull, moſt vnrighteous, moſt vntrew,
That they the mildeſt man aliue would make
Forget his patience, and yeeld vengeaunce dew
To her, that ſo falſe ſclaunders at him threw.
And more to make thē pierce & wound more deepe,
She with the ſting, which in her vile tongue grew,
Did ſharpen them, and in freſh poyſon ſteepe:
Yet he paſt on, and ſeem'd of them to take no keepe.

But *Talus* hearing her ſo lewdly raile,
And ſpeake ſo ill of him, that well deſerued,
Would her haue chaſtiz'd with his yron flaile,
If her Sir *Artegall* had not preſerued,
And him forbidden, who his heaſt obſerued.
So much the more at him ſtill did ſhe ſcold,
And ſtones did caſt, yet he for nought would ſwerue
From his right courſe, but ſtill the way did hold
To Faery Court, where what him fell ſhall elſe be told.

Thereto the Dwarfe him lent by them fit boa
At him began aloud to bark and bay,
With bitter rage and fell contention,
That all the woods and rocks nigh to that way,
Began to quake and tremble with dismay,
And all the aire rebellowed again.
So dreadfully his hundred tongues did bray,
And euermore their hellish throats did strain,
To harpen him, and sharp their owne sustenaunce did draine.

And still among most bitter wordes they spake,
Most shamefull, most vnrighteous, most vntrew,
That they the mildest man aliue would make
Forget his patience, and yield vengeaunce due
To wreake, that so vnto his face they threw.
And more to make the peece & wound more deepe,
She with the thing, which in her vile tongue grew,
Did harpen them, and in each poynt steepe:
Yet he appeard them, and from of them to take no keepe.

But Atin hearing her so lewdly rate,
And speake so ill of him, that well it seemed,
Would her haue chastized with his yron mace,
Were not Sir Arthegall had her misdeemed,
And him forbidden, who his heast obeyed.
So much the more at him full fiercely flew,
And scratches fiers cast, yet he for nought would sweruе
From his right course, but still the way did hold
To Faery Court, where what him fell shall be told.

THE SIXTE BOOKE OF THE FAERIE QVEENE.

Contayning THE LEGEND OF S. CALIDORE *OR* OF COVRTESIE.

THe waies, through which my weary steps I guyde,
In this delightfull land of Faery,
Are so exceeding spacious and wyde,
And sprinckled with such sweet variety,
Of all that pleasant is to eare or eye,
That I nigh rauisht with rare thoughts delight,
My tedious trauell doe forget thereby;
And when I gin to feele decay of might,
It strength to me supplies, & chears my dulled spright.

Such secret comfort, and such heauenly pleasures,
Ye sacred imps, that on *Parnasso* dwell,
And there the keeping haue of learnings threasures,
Which doe all worldly riches farre excell,
Into the mindes of mortall men doe well,
And goodly fury into them infuse;
Guyde ye my footing, and conduct me well
In these strange waies, where neuer foote did vse,
Ne none can find, but who was taught them by the Muse.

Reuele to me the ſacred nourſery
Of vertue, which with you doth there remaine,
Where it in ſiluer bowre does hidden ly
From view of men, and wicked worlds diſdaine.
Since it at firſt was by the Gods with paine
Planted in earth, being deriu'd at furſt
From heauenly ſeedes of bounty ſoueraine,
And by them long with carefull labour nurſt,
Till it to ripeneſſe grew, and forth to honour burſt.

Amongſt them all growes not a fayrer flowre,
Then is the blooſme of comely courteſie,
Which though it on a lowly ſtalke doe bowre,
Yet brancheth forth in braue nobilitie,
And ſpreds it ſelfe through all ciuilitie:
Of which though preſent age doe plenteous ſeeme,
Yet being matcht with plaine Antiquitie,
Ye will them all but fayned ſhowes eſteeme,
Which carry colours faire, that feeble eies miſdeeme.

But in the triall of true curteſie,
Its now ſo farre from that, which then it was,
That it indeed is nought but forgerie,
Faſhion'd to pleaſe the eies of them, that pas,
Which ſee not perfect things but in a glas:
Yet is that glaſſe ſo gay, that it can blynd
The wiſeſt ſight, to thinke gold that is bras.
But vertues ſeat is deepe within the mynd,
And not in outward ſhows, but inward thoughts defynd.

But where ſhall I in all Antiquity
So faire a patterne finde, where may be ſeene
The goodly praiſe of Princely curteſie,
As in your ſelfe, O ſoueraine Lady Queene,

In

In whoſe pure minde, as in a mirrour ſheene,
It ſhowes, and with her brightneſſe doth inflame
The eyes of all, which thereon fixed beene;
But meriteth indeede an higher name:
Yet ſo from low to high vplifted is your name.

Then pardon me, moſt dreaded Soueraine,
That from your ſelfe I doe this vertue bring,
And to your ſelfe doe it returne againe:
So from the Ocean all riuers ſpring,
And tribute backe repay as to their King.
Right ſo from you all goodly vertues well
Into the reſt, which round about you ring,
Faire Lords and Ladies, which about you dwell,
And doe adorne your Court, where courteſies excell.

Cant. I.

Calidore saues from Maleffort,
A Damzell vsed vylde:
Doth vanquish Crudor, and doth make
Briana wexe more mylde.

OF Court it seemes, men Courtesie doe call,
For that it there most vseth to abound;
And well beseemeth that in Princes hall
That vertue should be plentifully found,
Which of all goodly manners is the ground,
And roote of ciuill conuersation.
Right so in Faery court it did redound,
Where curteous Knights and Ladies most did won
Of all on earth, and made a matchlesse paragon.

But mongst them all was none more courteous Knight,
Then *Calidore*, beloued ouer all,
In whom it seemes, that gentlenesse of spright
And manners mylde were planted naturall;
To which he adding comely guize withall,
And gracious speach, did steale mens hearts away.
Nathlesse thereto he was full stout and tall,
And well approu'd in batteilous affray,
That him did much renowme, and far his fame display.

Ne was there Knight, ne was there Lady found
In Faery court, but him did deare embrace,
For his faire vsage and conditions sound,
The which in all mens liking gayned place,

And

And with the greateſt purchaſt greateſt grace:
Which he could wiſely vſe, and well apply,
To pleaſe the beſt, and th'euill to embaſe.
For he loathd leaſing, and baſe flattery,
And loued ſimple truth and ſtedfaſt honeſty.

And now he was in trauell on his way,
Vppon an hard aduenture ſore beſtad,
Whenas by chaunce he met vppon a day
With *Artegall*, returning yet halfe ſad
From his late conqueſt, which he gotten had.
Who whenas each of other had a ſight,
They knew themſelues, and both their perſons rad:
When *Calidore* thus firſt; Haile nobleſt Knight
Of all this day on ground, that breathen liuing ſpright.

Now tell, if pleaſe you, of the good ſucceſſe,
Which ye haue had in your late enterprize.
To whom Sir *Artegall* gan to expreſſe
His whole exploite, and valorous emprize,
In order as it did to him arize.
Now happy man (ſayd then Sir *Calidore*)
Which haue ſo goodly, as ye can deuize,
Atchieu'd ſo hard a queſt, as few before;
That ſhall you moſt renowmed make for euermore.

But where ye ended haue, now I begin
To tread an endleſſe trace, withouten guyde,
Or good direction, how to enter in,
Or how to iſſue forth in waies vntryde,
In perils ſtrange, in labours long and wide,
In which although good Fortune me befall,
Yet ſhall it not by none be teſtifyde.
What is that queſt (quoth then Sir *Artegall*)
That you into ſuch perils preſently doth call?

The Blattant Beaſt (quoth he) I doe purſew,
And through the world inceſſantly doe chaſe,
Till I him ouertake, or elſe ſubdew:
Yet know I not or how, or in what place
To find him out, yet ſtill I forward trace.
What is that Blattant Beaſt? (then he replide)
It is a Monſter bred of helliſhe race,
(Then anſwerd he) which often hath annoyd
Good Knights and Ladies true, and many elſe deſtroyd.

Of *Cerberus* whilome he was begot,
And fell *Chimæra* in her darkeſome den,
Through fowle commixture of his filthy blot;
Where he was foſtred long in *Stygian* fen,
Till he to perfect ripeneſſe grew, and then
Into this wicked world he forth was ſent,
To be the plague and ſcourge of wretched men:
Whom with vile tongue and venemous intent
He ſore doth wound, and bite, and cruelly torment.

Then ſince the ſaluage Iſland I did leaue
Sayd *Artegall*, I ſuch a Beaſt did ſee,
The which did ſeeme a thouſand tongues to haue,
That all in ſpight and malice did agree,
With which he bayd and loudly barkt at mee,
As if that he attonce would me deuoure.
But I that knew my ſelfe from perill free,
Did nought regard his malice nor his powre,
But he the more his wicked poyſon forth did poure.

That ſurely is that Beaſt (ſaide *Calidore*)
Which I purſue, of whom I am right glad
To heare theſe tidings, which of none afore
Through all my weary trauell I haue had:

Yet

Yet now ſome hope your words vnto me add.
Now God you ſpeed (quoth then Sir *Artegall*)
And keepe your body from the daunger drad:
For ye haue much adoe to deale withall,
So both tooke goodly leaue, and parted ſeuerall.

Sir *Calidore* thence trauelled not long,
When as by chaunce a comely Squire he found,
That thorough ſome more mighty enemies wrong,
Both hand and foote vnto a tree was bound:
Who ſeeing him from farre, with piteous ſound
Of his ſhrill cries him called to his aide.
To whom approching, in that painefull ſtound
When he him ſaw, for no demaunds he ſtaide,
But firſt him loſde, and afterwards thus to him ſaide.

Vnhappy Squire, what hard miſhap thee brought
Into this bay of perill and diſgrace?
What cruell hand thy wretched thraldome wrought,
And thee captyued in this ſhamefull place?
To whom he anſwerd thus; My hapleſſe caſe
Is not occaſiond through my miſdeſert,
But through misfortune, which did me abaſe
Vnto this ſhame, and my young hope ſubuert,
Ere that I in her guilefull traines was well expert.

Not farre from hence, vppon yond rocky hill,
Hard by a ſtreight there ſtands a caſtle ſtrong,
Which doth obſerue a cuſtome lewd and ill,
And it hath long mayntaind with mighty wrong:
For may no Knight nor Lady paſſe along
That way, (and yet they needs muſt paſſe that way,)
By reaſon of the ſtreight, and rocks among,
But they that Ladies lockes doe ſhaue away,
And that knights berd for toll, which they for paſſage pay

A ſhamefull vſe as euer I did heare,
Sayd *Calidore*, and to be ouerthrowne.
But by what meanes did they at firſt it reare,
And for what cauſe, tell if thou haue it knowne.
Sayd then that Squire: The Lady which doth owne
This Caſtle, is by name *Briana* hight.
Then which a prouder Lady liueth none:
She long time hath deare lou'd a doughty Knight,
And ſought to win his loue by all the meanes ſhe might.

His name is *Crudor*, who through high diſdaine
And proud deſpight of his ſelfe pleaſing mynd,
Refuſed hath to yeeld her loue againe,
Vntill a Mantle ſhe for him doe fynd,
With beards of Knights and locks of Ladies lynd.
Which to prouide, ſhe hath this Caſtle dight,
And therein hath a Seneſchall aſſynd,
Cald *Maleffort*, a man of mickle might,
Who executes her wicked will, with worſe deſpight.

He this ſame day, as I that way did come
With a faire Damzell, my beloued deare,
In execution of her lawleſſe doome,
Did ſet vppon vs flying both for feare:
For little bootes againſt him hand to reare.
Me firſt he tooke, vnhable to withſtond;
And whiles he her purſued euery where,
Till his returne vnto this tree he bond:
Ne wote I ſurely, whether her he yet haue fond.

Thus whiles they ſpake, they heard a ruefull ſhrieke
Of one loud crying, which they ſtreight way gheſt,
That it was ſhe, the which for helpe did ſeeke.
Tho looking vp vnto the cry to leſt,

They

They ſaw that Carle from farre, with hand vnbleſt
Hayling that mayden by the yellow heare,
That all her garments from her ſnowy breſt,
And from her head her lockes he nigh did teare,
Ne would he ſpare for pitty, nor refraine for feare.

Which haynous ſight when *Calidore* beheld,
Eftſoones he looſd that Squire, and ſo him left,
With hearts diſmay and inward dolour queld,
For to purſue that villaine, which had reft
That piteous ſpoile by ſo iniurious theft.
Whom ouertaking, loude to him he cryde;
Leaue faytor quickely that miſgotten weft
To him, that hath it better iuſtifyde,
And turne thee ſoone to him, of whom thou art defyde.

Who hearkning to that voice, him ſelfe vpreard,
And ſeeing him ſo fiercely towardes make,
Againſt him ſtoutly ran, as nought afeard,
But rather more enrag'd for thoſe words ſake;
And with ſterne count'naunce thus vnto him ſpake.
Art thou the caytiue, that defyeſt me,
And for this Mayd, whoſe party thou doeſt take,
Wilt giue thy beard, though it but little bee?
Yet ſhall it not her lockes for raunſome fro me free.

With that he fiercely at him flew, and layd
On hideous ſtrokes with moſt importune might,
That oft he made him ſtagger as vnſtayd,
And oft recuile to ſhunne his ſharpe deſpight.
But *Calidore*, that was well skild in fight,
Him long forbore, and ſtill his ſpirite ſpar'd,
Lying in waite, how him he damadge might.
But when he felt him ſhrinke, and come to ward,
He greater grew, and gan to driue at him more hard.

Like as a water ſtreame, whoſe ſwelling ſourſe
Shall driue a Mill, within ſtrong bancks is pent,
And long reſtrayned of his ready courſe;
So ſoone as paſſage is vnto him lent,
Breakes forth, and makes his way more violent.
Such was the fury of Sir *Calidore*,
When once he felt his foeman to relent;
He fiercely him purſu'd, and preſſed ſore,
Who as he ſtill decayd, ſo he encreaſed more.

The heauy burden of whoſe dreadfull might
When as the Carle no longer could ſuſtaine,
His heart gan faint, and ſtreight he tooke his flight
Toward the Caſtle, where if need conſtraine,
His hope of refuge vſed to remaine.
Whom *Calidore* perceiuing faſt to flie,
He him purſu'd and chaced through the plaine,
That he for dread of death gan loude to crie
Vnto the ward, to open to him haſtilie.

They from the wall him ſeeing ſo aghaſt,
The gate ſoone opened to receiue him in,
But *Calidore* did follow him ſo faſt,
That euen in the Porch he him did win,
And cleft his head aſunder to his chin.
The carkarſſe tumbling downe within the dore,
Did choke the entraunce with a lumpe of ſin,
That it could not be ſhut, whileſt *Calidore*
Did enter in, and ſlew the Porter on the flore.

With that the reſt, the which the Caſtle kept,
About him flockt, and hard at him did lay;
But he them all from him full lightly ſwept,
As doth a Steare, in heat of ſommers day,

With

With his long taile the bryzes bruſh away.
Thence paſſing forth, into the hall he came,
Where of the Lady ſelfe in ſad diſmay
He was ymett, who with vncomely ſhame
Gan him ſalute, and fowle vpbrayd with faulty blame.

Falſe traytor Knight, (ſayd ſhe) no Knight at all,
But ſcorne of armes that haſt with guilty hand
Murdred my men, and ſlaine my Seneſchall;
Now comeſt thou to rob my houſe vnmand,
And ſpoile my ſelfe, that can not thee withſtand?
Yet doubt thou not, but that ſome better Knight
Then thou, that ſhall thy treaſon vnderſtand,
Will it auenge, and pay thee with thy right:
And if none do, yet ſhame ſhal thee with ſhame requight

Much was the Knight abaſhed at that word;
Yet anſwerd thus; Not vnto me the ſhame,
But to the ſhamefull doer it afford.
Bloud is no blemiſh; for it is no blame
To puniſh thoſe, that doe deſerue the ſame;
But they that breake bands of ciuilitie,
And wicked cuſtomes make, thoſe doe defame
Both noble armes and gentle curteſie.
No greater ſhame to man then inhumanitie.

Then doe your ſelfe, for dread of ſhame, forgoe
This euill manner, which ye here maintaine,
And doe in ſtead thereof mild curt'ſie ſhowe
To all, that paſſe. That ſhall you glory gaine
More then his loue, which thus ye ſeeke t'obtaine.
Wherewith all full of wrath, ſhe thus replyde;
Vile recreant, know that I doe much diſdaine
Thy courteous lore, that doeſt my loue deride,
Who ſcornes thy ydle ſcoffe, and bids thee be defyde.

To take defiaunce at a Ladies word
(Quoth he) I hold it no indignity;
But were he here, that would it with his ſword
Abett, perhaps he mote it deare aby.
Cowherd (quoth ſhe) were not, that thou wouldſt fly,
Ere thou doe come, he ſhould be ſoone in place.
If I doe ſo, (ſayd he) then liberty
I leaue to you, for aye me to diſgrace
With all thoſe ſhames, that erſt ye ſpake me to deface.

With that a Dwarfe ſhe cald to her in haſt,
And taking from her hand a ring of gould,
A priuy token, which betweene them paſt,
Bad him to flie with all the ſpeed he could,
To *Crudor*, and deſire him that he would
Vouchſafe to reskue her againſt a Knight,
Who through ſtrõg powre had now her ſelf in hould,
Hauing late ſlaine her Seneſchall in fight,
And all her people murdred with outragious might.

The Dwarfe his way did haſt, and went all night;
But *Calidore* did with her there abyde
The comming of that ſo much threatned Knight,
Where that diſcourteous Dame with ſcornfull pryde,
And fowle entreaty him indignifyde,
That yron heart it hardly could ſuſtaine:
Yet he, that could his wrath full wiſely guyde,
Did well endure her womaniſh diſdaine,
And did him ſelfe from fraile impatience refraine.

The morrow next, before the lampe of light,
Aboue the earth vpreard his flaming head,
The Dwarfe, which bore that meſſage to her knight,
Brought aunſwere backe, that ere he taſted bread,

He

He would her succour, and aliue or dead
Her foe deliuer vp into her hand:
Therefore he wild her doe away all dread;
And that of him she mote assured stand,
He sent to her his basenet, as a faithfull band.

Thereof full blyth the Lady streight became,
And gan t'augment her bitternesse much more:
Yet no whit more appalled for the same,
Ne ought dismayed was Sir *Calidore*,
But rather did more chearefull seeme therefore.
And hauing soone his armes about him dight,
Did issue forth, to meete his foe afore;
Where long he stayed not, when as a Knight
He spide come pricking on with al his powre and might.

Well weend he streight, that he should be the same,
Which tooke in hand her quarrell to maintaine;
Ne stayd to aske if it were he by name,
But coucht his speare, and ran at him amaine.
They bene ymett in middest of the plaine,
With so fell fury, and dispiteous forse,
That neither could the others stroke sustaine,
But rudely rowld to ground both man and horse,
Neither of other taking pitty nor remorse.

But *Calidore* vprose againe full light,
Whiles yet his foe lay fast in senceless sound,
Yet would he not him hurt, although he might:
For shame he weend a sleeping wight to wound.
But when *Briana* saw that direry stound,
There where she stood vppon the Castle wall,
She deem'd him sure to haue bene dead on ground,
And made such piteous mourning therewithall,
That from the battlements she ready seem'd to fall.

Nathleſſe at length him ſelfe he did vpreare
In luſtleſſe wiſe, as if againſt his will,
Ere he had ſlept his fill, he wakened were,
And gan to ſtretch his limbs; which feeling ill
Of his late fall, a while he reſted ſtill:
But when he ſaw his foe before in vew,
He ſhooke off luskiſhneſſe, and courage chill
Kindling a freſh, gan battell to renew,
To proue if better foote then horſebacke would enſew.

There then began a fearefull cruell fray
Betwixt them two, for mayſtery of might.
For both were wondrous practicke in that play,
And paſſing well expert in ſingle fight,
And both inflam'd with furious deſpight:
Which as it ſtill encreaſt, ſo ſtill increaſt
Their cruell ſtrokes and terrible affright;
Ne once for ruth their rigour they releaſt,
Ne once to breath a while their angers tempeſt ceaſt.

Thus long they trac'd and trauerſt to and fro,
And tryde all waies, how each mote entrance make
Into the life of his malignant foe;
They hew'd their helmes, and plates aſunder brake,
As they had potſhares bene; for nought mote ſlake
Their greedy vengeaunces, but goary blood,
That at the laſt like to a purple lake
Of bloudy gore congeal'd about them ſtood,
Which from their riuen ſides forth guſhed like a flood.

At length it chaunſt, that both their hands on hie,
At once did heaue, with all their powre and might,
Thinking the vtmoſt of their force to trie,
And proue the finall fortune of the fight:

But

But *Calidore*, that was more quicke of sight,
And nimbler handed, then his enemie,
Preuented him before his stroke could light,
And on the helmet smote him formerlie,
That made him stoupe to ground with meeke humilitie.

And ere he could recouer foot againe,
He following that faire aduantage fast,
His stroke redoubled with such might and maine,
That him vpon the ground he groueling cast;
And leaping to him light, would haue vnlast
His Helme, to make vnto his vengeance way.
Who seeing, in what daunger he was plast,
Cryde out, Ah mercie Sir, doe me not slay,
But saue my life, which lot before your foot doth lay.

With that his mortall hand a while he stayd,
And hauing somewhat calm'd his wrathfull heat
With goodly patience, thus he to him sayd;
And is the boast of that proud Ladies threat,
That menaced me from the field to beat,
Now brought to this? By this now may ye learne,
Strangers no more so rudely to intreat,
But put away proud looke, and vsage sterne,
The which shal nought to you but foule dishonor yearne.

For nothing is more blamefull to a knight,
That court'sie doth as well as armes profesſe,
How euer strong and fortunate in fight,
Then the reproch of pride and cruelnesse.
In vaine he seeketh others to suppresse,
Who hath not learnd him selfe first to subdew:
All flesh is frayle, and full of fickleness,
Subiect to fortunes chance, still chaunging new;
What haps to day to me, to morrow may to you.

Who will not mercie vnto others ſhew,
How can he mercy euer hope to haue?
To pay each with his owne is right and dew.
Yet ſince ye mercie now doe need to craue,
I will it graunt, your hopeleſſe life to ſaue;
With theſe conditions, which I will propound:
Firſt, that ye better ſhall your ſelfe behaue
Vnto all errant knights, whereſo on ground;
Next that ye Ladies ayde in euery ſtead and ſtound.

The wretched man, that all this while did dwell
In dread of death, his heaſts did gladly heare,
And promiſt to performe his precept well,
And whatſoeuer elſe he would requere.
So ſuffring him to riſe, he made him ſweare
By his owne ſword, and by the croſſe thereon,
To take *Briana* for his louing fere,
Withouten dowre or compoſition;
But to releaſe his former foule condition.

All which accepting, and with faithfull oth
Bynding himſelfe moſt firmely to obay,
He vp aroſe, how euer liefe or loth,
And ſwore to him true fealtie for aye.
Then forth he cald from ſorrowfull diſmay
The ſad *Briana*, which all this beheld:
Who comming forth yet full of late affray,
Sir *Calidore* vpcheard, and to her teld
All this accord, to which he *Crudor* had compeld.

Whereof ſhe now more glad, then ſory earſt,
All ouercome with infinite affect,
For his exceeding courteſie, that pearſt
Her ſtubborne hart with inward deepe effect,

Before his feet her ſelfe ſhe did proiect,
And him adoring as her liues deare Lord,
With all due thankes, and dutifull reſpect,
Her ſelfe acknowledg'd bound for that accord,
By which he had to her both life and loue reſtord.

So all returning to the Caſtle glad,
Moſt ioyfully ſhe them did entertaine,
Where goodly glee and feaſt to them ſhe made,
To ſhew her thankefull mind and meaning faine,
By all the meanes ſhe mote it beſt explaine:
And after all, vnto Sir *Calidore*
She freely gaue that Caſtle for his paine,
And her ſelfe bound to him for euermore;
So wondrouſly now chaung'd, from that ſhe was afore.

But *Calidore* himſelfe would not retaine
Nor land nor fee, for hyre of his good deede,
But gaue them ſtreight vnto that Squire againe,
Whom from her Seneſchall he lately freed,
And to his damzell as their rightfull meed,
For recompence of all their former wrong:
There he remaind with them right well agreed,
Till of his wounds he wexed hole and ſtrong,
And then to his firſt queſt he paſſed forth along.

Cant. II.

Calidore sees young Tristram slay
A proud discourteous knight,
He makes him Squire, and of him learnes
his state and present plight.

WHat vertue is so fitting for a knight,
Or for a Ladie, whom a knight should loue,
As Curtesie, to beare themselues aright
To all of each degree, as doth behoue?
For whether they be placed high aboue,
Or low beneath, yet ought they well to know
Their good, that none them rightly may reproue
Of rudenesse, for not yeelding what they owe:
Great skill it is such duties timely to bestow.

Thereto great helpe dame Nature selfe doth lend:
For some so goodly gratious are by kind,
That euery action doth them much commend,
And in the eyes of men great liking find;
Which others, that haue greater skill in mind,
Though they enforce themselues, cannot attaine.
For euerie thing, to which one is inclin'd,
Doth best become, and greatest grace doth gaine:
Yet praise likewise deserue good thewes, enforst with paine.

That well in courteous *Calidore* appeares,
Whose euery act and deed, that he did say,
Was like enchantment, that through both the eyes,
And both the eares did steale the hart away.

He

He now againe is on his former way,
To follow his first queſt, when as he ſpyde
A tall young man from thence not farre away,
Fighting on foot, as well he him deſcryde,
Againſt an armed knight, that did on horſebacke ryde.

And them beſide a Ladie faire he ſaw,
Standing alone on foot, in foule array:
To whom himſelfe he haſtily did draw,
To weet the cauſe of ſo vncomely fray,
And to depart them, if ſo be he may.
But ere he came in place, that youth had kild
That armed knight, that low on ground he lay;
Which when he ſaw, his hart was inly child
With great amazement, & his thought with wonder fild.

Him ſtedfaſtly he markt, and ſaw to bee
A goodly youth of amiable grace,
Yet but a ſlender ſlip, that ſcarſe did ſee
Yet ſeuenteene yeares, but tall and faire of face
That ſure he deem'd him borne of noble race.
All in a woodmans iacket he was clad
Of lincolne greene, belayd with ſiluer lace;
And on his head an hood with aglets ſprad,
And by his ſide his hunters horne he hanging had.

Buskins he wore of coſtlieſt cordwayne,
Pinckt vpon gold, and paled part per part,
As then the guize was for each gentle ſwayne;
In his right hand he held a trembling dart,
Whoſe fellow he before had ſent apart;
And in his left he held a ſharpe boreſpeare,
With which he wont to launch the ſaluage hart
Of many a Lyon, and of many a Beare
That firſt vnto his hand in chaſe did happen neare.

Whom *Calidore* a while well hauing vewed,
At length beſpake; what meanes this, gentle ſwaine?
Why hath thy hand too bold it ſelfe embrewed
In blood of knight, the which by thee is ſlaine,
By thee no knight; which armes impugneth plaine?
Certes (ſaid he) loth were I to haue broken
The law of armes; yet breake it ſhould againe,
Rather then let my ſelfe of wight be ſtroken,
So long as theſe two armes were able to be wroken.

For not I him as this his Ladie here
May witneſſe well, did offer firſt to wrong,
Ne ſurely thus vnarm'd I likely were;
But he me firſt, through pride and puiſſance ſtrong
Aſſayld, not knowing what to armes doth long.
Perdie great blame, (then ſaid Sir *Calidore*)
For armed knight a wight vnarm'd to wrong.
But then aread, thou gentle chyld, wherefore
Betwixt you two began this ſtrife and ſterne vprore.

That ſhall I ſooth (ſaid he) to you declare.
I whoſe vnryper yeares are yet vnfit
For thing of weight, or worke of greater care,
Doe ſpend my dayes, and bend my careleſſe wit
To ſaluage chace, where I thereon may hit
In all this forreſt, and wyld wooddie raine:
Where, as this day I was enraunging it,
I chaunſt to meete this knight, who there lyes ſlaine,
Together with this Ladie, paſſing on the plaine.

The knight, as ye did ſee, on horſebacke was,
And this his Ladie, (that him ill became,)
On her faire feet by his horſe ſide did pas
Through thicke and thin, vnfit for any Dame.

Yet

Yet not content, more to increaſe his ſhame,
When ſo ſhe lagged, as ſhe needs mote ſo,
He with his ſpeare, that was to him great blame,
Would thumpe her forward, and inforce to goe,
Weeping to him in vaine, and making piteous woe.

Which when I ſaw, as they me paſſed by,
Much was I moued in indignant mind,
And gan to blame him for ſuch cruelty
Towards a Ladie, whom with vſage kind
He rather ſhould haue taken vp behind.
Wherewith he wroth, and full of proud diſdaine,
Tooke in foule ſcorne, that I ſuch fault did find,
And me in lieu thereof reuil'd againe,
Threatning to chaſtize me, as doth t'a chyld pertaine.

Which I no leſſe diſdayning, backe returned
His ſcornefull taunts vnto his teeth againe,
That he ſtreight way with haughtie choler burned,
And with his ſpeare ſtrooke me one ſtroke or twaine;
Which I enforſt to beare though to my paine,
Caſt to requite, and with a ſlender dart,
Fellow of this I beare, throwne not in vaine,
Strooke him, as ſeemeth, vnderneath the hart,
That through the wound his ſpirit ſhortly did depart.

Much did Sir *Calidore* admyre his ſpeach
Tempred ſo well, but more admyr'd the ſtroke
That through the mayles had made ſo ſtrong a breach
Into his hart, and had ſo ſternely wroke
His wrath on him, that firſt occaſion broke.
Yet reſted not, but further gan inquire
Of that ſame Ladie, whether what he ſpoke,
Were ſoothly ſo, and that th'vnrighteous ire
Of her owne knight, had giuen him his owne due hire.

Of all which, when as she could nought deny,
But cleard that stripling of th'imputed blame,
Sayd then Sir *Calidore*; neither will I
Him charge with guilt, but rather doe quite clame:
For what he spake, for you he spake it, Dame;
And what he did, he did him selfe to saue: (shame.
Against both which that knight wrought knightlesse
For knights and all men this by nature haue,
Towards all womenkind them kindly to behaue.

But sith that he is gone irreuocable,
Please it you Ladie, to vs to aread,
What cause could make him so dishonourable,
To driue you so on foot vnfit to tread,
And lackey by him, gainst all womanhead?
Certes Sir knight (sayd she) full loth I were
To rayse a lyuing blame against the dead:
But since it me concernes, my selfe to clere,
I will the truth discouer, as it chaunst whylere.

This day, as he and I together roade
Vpon our way, to which we weren bent,
We chaunst to come foreby a couert glade
Within a wood, whereas a Ladie gent
Sate with a knight in ioyous iolliment,
Of their franke loues, free from all gealous spyes:
Faire was the Ladie sure, that mote content
An hart, not carried with too curious eyes,
And vnto him did shew all louely courtesyes.

Whom when my knight did see so louely faire,
He inly gan her louer to enuy,
And wish, that he part of his spoyle might share.
Whereto when as my presence he did spy

To

To be a let, he bad me by and by
For to alight: but when as I was loth,
My loues owne part to leaue ſo ſuddenly,
He with ſtrong hand down frõ his ſteed me throw'th,
And with preſumpteous powre againſt that knight
ſtreight go'th.
Vnarm'd all was the knight, as then more meete
For Ladies ſeruice, and for loues delight,
Then fearing any foeman there to meete:
Whereof he taking oddes, ſtreight bids him dight
Himſelfe to yeeld his loue, or elſe to fight.
Whereat the other ſtarting vp diſmayd,
Yet boldly anſwer'd, as he rightly might;
To leaue his loue he ſhould be ill apayd,
In which he had good right gaynſt all, that it gaineſayd.

Yet ſince he was not preſently in plight
Her to defend, or his to iuſtifie,
He him requeſted, as he was a knight,
To lend him day his better right to trie,
Or ſtay till he his armes, which were thereby,
Might lightly fetch. But he was fierce and whot,
Ne time would giue, nor any termes aby,
But at him flew, and with his ſpeare him ſmot;
From which to thinke to ſaue himſelfe, it booted not.

Meane while his Ladie, which this outrage ſaw,
Whileſt they together for the quarrey ſtroue,
Into the couert did her ſelfe withdraw,
And cloſely hid her ſelfe within the groue.
My knight hers ſoone, as ſeemes, to daunger droue
And left ſore wounded: but when her he miſt,
He woxe halfe mad, and in that rage gan roue
And range through all the wood, where ſo he wiſt
She hidden was, and ſought her ſo long, as him liſt.

But when as her he by no meanes could find,
After long ſearch and chauff, he turned backe
Vnto the place, where me he left behind:
There gan he me to curſe and ban, for lacke
Of that faire bootie, and with bitter wracke
To wreake on me the guilt of his owne wrong.
Of all which I yet glad to beare the packe,
Stroue to appeaſe him, and perſwaded long:
But ſtill his paſſion grew more violent and ſtrong.

Then as it were t'auenge his wrath on mee,
When forward we ſhould fare, he flat refuſed
To take me vp (as this young man did ſee)
Vpon his ſteed, for no iuſt cauſe accuſed,
But forſt to trot on foot, and foule miſuſed,
Pounching me with the butt end of his ſpeare,
In vaine complayning, to be ſo abuſed.
For he regarded neither playnt nor teare,
But more enforſt my paine, the more my plaints to heare.

So paſſed we, till this young man vs met,
And being moou'd with pittie of my plight,
Spake, as was meet, for eaſe of my regret:
Whereof befell, what now is in your ſight.
Now ſure (then ſaid Sir *Calidore*) and right
Me ſeemes, that him befell by his owne fault:
Who euer thinkes through confidence of might,
Or through ſupport of count'nance proud and hault
To wrong the weaker, oft falles in his owne aſſault.

Then turning backe vnto that gentle boy,
Which had himſelfe ſo ſtoutly well acquit;
Seeing his face ſo louely ſterne and coy,
And hearing th'anſweres of his pregnant wit,

He

He prayſd it much, and much admyred it;
That ſure he weend him borne of noble blood,
With whom thoſe graces did ſo goodly fit:
And when he long had him beholding ſtood,
He burſt into theſe words, as to him ſeemed good.

Faire gentle ſwayne, and yet as ſtout as fayre,
That in theſe woods amõgſt the Nymphs doſt wonne,
Which daily may to thy ſweete lookes repayre,
As they are wont vnto *Latonaes* ſonne,
After his chace on woodie *Cynthus* donne:
Well may I certes ſuch an one thee read,
As by thy worth thou worthily haſt wonne,
Or ſurely borne of ſome Heroicke ſead,
That in thy face appeares and gratious goodly head.

But ſhould it not diſpleaſe thee it to tell;
(Vnleſſe thou in theſe woods thy ſelfe conceale,
For loue amongſt the woodie Gods to dwell;)
I would thy ſelfe require thee to reueale,
For deare affection and vnfayned zeale,
Which to thy noble perſonage I beare,
And wiſh thee grow in worſhip and great weale.
For ſince the day that armes I firſt did reare,
I neuer ſaw in any greater hope appeare.

To whom then thus the noble youth; may be
Sir knight, that by diſcouering my eſtate,
Harme may ariſe vnweeting vnto me;
Natheleſſe, ſith ye ſo courteous ſeemed late,
To you I will not feare it to relate.
Then wote ye that I am a Briton borne,
Sonne of a King, how euer thorough fate
Or fortune I my countrie haue forlorne, (adorne.
And loſt the crowne, which ſhould my head by right

And *Triſtram* is my name, the onely heire
Of good king *Meliogras* which did rayne
In Cornewale, till that he through liues deſpeire
Vntimely dyde, before I did attaine
Ripe yeares of reaſon, my right to maintaine.
After whoſe death, his brother ſeeing mee
An infant, weake a kingdome to ſuſtaine,
Vpon him tooke the roiall high degree,
And ſent me, where him liſt, inſtructed for to bee.

The widow Queene my mother, which then hight
Faire *Emiline*, conceiuing then great feare
Of my fraile ſafetie, reſting in the might
Of him, that did the kingly Scepter beare,
Whoſe gealous dread induring not a peare,
Is wont to cut off all, that doubt may breed,
Thought beſt away me to remoue ſomewhere
Into ſome forrein land, where as no need
Of dreaded daunger might his doubtfull humor feed.

So taking counſell of a wiſe man red,
She was by him aduiz'd, to ſend me quight
Out of the countrie, wherein I was bred,
The which the fertile *Lioneſſe* is hight,
Into the land of *Faerie*, where no wight
Should weet of me, nor worke me any wrong
To whoſe wiſe read ſhe hearkning, ſent me ſtreight
Into this land, where I haue wond thus long,
Since I was ten yeares old, now growen to ſtature ſtrong.

All which my daies I haue not lewdly ſpent,
Nor ſpilt the bloſſome of my tender yeares
In ydleſſe, but as was conuenient,
Haue trayned bene with many noble feres

In

In gentle thewes, and ſuch like ſeemely leres.
Mongſt which my moſt delight hath alwaies been,
To hunt the ſaluage chace amongſt my peres,
Of all that raungeth in the forreſt greene;
Of which none is to me vnknowne, that eu'r was ſeene.

Ne is there hauke, which mantleth her on pearch,
Whether high towring, or accoaſting low,
But I the meaſure of her flight doe ſearch,
And all her pray, and all her diet know.
Such be our ioyes, which in theſe forreſts grow:
Onely the vſe of armes, which moſt I ioy,
And fitteth moſt for noble ſwayne to know,
I haue not taſted yet, yet paſt a boy,
And being now high time theſe ſtrong ioynts to imploy.

Therefore, good Sir, ſith now occaſion fit
Doth fall, whoſe like hereafter ſeldome may,
Let me this craue, vnworthy though of it,
That ye will make me Squire without delay,
That from henceforth in batteilous array
I may beare armes, and learne to vſe them right;
The rather ſince that fortune hath this day
Giuen to me the ſpoile of this dead knight,
Theſe goodly gilden armes, which I haue won in fight.

All which when well Sir *Calidore* had heard,
Him much more now, then earſt he gan admire,
For the rare hope which in his yeares appear'd,
And thus replide; faire chyld, the high deſire
To loue of armes, which in you doth aſpire,
I may not certes without blame denie;
But rather wiſh, that ſome more noble hire,
(Though none more noble then is cheualrie,)
I had, you to reward with greater dignitie.

There him he cauſd to kneele, and made to ſweare
Faith to his knight, and truth to Ladies all,
And neuer to be recreant, for feare
Of perill, or of ought that might befall:
So he him dubbed, and his Squire did call.
Full glad and ioyous then young *Triſtram* grew,
Like as a flowre, whoſe ſilken leaues ſmall,
Long ſhut vp in the bud from heauens vew,
At length breakes forth, and brode diſplayes his ſmyling hew.

Thus when they long had treated to and fro,
And *Calidore* betooke him to depart,
Chyld *Triſtram* prayd, that he with him might goe
On his aduenture, vowing not to ſtart,
But wayt on him in euery place and part.
Whereat Sir *Calidore* did much delight,
And greatly ioy'd at his ſo noble hart,
In hope he ſure would proue a doughtie knight:
Yet for the time this anſwere he to him behight.

Glad would I ſurely be, thou courteous Squire,
To haue thy preſence in my preſent queſt,
That mote thy kindled courage ſet on fire,
And flame forth honour in thy noble breſt:
But I am bound by vow, which I profeſt
To my dread Soueraine, when I it aſſayd,
That in atchieuement of her high beheſt,
I ſhould no creature ioyne vnto mine ayde,
For thy I may not graunt, that ye ſo greatly prayde.

But ſince this Ladie is all deſolate,
And needeth ſafegard now vpon her way,
Ye may doe well in this her needfull ſtate
To ſuccour her, from daunger of diſmay;

That

That thankfull guerdon may to you repay.
The noble ympe of ſuch new ſeruice fayne,
It gladly did accept, as he did ſay.
So taking courteous leaue, they parted twayne,
And *Calidore* forth paſſed to his former payne.

But *Triſtram* then deſpoyling that dead knight
Of all thoſe goodly implements of prayſe,
Long fed his greedie eyes with the faire ſight
Of the bright mettall, ſhyning like Sunne rayes;
Handling and turning them a thouſand wayes.
And after hauing them vpon him dight,
He tooke that Ladie, and her vp did rayſe
Vpon the ſteed of her owne late dead knight,
So with her marched forth, as ſhe did him behight.

There to their fortune leaue we them awhile,
And turne we backe to good Sir *Calidore*;
Who ere he thence had traueild many a mile,
Came to the place, whereas ye heard afore
This knight, whom *Triſtram* ſlew, had wounded ſore
Another knight in his deſpiteous pryde;
There he that knight found lying on the flore,
With many wounds full perilous and wyde,
That all his garments, and the graſſe in vermeill dyde.

And there beſide him ſate vpon the ground
His wofull Ladie, piteouſly complayning
With loud laments that moſt vnluckie ſtound,
And her ſad ſelfe with carefull hand conſtrayning
To wype his wounds, and eaſe their bitter payning.
Which ſorie ſight when *Calidore* did vew
With heauie eyne, from teares vneath refrayning,
His mightie hart their mournefull caſe can rew,
And for their better comfort to them nigher drew.

Then ſpeaking to the Ladie, thus he ſayd:
Ye dolefull Dame, let not your griefe empeach
To tell, what cruell hand hath thus arayd
This knight vnarm'd, with ſo vnknightly breach
Of armes, that if I yet him nigh may reach,
I may auenge him of ſo foule deſpight.
The Ladie hearing his ſo courteous ſpeach,
Gan reare her eyes as to the chearefull light,
And from her ſory hart few heauie words forth ſight.

In which ſhe ſhew'd, how that diſcourteous knight
(Whom *Triſtram* ſlew) them in that ſhadow found,
Ioying together in vnblam'd delight,
And him vnarm'd, as now he lay on ground,
Charg'd with his ſpeare and mortally did wound,
Withouten cauſe, but onely her to reaue
From him, to whom ſhe was for euer bound:
Yet when ſhe fled into that couert greaue,
He her not finding, both them thus nigh dead did leaue.

When *Calidore* this ruefull ſtorie had
Well vnderſtood, he gan of her demand,
What manner wight he was, and how yclad,
Which had this outrage wrought with wicked hand.
She then, like as ſhe beſt could vnderſtand,
Him thus deſcrib'd, to be of ſtature large,
Clad all in gilden armes, with azure band
Quartred athwart, and bearing in his targe
A Ladie on rough waues, row'd in a ſommer barge.

Then gan Sir *Calidore* to gheſſe ſtreight way
By many ſignes, which ſhe deſcribed had,
That this was he, whom *Triſtram* earſt did ſlay,
And to her ſaid; Dame be no longer ſad:

For

For he, that hath your Knight ſo ill beſtad,
Is now him ſelfe in much more wretched plight;
Theſe eyes him ſaw vpon the cold earth ſprad,
The meede of his deſert for that deſpight,
Which to your ſelfe he wrought,& to your loued knight.

Therefore faire Lady lay aſide this griefe,
Which ye haue gathered to your gentle hart,
For that diſpleaſure; and thinke what reliefe
Were beſt deuiſe for this your louers ſmart,
And how ye may him hence, and to what part
Conuay to be recur'd. She thankt him deare,
Both for that newes he did to her impart,
And for the courteous care, which he did beare
Both to her loue; and to her ſelfe in that ſad dreare.

Yet could ſhe not deuiſe by any wit,
How thence ſhe might conuay him to ſome place.
For him to trouble ſhe it thought vnfit,
That was a ſtraunger to her wretched caſe;
And him to beare, ſhe thought it thing too baſe.
Which when as he perceiu'd, he thus beſpake;
Faire Lady let it not you ſeeme diſgrace,
To beare this burden on your dainty backe;
My ſelfe will beare a part, coportion of your packe.

So off he did his ſhield, and downeward layd
Vpon the ground, like to an hollow beare;
And powring balme, which he had long puruayd,
Into his wounds, him vp thereon did reare,
And twixt them both with parted paines did beare,
Twixt life and death, not knowing what was donne.
Thence they him carried to a Caſtle neare,
In which a worthy auncient Knight did wonne:
Where what enſu'd, ſhall in next Canto be begonne.

Cant. III.

Calidore brings Priscilla home,
Pursues the Blatant Beast:
Saues Serena whilest Calepine
By Turpine is oppresst.

TRue is, that whilome that good Poet sayd,
The gentle minde by gentle deeds is knowne.
For a man by nothing is so well bewrayd,
As by his manners, in which plaine is showne
Of what degree and what race he is growne.
For seldome seene, a trotting Stalion get
An ambling Colt, that is his proper owne:
So seldome seene, that one in baseneſſe set
Doth noble courage shew, with curteous manners met.

But euermore contrary hath bene tryde,
That gentle bloud will gentle manners breed;
As well may be in *Calidore* descryde,
By late ensample of that courteous deed,
Done to that wounded Knight in his great need,
Whom on his backe he bore, till he him brought
Vnto the Castle where they had decreed.
There of the Knight, the which that Castle ought,
To make abode that night he greatly was besought.

He was to weete a man of full ripe yeares,
That in his youth had beene of mickle might,
And borne great sway in armes amongst his peares:
But now weake age had dimd his candle light.

Yet was he courteous ſtill to euery wight,
And loued all that did to armes incline.
And was the father of that wounded Knight,
Whom *Calidore* thus carried on his chine,
And *Aldus* was his name, and his ſonnes *Aladine*.

Who when he ſaw his ſonne ſo ill bedight,
With bleeding wounds, brought home vpon a Beare,
By a faire Lady, and a ſtraunger Knight,
Was inly touched with compaſſion deare,
And deare affection of ſo dolefull dreare,
That he theſe words burſt forth; Ah ſory boy,
Is this the hope that to my hoary heare
Thou brings? aie me, is this the timely ioy,
Which I expected long, now turnd to ſad annoy?

Such is the weakeneſſe of all mortall hope;
So tickle is the ſtate of earthly things,
That ere they come vnto their aymed ſcope,
They fall too ſhort of our fraile reckonings,
And bring vs bale and bitter ſorrowings,
In ſtead of comfort, which we ſhould embrace:
This is the ſtate of Keaſars and of Kings.
Let none therefore, that is in meaner place,
Too greatly grieue at any his vnlucky caſe.

So well and wiſely did that good old Knight
Temper his griefe, and turned it to cheare,
To cheare his gueſts, whom he had ſtayd that night,
And make their welcome to them well appeare:
That to Sir *Calidore* was eaſie geare;
But that faire Lady would be cheard for nought,
But ſigh'd and ſorrow'd for her louer deare,
And inly did afflict her penſiue thought, (brought.
With thinking to what caſe her name ſhould now be

For she was daughter to a noble Lord,
Which dwelt thereby, who sought her to affy
To a great pere; but she did disaccord,
Ne could her liking to his loue apply,
But lou'd this fresh young Knight, who dwelt her ny,
The lusty *Aladine*, though meaner borne,
And of lesse liuelood and hability,
Yet full of valour, the which did adorne
His meanesse much, & make her th'others riches scorne.

So hauing both found fit occasion,
They met together in that luckelesse glade;
Where that proud Knight in his presumption
The gentle *Aladine* did earst inuade,
Being vnarm'd, and set in secret shade.
Whereof she now bethinking, gan t'aduize,
How great a hazard she at earst had made
Of her good fame, and further gan deuize,
How she the blame might salue with coloured disguize.

But *Calidore* with all good courtesie
Fain'd her to frolicke, and to put away
The pensiue fit of her melancholie;
And that old Knight by all meanes did assay,
To make them both as merry as he may.
So they the euening past, till time of rest,
When *Calidore* in seemly good array
Vnto his bowre was brought, and there vndrest,
Did sleepe all night through weary trauell of his quest.

But faire *Priscilla* (so that Lady hight)
Would to no bed, nor take no kindely sleepe,
But by her wounded loue did watch all night,
And all the night for bitter anguish weepe,

And with her teares his wounds did waſh and ſteepe.
So well ſhe waſht them, and ſo well ſhe wacht him,
That of the deadly ſwound, in which full deepe
He drenched was, ſhe at the length diſpacht him,
And droue away the ſtound, which mortally attacht him.

The morrow next, when day gan to vplooke,
He alſo gan vplooke with drery eye,
Like one that out of deadly dreame awooke:
Where when he ſaw his faire *Priſcilla* by,
He deepely ſigh'd, and groaned inwardly,
To thinke of this ill ſtate, in which ſhe ſtood,
Towhich ſhe for his ſake had weetingly
Now brought her ſelfe, and blam'd her noble blood:
For firſt, next after life, he tendered her good.

Which ſhe perceiuing, did with plenteous teares
His care more then her owne compaſſionate,
Forgetfull of her owne, to minde his feares:
So both conſpiring, gan to intimate
Each others griefe with zeale affectionate,
And twixt them twaine with equall care to caſt,
How to ſaue hole her hazarded eſtate;
For which the onely helpe now left them laſt
Seem'd to be *Calidore*: all other helpes were paſt.

Him they did deeme, as ſure to them he ſeemed,
A courteous Knight, and full of faithfull truſt:
Therefore to him their cauſe they beſt eſteemed
Whole to commit, and to his dealing iuſt.
Earely, ſo ſoone as *Titans* beames forth bruſt
Through the thicke clouds, in which they ſteeped lay
All night in darkeneſſe, duld with yron ruſt.
Calidore riſing vp as freſh as day,
Gan freſhly him addreſſe vnto his former way.

But first him seemed fit, that wounded Knight
To visite, after this nights perillous passe,
And to salute him, if he were in plight,
And eke that Lady his faire louely lasse.
There he him found much better then he was,
And moued speach to him of things of course,
The anguish of his paine to ouerpasse:
Mongst which he namely did to him discourse,
Of former daies mishap, his sorrowes wicked sourse.

Of which occasion *Aldine* taking hold,
Gan breake to him the fortunes of his loue,
And all his disaduentures to vnfold;
That *Calidore* it dearly deepe did moue.
In th'end his kyndly courtesie to proue,
He him by all the bands of loue besought,
And as it mote a faithfull friend behoue,
To safeconduct his loue, and not for ought
To leaue, till to her fathers house he had her brought.

Sir *Calidore* his faith thereto did plight,
It to performe: so after little stay,
That she her selfe had to the iourney dight,
He passed forth with her in faire array,
Feareless, who ought did thinke, or ought did say,
Sith his own thought he knew most cleare from wite.
So as they past together on their way,
He can deuize this counter-cast of slight,
To giue faire colour to that Ladies cause in sight.

Streight to the carkasse of that Knight he went,
The cause of all this euill, who was slaine
The day before by iust auengement
Of noble *Tristram*, where it did remaine:

There

There he the necke thereof did cut in twaine,
And tooke with him the head, the signe of shame.
So forth he passed thorough that daies paine,
Till to that Ladies fathers house he came, (came.
Most pensiue man, through feare, what of his childe be-

There he arriuing boldly, did present
The fearefull Lady to her father deare,
Most perfect pure, and guiltlesse innocent
Of blame, as he did on his Knighthood sweare,
Since first he saw her, and did free from feare
Of a discourteous Knight, who her had reft,
And by outragious force away did beare:
Witnesse thereof he shew'd his head there left,
And wretched life forlorne for vengement of his theft.

Most ioyfull man her sire was her to see,
And heare th'aduenture of her late mischaunce;
And thousand thankes to *Calidore* for fee
Of his large paines in her deliueraunce
Did yeeld; Ne lesse the Lady did aduaunce.
Thus hauing her restored trustily,
As he had vow'd, some small continuaunce
He there did make, and then most carefully
Vnto his first exploite he did him selfe apply.

So as he was pursuing of his quest
He chaunst to come whereas a iolly Knight,
In couert shade him selfe did safely rest,
To solace with his Lady in delight:
His warlike armes he had from him vndight;
For that him selfe he thought from daunger free,
And far from enuious eyes that mote him spight,
And eke the Lady was full faire to see,
And courteous withall, becomming her degree.

To whom Sir *Calidore* approaching nye,
Ere they were well aware of liuing wight,
Them much abasht, but more him selfe thereby,
That he so rudely did vppon them light,
And troubled had their quiet loues delight.
Yet since it was his fortune, not his fault,
Him selfe thereof he labour'd to acquite,
And pardon crau'd for his so rath default,
That he gainst courtesie so fowly did default.

With which his gentle words and goodly wit
He soone allayd that Knights conceiu'd displeasure,
That he besought him downe by him to sit,
That they mote treat of things abrode at leasure;
And of aduentures, which had in his measure
Of so long waies to him befallen late.
So downe he sate, and with delightfull pleasure
His long aduentures gan to him relate,
Which he endured had through daungerous debate.

Of which whilest they discourst both together,
The faire *Serena* (so his Lady hight)
Allur'd with myldnesse of the gentle wether,
And pleasaunce of the place, the which was dight
With diuers flowres distinct with rare delight;
Wandred about the fields, as liking led
Her wauering lust after her wandring sight,
To make a garland to adorne her hed,
Without suspect of ill or daungers hidden dred.

All sodainely out of the forrest nere
The *Blatant Beast* forth rushing vnaware,
Caught her thus loosely wandring here and there,
And in his wide great mouth away her bare.

Crying

Crying aloud in vaine, to ſhew her ſad misfare
Vnto the Knights, and calling oft for ayde,
Who with the horrour of her hapleſſe care
Haſtily ſtarting vp, like men diſmayde,
Ran after faſt to reskue the diſtreſſed mayde.

The Beaſt with their purſuit incited more,
Into the wood was bearing her apace
For to haue ſpoyled her, when *Calidore*
Who was more light of foote and ſwift in chace,
Him ouertooke in middeſt of his race:
And fiercely charging him with all his might,
Forſt to forgoe his pray there in the place,
And to betake him ſelfe to fearefull flight;
For he durſt not abide with *Calidore* to fight.

Who natheleſſe, when he the Lady ſaw
There left on ground, though in full euill plight,
Yet knowing that her Knight now neare did draw,
Staide not to ſuccour her in that affright,
But follow'd faſt the Monſter in his flight:
Through woods and hils he follow'd him ſo faſt,
That he nould let him breath nor gather ſpright,
But forſt him gape and gaſpe, with dread aghaſt,
As if his lungs and lites were nigh a ſunder braſt.

And now by this Sir *Calepine* (ſo hight)
Came to the place, where he his Lady found
In dolorous diſmay and deadly plight,
All in gore bloud there tumbled on the ground,
Hauing both ſides through grypt with grieſly wound.
His weapons ſoone from him he threw away,
And ſtouping downe to her in drery ſwound,
Vprear'd her from the ground, whereon ſhe lay,
And in his tender armes her forced vp to ſtay.

So well he did his buſie paines apply,
That the faint ſprite he did reuoke againe,
To her fraile manſion of mortality.
Then vp he tooke her twixt his armes twaine,
And ſetting on his ſteede, her did ſuſtaine
With carefull hands ſofting foot her beſide,
Till to ſome place of reſt they mote attaine,
Where ſhe in ſafe aſſuraunce mote abide,
Till ſhe recured were of thoſe her woundes wide.

Now when as *Phœbus* with his fiery waine
Vnto his Inne began to draw apace;
Tho wexing weary of that toyleſome paine,
In trauelling on foote ſo long a ſpace,
Not wont on foote with heauy armes to trace,
Downe in a dale forby a riuers ſyde,
He chaunſt to ſpie a faire and ſtately place,
To which he meant his weary ſteps to guyde,
In hope there for his loue ſome ſuccour to prouyde.

But comming to the riuers ſide, he found
That hardly paſſable on foote it was:
Therefore there ſtill he ſtood as in a ſtound,
Ne wiſt which way he through the foord mote pas.
Thus whileſt he was in this diſtreſſed caſe,
Deuiſing what to doe, he nigh eſpyde
An armed Knight approaching to the place,
With a faire Lady lincked by his ſyde,
The which themſelues prepard through the foord to ride

Whom *Calepine* ſaluting (as became)
Beſought of courteſie in that his neede,
For ſafe conducting of his ſickely Dame,
Through that ſame perillous foord with better heede,

To

To take him vp behinde vpon his ſteed,
To whom that other did this taunt returne.
Perdy thou peaſant Knight, mightſt rightly reed
Me then to be full baſe and euill borne,
If I would beare behinde a burden of ſuch ſcorne.

But as thou haſt thy ſteed forlorne with ſhame,
So fare on foote till thou another gayne,
And let thy Lady likewiſe doe the ſame,
Or beare her on thy backe with pleaſing payne,
And proue thy manhood on the billowes vayne.
With which rude ſpeach his Lady much diſpleaſed,
Did him reproue, yet could him not reſtrayne,
And would on her owne Palfrey him haue eaſed,
For pitty of his Dame, whom ſhe ſaw ſo diſeaſed.

Sir *Calepine* her thanckt, yet inly wroth
Againſt her Knight, her gentleneſſe refuſed,
And careleſly into the riuer goth,
As in deſpight to be ſo fowle abuſed
Of a rude churle, whom often he accuſed
Of fowle diſcourteſie, vnfit for Knight
And ſtrongly wading through the waues vnuſed,
With ſpeare in th'one hand, ſtayd him ſelfe vpright,
With th'other ſtaide his Lady vp with ſteddy might.

And all the while, that ſame diſcourteous Knight,
Stood on the further bancke beholding him,
At whoſe calamity, for more deſpight
He laught, and mockt to ſee him like to ſwim.
But when as *Calepine* came to the brim,
And ſaw his carriage paſt that perill well,
Looking at that ſame Carle with count'nance grim,
His heart with vengeaunce inwardly did ſwell,
And forth at laſt did breake in ſpeaches ſharpe and fell.

Vnknightly Knight, the blemiſh of that name,
And blot of all that armes vppon them take,
Which is the badge of honour and of fame,
Loe I defie thee, and here challenge make,
That thou for euer doe thoſe armes forſake;
And be for euer held a recreant Knight,
Vnleſſe thou dare for thy deare Ladies ſake,
And for thine owne defence on foote alight,
To iuſtifie thy fault gainſt me in equall fight.

The daſtard, that did heare him ſelfe defyde,
Seem'd not to weigh his threatfull words at all,
But laught them out, as if his greater pryde,
Did ſcorne the challenge of ſo baſe a thrall:
Or had no courage, or elſe had no gall.
So much the more was *Calepine* offended,
That him to no reuenge he forth could call,
But both his challenge and him ſelfe contemned,
Ne cared as a coward ſo to be condemned.

But he nought weighing what he ſayd or did,
Turned his ſteede abour another way,
And with his Lady to the Caſtle rid,
Where was his won; ne did the other ſtay,
But after went directly as he may,
For his ſicke charge ſome harbour there to ſeeke;
Where he arriuing with the fall of day,
Drew to the gate, and there with prayers meeke,
And myld entreaty lodging did for her beſeeke.

But the rude Porter that no manners had,
Did ſhut the gate againſt him in his face,
And entraunce boldly vnto him forbad.
Natheleſſe the Knight now in ſo needy caſe,

Gan him entreat euen with ſubmiſſion baſe,
And humbly praid to let them in that night:
Who to him aunſwer'd, that there was no place
Of lodging fit for any errant Knight,
Vnleſſe that with his Lord he formerly did fight.

Full loth am I (quoth he) as now at earſt,
When day is ſpent, and reſt vs needeth moſt,
And that this Lady, both whoſe ſides are pearſt
With wounds, is ready to forgo the ghoſt:
Ne would I gladly combate with mine hoſt,
That ſhould to me ſuch curteſie afford,
Vnleſſe that I were thereunto enforſt.
But yet aread to me, how hight thy Lord,
That doth thus ſtrongly ward the Caſtle of the ford.

His name (quoth he) if that thou liſt to learne,
Is hight Sir *Turpine*, one of mickle might,
And manhood rare, but terrible and ſtearne
In all aſſaies to euery errant Knight,
Becauſe of one, that wrought him fowle deſpight.
Ill ſeemes (ſayd he) if he ſo valiaunt be,
That he ſhould be ſo ſterne to ſtranger wight:
For ſeldome yet did liuing creature ſee,
That curteſie and manhood euer diſagree.

But go thy waies to him, and fro me ſay,
That here is at his gate an errant Knight,
That houſe-rome craues, yet would be loth t'aſſay
The proofe of battell, now in doubtfull night,
Or curteſie with rudeneſſe to requite:
Yet if he needes will fight, craue leaue till morne,
And tell with all, the lamentable plight,
In which this Lady languiſheth forlorne,
That pitty craues, as he of woman was yborne.

The groome went ſtreight way in, and to his Lord
Declar'd the meſſage, which that Knight did moue;
Who ſitting with his Lady then at bord,
Not onely did not his demaund reproue,
But both himſelfe reuil'd, and eke his loue;
Albe his Lady, that *Blandina* hight,
Him of vngentle vſage did approue
And earneſtly entreated that they might
Finde fauour to be lodged there for that ſame night.

Yet would he not perſwaded be for ought,
Ne from his curriſh will awhit reclame.
Which anſwer when the groome returning, brought
To *Calepine*, his heart did inly flame
With wrathfull fury for ſo foule a ſhame,
That he could not thereof auenged bee:
But moſt for pitty of his deareſt Dame,
Whom now in deadly daunger he did ſee;
Yet had no meanes to comfort, nor procure her glee.

But all in vaine; for why, no remedy
He ſaw, the preſent miſchiefe to redreſſe,
But th'vtmoſt end perforce for to aby,
Which that nights fortune would for him addreſſe.
So downe he tooke his Lady in diſtreſſe;
And layd her vnderneath a buſh to ſleepe,
Couer'd with cold, and wrapt in wretchedneſſe,
Whiles he him ſelfe all night did nought but weepe,
And wary watch about her for her ſafegard keepe.

The morrow next, ſo ſoone as ioyous day
Did ſhew it ſelfe in ſunny beames bedight,
Serena full of dolorous diſmay,
Twixt darkeneſſe dread, and hope of liuing light,

Vprear'd her head to see that chearefull sight.
Then *Calepine*, how euer inly wroth,
And greedy to auenge that vile despight,
Yet for the feeble Ladies sake, full loth
To make there lenger stay, forth on his iourney goth.

He goth on foote all armed by her side,
Vpstaying still her selfe vppon her steede,
Being vnhable else alone to ride;
So sore her sides, so much her wounds did bleede:
Till that at length, in his extreamest neede,
He chaunst far off an armed Knight to spy,
Pursuing him apace with greedy speede,
Whom well he wist to be some enemy,
That meant to make aduantage of his misery.

Wherefore he stayd, till that he nearer drew,
To weet what issue would thereof betyde,
Tho whenas he approched nigh in vew,
By certaine signes he plainely him descryde,
To be the man, that with such scornefull pryde
Had him abusde, and shamed yesterday;
Therefore misdoubting, least he should misguyde
His former malice to some new assay,
He cast to keepe him selfe so safely as he may.

By this the other came in place likewise,
And couching close his speare and all his powre,
As bent to some malicious enterprise,
He bad him stand, t'abide the bitter stoure
Of his sore vengeaunce, or to make auoure
Of the lewd words and deedes, which he had done:
With that ran at him, as he would deuoure
His life attonce; who nought could do, but shun
The perill of his pride, or else be ouerrun.

Yet he him ſtill purſew'd from place to place,
With full intent him cruelly to kill,
And like a wilde goate round about did chace,
Flying the fury of his bloudy will.
But his beſt ſuccour and refuge was ſtill
Behinde his Ladies backe, who to him cryde,
And called oft with prayers loud and ſhrill,
As euer he to Lady was affyde,
To ſpare her Knight, and reſt with reaſon pacifyde.

But he the more thereby enraged was,
And with more eager felneſſe him purſew'd,
So that at length, after long weary chace,
Hauing by chaunce a cloſe aduantage vew'd,
He ouer raught him, hauing long eſchew'd
His violence in vaine, and with his ſpere
Strooke through his ſhoulder, that the blood enſew'd
In great aboundance, as a well it were,
That forth out of an hill freſh guſhing did appere.

Yet ceaſt he not for all that cruell wound,
But chaſte him ſtill, for all his Ladies cry,
Not ſatisfyde till on the fatall ground
He ſaw his life powrd forth diſpiteouſly:
The which was certes in great ieopardy,
Had not a wondrous chaunce his reskue wrought,
And ſaued from his cruell villany.
Such chaunces oft exceed all humaine thought:
That in another Canto ſhall to end be brought.

Cant. IIII.

Calepine by a ſaluage man
from Turpine reskewed is,
And whyleſt an Infant from a Beare
he ſaues, his loue doth miſſe.

LIke as a ſhip with dreadfull ſtorme long toſt,
Hauing ſpent all her maſtes and her ground-hold,
Now farre from harbour likely to be loſt,
At laſt ſome fiſher barke doth neare behold,
That giueth comfort to her courage cold.
Such was the ſtate of this moſt courteous knight
Being oppreſſed by that faytour bold,
That he remayned in moſt perilous plight,
And his ſad Ladie left in pitifull affright.

Till that by fortune, paſſing all foreſight,
A ſaluage man, which in thoſe woods did wonne,
Drawne with that Ladies loud and piteous ſhright,
Toward the ſame inceſſantly did ronne,
To vnderſtand what there was to be donne.
There he this moſt diſcourteous crauen found,
As fiercely yet, as when he firſt begonne,
Chaſing the gentle *Calepine* around,
Ne ſparing him the more for all his grieuous wound.

The ſaluage man, that neuer till this houre
Did taſte of pittie, neither gentleſſe knew,
Seeing his ſharpe aſſault and cruell ſtoure
Was much emmoued at his perils vew,

That euen his ruder hart began to rew,
And feele compaſſion of his euill plight,
Againſt his foe that did him ſo purſew:
From whom he meant to free him, if he might,
And him auenge of that ſo villenous deſpight.

Yet armes or weapon had he none to fight,
Ne knew the vſe of warlike inſtruments,
Saue ſuch as ſudden rage him lent to ſmite,
But naked without needfull veſtiments,
To clad his corpſe with meete habiliments,
He cared not for dint of ſword nor ſpeere,
No more then for the ſtroke of ſtrawes or bents:
For from his mothers wombe, which him did beare
He was invulnerable made by Magicke leare.

He ſtayed not t'aduize, which way were beſt
His foe t'aſſayle, or how himſelfe to gard,
But with fierce fury and with force infeſt
Vpon him ran; who being well prepard,
His firſt aſſault full warily did ward,
And with the puſh of his ſharp-pointed ſpeare
Full on the breaſt him ſtrooke, ſo ſtrong and hard,
That forſt him backe recoyle, and reele areare;
Yet in his bodie made no wound nor bloud appeare.

With that the wyld man more enraged grew,
Like to a Tygre that hath miſt his pray,
And with mad mood againe vpon him flew,
Regarding neither ſpeare, that mote him ſlay,
Nor his fierce ſteed, that mote him much diſmay.
The ſaluage nation doth all dread deſpize:
Tho on his ſhield he griple hold did lay,
And held the ſame ſo hard, that by no wize
He could him force to looſe, or leaue his enterprize.

Long

Long did he wreſt and wring it to and fro,
And euery way did try, but all in vaine:
For he would not his greedie grype forgoe,
But hayld and puld with all his might and maine,
That from his ſteed him nigh he drew againe.
Who hauing now no vſe of his long ſpeare,
So nigh at hand, nor force his ſhield to ſtraine,
Both ſpeare and ſhield, as things that needleſſe were,
He quite forſooke, and fled himſelfe away for feare.

But after him the wyld man ran apace,
And him purſewed with importune ſpeed,
(For he was ſwift as any Bucke in chace)
And had he not in his extreameſt need,
Bene helped through the ſwiftneſſe of his ſteed,
He had him ouertaken in his flight.
Who euer, as he ſaw him nigh ſucceed,
Gan cry aloud with horrible affright,
And ſhrieked out, a thing vncomely for a knight.

But when the Saluage ſaw his labour vaine,
In following of him, that fled ſo faſt,
He wearie woxe, and backe return'd againe
With ſpeede vnto the place, whereas he laſt
Had left that couple, nere their vtmoſt caſt.
There he that knight full ſorely bleeding found,
And eke the Ladie fearefully aghaſt,
Both for the perill of the preſent ſtound,
And alſo for the ſharpneſſe of her rankling wound.

For though ſhe were right glad, ſo rid to bee
From that vile lozell, which her late offended,
Yet now no leſſe encombrance ſhe did ſee,
And perill by this ſaluage man pretended;

Gainſt whom ſhe ſaw no meanes to be defended,
By reaſon that her knight was wounded ſore.
Therefore her ſelfe ſhe wholy recommended
To Gods ſole grace, whom ſhe did oft implore,
To ſend her ſuccour, being of all hope forlore.

But the wyld man, contrarie to her feare,
Came to her creeping like a fawning hound,
And by rude tokens made to her appeare
His deepe compaſſion of her dolefull ſtound,
Kiſſing his hands, and crouching to the ground;
For other language had he none nor ſpeach,
But a ſoft murmure, and confuſed ſound
Of ſenſeleſſe words, which nature did him teach,
T'expreſſe his paſſions, which his reaſon did empeach.

And comming likewiſe to the wounded knight,
When he beheld the ſtreames of purple blood
Yet flowing freſh, as moued with the ſight,
He made great mone after his ſaluage mood,
And running ſtreight into the thickeſt wood,
A certaine herbe from thence vnto him brought,
Whoſe vertue he by vſe well vnderſtood:
The iuyce whereof into his wound he wrought,
And ſtopt the bleeding ſtraight, ere he it ſtaunched (thought.

Then taking vp that Recreants ſhield and ſpeare,
Which earſt he left, he ſignes vnto them made,
With him to wend vnto his wonning neare:
To which he eaſily did them perſwade
Farre in the forreſt by a hollow glade,
Couered with moſſie ſhrubs, which ſpredding brode
Did vnderneath them make a gloomy ſhade;
There foot of liuing creature neuer trode, (abode.
Ne ſcarſe wyld beaſts durſt come, there was this wights

Thether

Thether he brought theſe vnacquainted gueſts;
To whom faire ſemblance, as he could, he ſhewed
By ſignes, by lookes, and all his other geſts.
But the bare ground, with hoarie moſſe beſtrowed,
Muſt be their bed, their pillow was vnſowed,
And the frutes of the forreſt was their feaſt:
For their bad Stuard neither plough'd nor ſowed,
Ne fed on fleſh, ne euer of wyld beaſt
Did taſte the bloud, obaying natures firſt beheaſt.

Yet howſoeuer baſe and meane it were,
They tooke it well, and thanked God for all,
Which had them freed from that deadly feare,
And ſau'd from being to that caytiue thrall.
Here they of force (as fortune now did fall)
Compelled were themſelues a while to reſt,
Glad of that eaſement, though it were but ſmall;
That hauing there their wounds awhile redreſt,
They mote the abler be to paſſe vnto the reſt.

During which time, that wyld man did apply
His beſt endeuour, and his daily paine,
In ſeeking all the woods both farre and nye
For herbes to dreſſe their wounds; ſtill ſeeming faine,
When ought he did, that did their lyking gaine.
So as ere long he had that knightes wound
Recured well, and made him whole againe:
But that ſame Ladies hurts no herbe he found,
Which could redreſſe, for it was inwardly vnſound.

Now when as *Calepine* was woxen ſtrong,
Vpon a day he caſt abrode to wend,
To take the ayre, and heare the thruſhes ſong,
Vnarm'd, as fearing neither foe nor frend,

And without ſword his perſon to defend.
There him befell, vnlooked for before,
An hard aduenture with vnhappie end,
A cruell Beare, the which an infant bore
Betwixt his bloodie iawes, beſprinckled all with gore.

The litle babe did loudly ſcrike and ſquall,
And all the woods with piteous plaints did fill,
As if his cry did meane for helpe to call
To *Calepine*, whoſe eares thoſe ſhrieches ſhrill
Percing his hart with pities point did thrill;
That after him, he ran with zealous haſte,
To reſcue th'infant, ere he did him kill:
Whom though he ſaw now ſomewhat ouerpaſt,
Yet by the cry he follow'd, and purſewed faſt.

Well then him chaunſt his heauy armes to want,
Whoſe burden mote empeach his needfull ſpeed,
And hinder him from libertie to pant:
For hauing long time, as his daily weed,
Them wont to weare, and wend on foot for need,
Now wanting them he felt himſelfe ſo light,
That like an Hauke, which feeling her ſelfe freed
From bels and ieſſes, which did let her flight,
Him ſeem'd his feet did fly, and in their ſpeed delight.

So well he ſped him, that the wearie Beare
Ere long he ouertooke, and forſt to ſtay,
And without weapon him aſſayling neare,
Compeld him ſoone the ſpoyle adowne to lay.
Wherewith the beaſt enrag'd to looſe his pray,
Vpon him turned, and with greedie force
And furie, to be croſſed in his way,
Gaping full wyde, did thinke without remorſe
To be aueng'd on him, and to deuoure his corſe.

But the bold knight no whit thereat dismayd,
But catching vp in hand a ragged stone,
Which lay thereby (so fortune him did ayde)
Vpon him ran, and thrust it all attone
Into his gaping throte, that made him grone
And gaspe for breath, that he nigh choked was,
Being vnable to digest that bone;
Ne could it vpward come, nor downward passe,
Ne could he brooke the coldnesse of the stony masse.

Whom when as he thus combred did behold,
Stryuing in vaine that nigh his bowels brast,
He with him clos'd, and laying mightie hold
Vpon his throte, did gripe his gorge so fast,
That wanting breath, him downe to ground he cast;
And then oppressing him with vrgent paine,
Ere long enforst to breath his vtmost blast,
Gnashing his cruell teeth at him in vaine,
And threatning his sharpe clawes, now wanting powre (to straine.

Then tooke he vp betwixt his armes twaine
The litle babe, sweet relickes of his pray;
Whom pitying to heare so sore complaine,
From his soft eyes the teares he wypt away,
And from his face the filth that did it ray,
And euery litle limbe he searcht around,
And euery part, that vnder sweathbands lay,
Least that the beasts sharpe teeth had any wound
Made in his tender flesh, but whole them all he found.

So hauing all his bands againe vptyde,
He with him thought backe to returne againe:
But when he lookt about on euery syde,
To weet which way were best to entertaine,

To bring him to the place, where he would faine,
He could no path nor tract of foot descry,
Ne by inquirie learne, nor ghesse by ayme.
For nought but woods and forrests farre and nye,
That all about did close the compasse of his eye.

Much was he then encombred, ne could tell
Which way to take: now West he went a while,
Then North; then neither, but as fortune fell.
So vp and downe he wandred many a mile,
With wearie trauell and vncertaine toile,
Yet nought the nearer to his iourneys end;
And euermore his louely litle spoile
Crying for food, did greatly him offend.
So all that day in wandring vainely he did spend.

At last about the setting of the Sunne,
Him selfe out of the forest he did wynd,
And by good fortune the plaine champion wonne:
Where looking all about, where he mote fynd
Some place of succour to content his mynd,
At length he heard vnder the forrests syde
A voice, that seemed of some woman kynd,
Which to her selfe lamenting loudly cryde,
And oft complayn'd of fate, and fortune oft defyde.

To whom approching, when as she perceiued
A stranger wight in place, her plaint she stayd,
As if she doubted to haue bene deceiued,
Or loth to let her sorrowes be bewrayd.
Whom when as *Calepine* saw so dismayd,
He to her drew, and with faire blandishment
Her chearing vp, thus gently to her sayd;
What be you wofull Dame, which thus lament,
And for what cause declare, so mote ye not repent.

To

To whom ſhe thus, what need me Sir to tell,
That which your ſelfe haue earſt ared ſo right?
A wofull dame ye haue me termed well;
So much more wofull, as my wofull plight
Cannot redreſſed be by liuing wight.
Nathleſſe (quoth he) if need doe not you bynd,
Doe it diſcloſe, to eaſe your grieued ſpright:
Oftimes it haps, that ſorrowes of the mynd
Find remedie vnſought, which ſeeking cannot fynd.

Then thus began the lamentable Dame;
Sith then ye needs will know the griefe I hoord,
I am th'vnfortunate *Matilde* by name,
The wife of bold Sir *Bruin*, who is Lord
Of all this land, late conquer'd by his ſword
From a great Gyant, called *Cormoraunt*;
Whom he did ouerthrow by yonder foord,
And in three battailes did ſo deadly daunt,
That he dare not returne for all his daily vaunt.

So is my Lord now ſeiz'd of all the land,
As in his fee, with peaceable eſtate,
And quietly doth hold it in his hand,
Ne any dares with him for it debate.
But to theſe happie fortunes, cruell fate
Hath ioyn'd one euill, which doth ouerthow
All theſe our ioyes, and all our bliſſe abate;
And like in time to further ill to grow,
And all this land with endleſſe loſſe to ouerflow.

For th'heauens enuying our proſperitie,
Haue not vouchſaft to graunt vnto vs twaine
The gladfull bleſſing of poſteritie,
Which we might ſee after our ſelues remaine

In th'heritage of our vnhappie paine:
So that for want of heires it to defend,
All is in time like to returne againe
To that foule feend, who dayly doth attend
To leape into the ſame after our liues end.

But moſt my Lord is grieued herewithall,
And makes exceeding mone, when he does thinke
That all this land vnto his foe ſhall fall,
For which he long in vaine did ſweat and ſwinke,
That now the ſame he greatly doth forthinke.
Yet was it ſayd, there ſhould to him a ſonne
Be gotten, not begotten, which ſhould drinke
And dry vp all the water, which doth ronne
In the next brooke, by whō that feend ſhold be fordonne.

Well hop't he then, when this was propheſide,
That from his ſides ſome noble chyld ſhould rize,
The which through fame ſhould farre be magnifide,
And this proud gyant ſhould with braue emprize
Quite ouerthrow, who now ginnes to deſpize
The good Sir *Bruin*, growing farre in yeares;
Who thinkes from me his ſorrow all doth rize.
Lo this my cauſe of griefe to you appeares;
For which I thus doe mourne, and poure forth ceaſeleſſe (teares.

Which when he heard, he inly touched was
With tender ruth for her vnworthy griefe,
And when he had deuized of her caſe,
He gan in mind conceiue a fit reliefe
For all her paine, if pleaſe her make the prieſe.
And hauing cheared her, thus ſaid; faire Dame,
In euils counſell is the comfort chiefe,
Which though I be not wiſe enough to frame,
Yet as I well it meane, vouchſafe it without blame.

If

If that the cauſe of this your languiſhment
Be lacke of children, to ſupply your place,
Low how good fortune doth to you preſent
This litle babe, of ſweete and louely face,
And ſpotleſſe ſpirit, in which ye may enchace
What euer formes ye liſt thereto apply,
Being now ſoft and fit them to embrace;
Whether ye liſt him traine in cheualry,
Or nourſle vp in lore of learn'd Philoſophy.

And certes it hath oftentimes bene ſeene,
That of the like, whoſe linage was vnknowne,
More braue and noble knights haue rayſed beene,
As their victorious deedes haue often ſhowen,
Being with fame through many Nations blowen,
Then thoſe, which haue bene dandled in the lap.
Therefore ſome thought, that thoſe braue imps were
Here by the Gods, and fed with heauenly ſap, (ſowen
That made them grow ſo high t'all honorable hap.

The Ladie hearkning to his ſenſefull ſpeach,
Found nothing that he ſaid, vnmeet nor geaſon,
Hauing oft ſeene it tryde, as he did teach.
Therefore inclyning to his goodly reaſon,
Agreeing well both with the place and ſeaſon,
She gladly did of that ſame babe accept,
As of her owne by liuerey and ſeiſin,
And hauing ouer it a litle wept,
She bore it thence, and euer as her owne it kept.

Right glad was *Calepine* to be ſo rid
Of his young charge, whereof he skilled nought:
Ne ſhe leſſe glad; for ſhe ſo wiſely did,
And with her husband vnder hand ſo wrought,

That when that infant vnto him ſhe brought,
She made him thinke it ſurely was his owne,
And it in goodly thewes ſo well vpbrought,
That it became a famous knight well knowne
And did right noble deedes, the which elſwhere are ſhowne.

But *Calepine*, now being left alone
Vnder the greenewoods ſide in ſorie plight,
Withouten armes or ſteede to ride vpon,
Or houſe to hide his head from heauens ſpight,
Albe that Dame by all the meanes ſhe might,
Him oft deſired home with her to wend,
And offred him, his courteſie to requite,
Both horſe and armes, and what ſo elſe to lend,
Yet he them all refuſd, though thankt her as a frend.

And for exceeding griefe which inly grew,
That he his loue ſo luckleſſe now had loſt,
On the cold ground, maugre himſelfe he threw,
For fell deſpight, to be ſo ſorely croſt;
And there all night himſelfe in anguiſh toſt,
Vowing, that neuer he in bed againe
His limbes would reſt, ne lig in eaſe emboſt,
Till that his Ladies ſight he mote attaine,
Or vnderſtand, that ſhe in ſafetie did remaine.

CANT.

Cant. V

The ſaluage ſerues Matilda well
till ſhe Prince Arthure fynd,
Who her together with his Squyre
with th'Hermit leaues behynd.

O What an eaſie thing is to deſcry
The gentle bloud, how euer it bewrapt
In ſad misfortunes foule deformity,
And wretched ſorrowes, which haue often hapt?
For howſoeuer it may grow miſ-ſhapt,
Like this wyld man, being vndiſciplynd,
That to all vertue it may ſeeme vnapt,
Yet will it ſhew ſome ſparkes of gentle mynd,
And at the laſt breake forth in his owne proper kynd.

That plainely may in this wyld man be red,
Who though he were ſtill in this deſert wood,
Mongſt ſaluage beaſts, both rudely borne and bred,
Ne euer ſaw faire guize, ne learned good,
Yet ſhewd ſome token of his gentle blood,
By gentle vſage of that wretched Dame.
For certes he was borne of noble blood,
How euer by hard hap he hether came;
As ye may know, when time ſhall be to tell the ſame.

Who when as now long time he lacked had
The good Sir *Calepine*, that farre was ſtrayd,
Did wexe exceeding ſorrowfull and ſad,
As he of ſome misfortune were afrayd:

And leauing there this Ladie all dismayd,
Went forth streightway into the forrest wyde,
To seeke, if he perchance a sleepe were layd,
Or what so else were vnto him betyde:
He sought him farre & neare, yet him no where he spyde.

Tho backe returning to that sorie Dame,
He shewed semblant of exceeding mone,
By speaking signes, as he them best could frame;
Now wringing both his wretched hands in one,
Now beating his hard head vpon a stone,
That ruth it was to see him so lament.
By which she well perceiuing, what was done,
Gan teare her hayre, and all her garments rent,
And beat her breast, and piteously her selfe torment.

Vpon the ground her selfe she fiercely threw,
Regardlesse of her wounds, yet bleeding rife,
That with their bloud did all the flore imbrew,
As if her breast new launcht with murdrous knife,
Would streight dislodge the wretched wearie life.
There she long groueling, and deepe groning lay,
As if her vitall powers were at strife
With stronger death, and feared their decay,
Such were this Ladies pangs and dolorous assay.

Whom when the Saluage saw so sore distrest,
He reared her vp from the bloudie ground,
And sought by all the meanes, that he could best
Her to recure out of that stony swound,
And staunch the bleeding of her dreary wound.
Yet nould she be recomforted for nought,
Ne cease her sorrow and impatient stound,
But day and night did vexe her carefull thought,
And euer more and more her owne affliction wrought.

At length, when as no hope of his retourne
She saw now left, she cast to leaue the place,
And wend abrode, though feeble and forlorne,
To seeke some comfort in that sorie case.
His steede now strong through rest so long a space,
Well as she could, she got, and did bedight,
And being thereon mounted, forth did pace,
Withouten guide, her to conduct aright,
Or gard her to defend from bold oppressors might.

Whom when her Host saw readie to depart,
He would not suffer her alone to fare,
But gan himselfe addresse to take her part.
Those warlike armes, which *Calepine* whyleare
Had left behind, he gan eftsoones prepare,
And put them all about himselfe vnfit,
His shield, his helmet, and his curats bare.
But without sword vpon his thigh to sit:
Sir *Calepine* himselfe away had hidden it.

So forth they traueld an vneuen payre,
That mote to all men seeme an vncouth sight;
A saluage man matcht with a Ladie fayre,
That rather seem'd the conquest of his might,
Gotten by spoyle, then purchaced aright.
But he did her attend most carefully,
And faithfully did serue both day and night,
Withouten thought of shame or villeny,
Ne euer shewed signe of foule disloyalty.

Vpon a day as on their way they went,
It chaunst some furniture about her steed
To be disordred by some accident:
Which to redresse, she did th'assistance need

Of this her groome, which he by ſignes did reede,
And ſtreight his combrous armes aſide did lay
Vpon the ground, withouten doubt or dreed,
And in his homely wize began to aſſay
T'amend what was amiſſe, and put in right aray.

Bout which whileſt he was buſied thus hard,
Lo where a knight together with his ſquire,
All arm'd to point came ryding thetherward,
Which ſeemed by their portance and attire,
To be two errant knights, that did inquire
After aduentures, where they mote them get.
Thoſe were to weet (if that ye it requre)
Prince *Arthur* and young *Timias*, which met
By ſtraunge occaſion, that here needs forth be ſet.

After that *Timias* had againe recured
The fauour of *Belphebe*, (as ye heard)
And of her grace did ſtand againe aſſured,
To happie bliſſe he was full high vprear'd,
Nether of enuy, nor of chaunge afeard,
Though many foes did him maligne therefore,
And with vniuſt detraction him did beard;
Yet he himſelfe ſo well and wiſely bore,
That in her ſoueraine lyking he dwelt euermore.

But of them all, which did his ruine ſeeke
Three mightie enemies did him moſt deſpight,
Three mightie ones, and cruell minded eeke,
That him not onely ſought by open might
To ouerthrow, but to ſupplant by ſlight.
The firſt of them by name was cald *Deſpetto*,
Exceeding all the reſt in powre and hight;
The ſecond not ſo ſtrong but wiſe, *Decetto*;
The third nor ſtrong nor wiſe, but ſpightfulleſt *Defetto*.

Oftimes

Oftimes their ſundry powres they did employ,
And ſeuerall deceipts, but all in vaine:
For neither they by force could him deſtroy,
Ne yet entrap in treaſons ſubtill traine.
Therefore conſpiring all together plaine,
They did their counſels now in one compound;
Where ſingled forces faile, conioynd may gaine.
The *Blatant Beaſt* the fitteſt meanes they found,
To worke his vtter ſhame, and throughly him confound.

Vpon a day as they the time did waite,
When he did raunge the wood for ſaluage game,
They ſent that *Blatant Beaſt* to be a baite,
To draw him from his deare beloued dame,
Vnwares into the daunger of defame.
For well they wiſt, that Squire to be ſo bold,
That no one beaſt in forreſt wylde or tame,
Met him in chaſe, but he it challenge would,
And plucke the pray oftimes out of their greedy hould.

The hardy boy, as they deuiſed had,
Seeing the vgly Monſter paſſing by,
Vpon him ſet, of perill nought adrad,
Ne skilfull of the vncouth ieopardy;
And charged him ſo fierce and furiouſly,
That his great force vnable to endure,
He forced was to turne from him and fly:
Yet ere he fled, he with his tooth impure
Him heedleſſe bit, the whiles he was thereof ſecure.

Securely he did after him purſew,
Thinking by ſpeed to ouertake his flight;
Who through thicke woods and brakes & briers him drew,
To weary him the more, and waſte his ſpight,

So that he now has almoſt ſpent his ſpright.
Till that at length vnto a woody glade
He came, whoſe couert ſtopt his further ſight,
There his three foes ſhrowded in guilefull ſhade,
Out of their ambuſh broke, and gan him to inuade.

Sharpely they all attonce did him aſſaile,
Burning with inward rancour and deſpight,
And heaped ſtrokes did round about him haile
With ſo huge force, that ſeemed nothing might
Beare off their blowes, from percing thorough quite.
Yet he them all ſo warily did ward,
That none of them in his ſoft fleſh did bite,
And all the while his backe for beſt ſafegard,
He lent againſt a tree, that backeward onſet bard.

Like a wylde Bull, that being at a bay,
Is bayted of a maſtiffe, and a hound,
And a curre-dog; that doe him ſharpe aſſay
On euery ſide, and beat about him round;
But moſt that curre barking with bitter ſownd,
And creeping ſtill behinde, doth him incomber,
That in his chauffe he digs the trampled ground,
And threats his horns, and bellowes like the thonder,
So did that Squire his foes diſperſe, and driue aſonder.

Him well behoued ſo; for his three foes
Sought to encompaſſe him on euery ſide,
And dangerouſly did round about encloſe.
But moſt of all *Defetto* him annoyde,
Creeping behinde him ſtill to haue deſtroyde:
So did *Decetto* eke him circumuent,
But ſtout *Deſpetto* in his greater pryde,
Did front him face to face againſt him bent,
Yet he them all withſtood, and often made relent.

Till

Till that at length nigh tyrd with former chace,
And weary now with carefull keeping ward,
He gan to ſhrinke, and ſomewhat to giue place,
Full like ere long to haue eſcaped hard;
When as vnwares he in the forreſt heard
A trampling ſteede, that with his neighing faſt
Did warne his rider be vppon his gard;
With noiſe whereof the Squire now nigh aghaſt,
Reuiued was, and ſad diſpaire away did caſt.

Eftſoones he ſpide a Knight approching nye,
Who ſeeing one in ſo great daunger ſet
Mongſt many foes, him ſelfe did faſter hye;
To reskue him, and his weake part abet,
For pitty ſo to ſee him ouerſet.
Whom ſoone as his three enemies did vew,
They fled, and faſt into the wood did get:
Him booted not to thinke them to purſew,
The couert was ſo thicke, that did no paſſage ſhew.

Then turning to that ſwaine, him well he knew
To be his *Timias*, his owne true Squire,
Whereof exceeding glad, he to him drew,
And him embracing twixt his armes entire,
Him thus beſpake; My liefe, my lifes deſire,
Why haue ye me alone thus long yleft?
Tell me what worlds deſpight, or heauens yre
Hath you thus long away from me bereft?
Where haue ye all this while bin wandring, where bene (weſt?
With that he ſighed deepe for inward tyne:
To whom the Squire nought aunſwered againe,
But ſhedding few ſoft teares from tender eyne,
His deare affect with ſilence did reſtraine,

And ſhut vp all his plaint in priuy paine.
There they awhile ſome gracious ſpeaches ſpent,
As to them ſeemed fit time to entertaine.
After all which vp to their ſteedes they went,
And forth together rode a comely couplement.

So now they be arriued both in ſight
Of this wyld man, whom they full buſie found
About the ſad *Serena* things to dight,
With thoſe braue armours lying on the ground,
That ſeem'd the ſpoile of ſome right well renownd.
Which when that Squire beheld, he to them ſtept,
Thinking to take them from that hylding hound:
But he it ſeeing, lightly to him lept,
And ſternely with ſtrong hand it from his handling kept.

Gnaſhing his grinded teeth with grieſly looke,
And ſparkling fire out of his furious eyne,
Him with his fiſt vnwares on th'head he ſtrooke,
That made him downe vnto the earth encline;
Whence ſoone vpſtarting much he gan repine,
And laying hand vpon his wrathfull blade,
Thought therewithall forthwith him to haue ſlaine,
Who it perceiuing, hand vpon him layd,
And greedily him griping, his auengement ſtayd.

With that aloude the faire *Serena* cryde
Vnto the Knight, them to diſpart in twaine:
Who to them ſtepping did them ſoone diuide,
And did from further violence reſtraine,
Albe the wyld-man hardly would refraine.
Then gan the Prince, of her for to demand,
What and from whence ſhe was, and by what traine
She fell into that ſaluage villaines hand,
And whether free with him ſhe now were, or in band.

To

To whom she thus; I am, as now ye see,
The wretchedst Dame, that liue this day on ground,
Who both in minde, the which most grieueth me,
And body haue receiu'd a mortall wound,
That hath me driuen to this drery stound.
I was erewhile, the loue of *Calepine*,
Who whether he aliue be to be found,
Or by some deadly chaunce be done to pine,
Since I him lately lost, vneath is to define.

In saluage forrest I him lost of late,
Where I had surely long ere this bene dead,
Or else remained in most wretched state,
Had not this wylde man in that wofull stead
Kept, and deliuered me from deadly dread.
In such a saluage wight, of brutish kynd,
Amongst wilde beastes in desert forrests bred,
It is most straunge and wonderfull to synd
So milde humanity, and perfect gentle mynd.

Let me therefore this fauour for him finde,
That ye will not your wrath vpon him wreake,
Sith he cannot expresse his simple minde,
Ne yours conceiue, ne but by tokens speake:
Small praise to proue your powre on wight so weake.
With such faire words she did their heate asswage,
And the strong course of their displeasure breake,
That they to pitty turnd their former rage,
And each sought to supply the office of her page.

So hauing all things well about her dight,
She on her way cast forward to proceede,
And they her forth conducted, where they might
Finde harbour fit to comfort her great neede.

For now her wounds corruption gan to breed;
And eke this Squire, who likewise wounded was
Of that same Monster late, for lacke of heed,
Now gan to faint, and further could not pas
Through feebleneſſe, which all his limbes oppreſſed has.

So forth they rode together all in troupe,
To ſeeke ſome place, the which mote yeeld ſome eaſe
To theſe ſicke twaine, that now began to droupe,
And all the way the Prince ſought to appeaſe
The bitter anguiſh of their ſharpe diſeaſe,
By all the courteous meanes he could inuent,
Somewhile with merry purpoſe fit to pleaſe,
And otherwhile with good encouragement,
To make them to endure the pains, did them torment.

Mongſt which, *Serena* did to him relate
The foule diſcourteſies and vnknightly parts,
Which *Turpine* had vnto her ſhewed late,
Without compaſſion of her cruell ſmarts,
Although *Blandina* did with all her arts
Him otherwiſe perſwade, all that ſhe might;
Yet he of malice, without her deſarts,
Not onely her excluded late at night,
But alſo trayterouſly did wound her weary Knight.

Wherewith the Prince ſore moued, there auoud,
That ſoone as he returned backe againe,
He would auenge th'abuſes of that proud
And ſhamefull Knight, of whom ſhe did complaine.
This wize did they each other entertaine,
To paſſe the tedious trauell of the way;
Till towards night they came vnto a plaine,
By which a little Hermitage there lay,
Far from all neighbourhoood, the which annoy it may.

And

And nigh thereto a little Chappell stoode,
Which being all with Yuy ouerspred,
Deckt all the roofe, and shadowing the roode,
Seem'd like a groue faire braunched ouer hed:
Therein the Hermite, which his life here led
In streight obseruaunce of religious vow,
Was wont his howres and holy things to bed;
And therein he likewise was praying now,
Whenas these Knights arriu'd, they wist not where nor (how.
They stayd not there, but streight way in did pas.
Whom when the Hermite present saw in place,
From his deuotion streight he troubled was;
Which breaking of he toward them did pace,
With stayed steps, and graue beseeming grace:
For well it seem'd, that whilome he had beene
Soome goodly person, and of gentle race,
That could his good to all, and well did weene,
How each to entertaine with curt'sie well beseene.

And soothly it was sayd by common fame,
So long as age enabled him thereto,
That he had bene a man of mickle name,
Renowmed much in armes and derring doe:
But being aged now and weary to
Of warres delight, and worlds contentious toyle,
The name of knighthood he did disauow,
And hanging vp his armes and warlike spoyle,
From all this worlds incombraunce did himselfe assoyle.

He thence them led into his Hermitage,
Letting their steedes to graze vpon the greene:
Small was his house, and like a little cage,
For his owne turne, yet inly neate and clene,

Deckt with greene boughes, and flowers gay beseene.
Therein he them full faire did entertaine
Not with such forged showes, as fitter beene
For courting fooles, that curtesies would faine,
But with entire affection and appearaunce plaine.

Yet was their fare but homely, such as hee
Did vse, his feeble body to sustaine;
The which full gladly they did take in glee,
Such as it was, ne did of want complaine,
But being well suffiz'd, them rested faine.
But faire *Serene* all night could take no rest,
Ne yet that gentle Squire for grieuous paine
Of their late woundes, the which the *Blatant Beast*
Had giuen them, whose griefe through suffraunce sore in-
creast. (creast.

So all that night they past in great disease,
Till that the morning, bringing early light
To guide mens labours, brought them also ease,
And some asswagement of their painefull plight.
Then vp they rose, and gan them selues to dight
Vnto their iourney; but that Squire and Dame
So faint and feeble were, that they ne might
Endure to trauell, nor one foote to frame:
Their hearts were sicke, their sides were sore, their feete
were lame. (were lame.

Therefore the Prince, whom great affaires in mynd
Would not permit, to make their lenger stay,
Was forced there to leaue them both behynd,
In that good Hermits charge, whom he did pray
To tend them well. So forth he went his way,
And with him eke the saluage, that whyleare
Seeing his royall vsage and array,
Was greatly growne in loue of that braue pere,
Would needes depart, as shall declared be elsewhere.

Canto.

Cant. VI.

The Hermite heales both Squire and dame
Of their sore maladies:
He Turpine doth defeate, and shame
For his late villames.

NO wound, which warlike hand of enemy
Inflicts with dint of sword, so sore doth light,
As doth the poysnous sting, which infamy
Infixeth in the name of noble wight:
For by no art, nor any leaches might
It euer can recured be againe;
Ne all the skill, which that immortall spright
Of *Podalyrius* did in it retaine,
Can remedy such hurts; such hurts are hellish paine.

Such were the wounds, the which that *Blatant Beast*
Made in the bodies of that Squire and Dame;
And being such, were now much more increast,
For want of taking heede vnto the same,
That now corrupt and cureless they became.
Howbe that carefull Hermite did his best,
With many kindes of medicines meete, to tame
The poysnous humour, which did most infest
Their ranckling wounds, & euery day them duely drest.

For he right well in Leaches craft was seene,
And through the long experience of his dayes,
Which had in many fortunes tossed beene,
And past through many perillous assayes,

He knew the diuerſe went of mortall wayes,
And in the mindes of men had great inſight;
Which with ſage counſell, when they went aſtray,
He could enforme, and them reduce aright,
And al the paſſiõs heale, which woũd the weaker ſpright.

For whylome he had bene a doughty Knight,
As any one, that liued in his daies,
And proued oft in many perillous fight,
Of which he grace and glory wonne alwaies,
And in all battels bore away the baies.
But being now attacht with timely age,
And weary of this worlds vnquiet waies,
He tooke him ſelfe vnto this Hermitage,
In which he liu'd alone, like careleſſe bird in cage.

One day, as he was ſearching of their wounds,
He found that they had feſtred priuily,
And ranckling inward with vnruly ſtounds,
The inner parts now gan to putrify,
That quite they ſeem'd paſt helpe of ſurgery,
And rather needed to be diſciplinde
With holeſome reede of ſad ſobriety,
To rule the ſtubborne rage of paſſion blinde:
Giue ſalues to euery ſore, but counſell to the minde.

So taking them apart into his cell,
He to that point fit ſpeaches gan to frame,
As he the art of words knew wondrous well,
And eke could doe, as well as ſay the ſame,
And thus he to them ſayd; faire daughter Dame,
And you faire ſonne, which here thus long now lie
In piteous languor, ſince ye hither came,
In vaine of me ye hope for remedie,
And I likewiſe in vaine doe ſalues to you applie.

For

For in your selfe your onely helpe doth lie,
To heale your selues, and must proceed alone
From your owne will, to cure your maladie.
Who can him cure, that will be cur'd of none?
If therefore health ye seeke, obserue this one.
First learne your outward sences to refraine
From things, that stirre vp fraile affection;
Your eies, your eares, your tongue, your talke restaine
From that they most affect, and in due termes containe.

For from those outward sences ill affected,
The seede of all this euill first doth spring,
Which at the first before it had infected,
Mote easie be suppreſt with little thing:
But being growen strong, it forth doth bring
Sorrow, and anguish, and impatient paine
In th'inner parts, and lastly scattering
Contagious poyson close through euery vaine,
It neuer rests, till it haue wrought his finall bane.

For that beastes teeth, which wounded you tofore,
Are so exceeding venemous and keene,
Made all of rusty yron, ranckling sore,
That where they bite, it booteth not to weene
With salue, or antidote, or other mene
It euer to amend: ne maruaile ought;
For that same beast was bred of hellish strene,
And long in darksome *Stygian* den vpbrought,
Begot of foule *Echidna*, as in bookes is taught.

Echidna is a Monster direfull dred,
Whom Gods doe hate, and heauens abhor to see;
So hideous is her shape, so huge her hed,
That euen the hellish fiends affrighted bee.

At ſight thereof, and from her preſence flee:
Yet did her face and former parts profeſſe
A faire young Mayden, full of comely glee;
But all her hinder parts did plaine expreſſe
A monſtrous Dragon, full of fearefull vglineſſe.

To her the Gods, for her ſo dreadfull face,
In fearefull darkeneſſe, furtheſt from the skie,
And from the earth, appointed haue her place,
Mongſt rocks and caues, where ſhe enrold doth lie
In hideous horrour and obſcurity,
Waſting the ſtrength of her immortall age.
There did *Typhaon* with her company,
Cruell *Typhaon*, whoſe tempeſtuous rage
Make th'heauens tremble oft, & him with vowes aſſwage.

Of that commixtion they did then beget
This helliſh Dog, that hight the *Blatant Beaſt*;
A wicked Monſter, that his tongue doth whet
Gainſt all, both good and bad, both moſt and leaſt,
And poures his poyſnous gall forth to infeſt
The nobleſt wights with notable defame:
Ne euer Knight, that bore ſo lofty creaſt,
Ne euer Lady of ſo honeſt name,
But he them ſpotted with reproch, or ſecrete ſhame.

In vaine therefore it were, with medicine
To goe about to ſalue ſuch kynd of ſore,
That rather needes wiſe read and diſcipline,
Then outward ſalues, that may augment it more.
Aye me (ſayd then *Serena* ſighing ſore)
What hope of helpe doth then for vs remaine,
If that no ſalues may vs to health reſtore?
But ſith we need good counſell (ſayd the ſwaine)
Aread good ſire, ſome counſell, that may vs ſuſtaine.

The

The beſt (ſayd he) that I can you aduize,
Is to auoide the occaſion of the ill:
For when the cauſe, whence euill doth arize,
Remoued is, th'effect ſurceaſeth ſtill.
Abſtaine from pleaſure, and reſtraine your will,
Subdue deſire, and bridle looſe delight,
Vſe ſcanted diet, and forbeare your fill,
Shun ſecreſie, and talke in open ſight:
So ſhall you ſoone repaire your preſent euill plight.

Thus hauing ſayd, his ſickely patients
Did gladly hearken to his graue beheaſt,
And kept ſo well his wiſe commaundements,
That in ſhort ſpace their malady was ceaſt,
And eke the biting of that harmefull Beaſt
Was throughly heal'd. Tho when they did perceaue
Their wounds recur'd, and forces reincreaſt,
Of that good Hermite both they tooke their leaue,
And went both on their way, ne ech would other leaue.

But each th'other vow'd t'accompany,
The Lady, for that ſhe was much in dred,
Now left alone in great extremity,
The Squire, for that he courteous was indeed,
Would not her leaue alone in her great need.
So both together traueld, till they met
With a faire Mayden clad in mourning weed,
Vpon a mangy iade vnmeetely ſet,
And a lewd foole her leading thorough dry and wet.

But by what meanes that ſhame to her befell,
And how thereof her ſelfe ſhe did acquite,
I muſt a while forbeare to you to tell;
Till that, as comes by courſe, I doe recite,

What fortune to the Briton Prince did lite,
Purſuing that proud Knight, the which whileare
Wrought to Sir *Calidore* ſo foule deſpight;
And eke his Lady, though ſhe ſickely were,
So lewdly had abuſde, as ye did lately heare.

The Prince according to the former token,
Which faire *Serene* to him deliuered had,
Purſu'd him ſtreight, in mynd to bene ywroken
Of all the vile demeane, and vſage bad,
With which he had thoſe two ſo ill beſtad:
Ne wight with him on that aduenture went,
But that wylde man, whom though he oft forbad,
Yet for no bidding, nor for being ſhent,
Would he reſtrayned be from his attendement.

Arriuing there, as did by chaunce befall,
He found the gate wyde ope, and in he rode,
Ne ſtayd, till that he came into the hall:
Where ſoft diſmounting like a weary lode,
Vpon the ground with feeble feete he trode,
As he vnable were for very neede
To moue one foote, but there muſt make abode;
The whiles the ſaluage man did take his ſteede,
And in ſome ſtable neare did ſet him vp to feede.

Ere long to him a homely groome there came,
That in rude wiſe him asked, what he was,
That durſt ſo boldly, without let or ſhame,
Into his Lords forbidden hall to paſſe.
To whom the Prince, him fayning to embaſe,
Mylde anſwer made; he was an errant Knight,
The which was fall'n into this feeble caſe,
Through many wounds, which lately he in fight,
Receiued had, and prayd to pitty his ill plight.

But he, the more outrageous and bold,
Sternely did bid him quickely thence auaunt,
Or deare aby, for why his Lord of old
Did hate all errant Knights, which there did haunt,
Ne lodging would to any of them graunt,
And therefore lightly bad him packe away,
Not sparing him with bitter words to taunt;
And therewithall rude hand on him did lay,
To thrust him out of dore, doing his worst assay.

Which when the Saluage comming now in place,
Beheld, eftsoones he all enraged grew,
And running streight vpon that villaine base,
Like a fell Lion at him fiercely flew,
And with his teeth and nailes, in present vew,
Him rudely rent, and all to peeces tore:
So miserably him all helpelesse slew,
That with the noise, whilest he did loudly rore,
The people of the house rose forth in great vprore.

Who when on ground they saw their fellow slaine,
And that same Knight and Saluage standing by,
Vpon them two they fell with might and maine,
And on them layd so huge and horribly,
As if they would haue slaine them presently.
But the bold Prince defended him so well,
And their assault withstood so mightily,
That maugre all their might, he did repell,
And beat them back, whilest many vnderneath him fell.

Yet he them still so sharpely did pursew,
That few of them he left aliue, which fled,
Those euill tidings to their Lord to shew.
Who hearing how his people badly sped,

Came

Came forth in haſt: where when as with the dead
He ſaw the ground all ſtrow'd, and that ſame Knight
And ſaluage with their bloud freſh ſteeming red,
He woxe nigh mad with wrath and fell deſpight,
And with reprochfull words him thus beſpake on hight.

Art thou he, traytor, that with treaſon vile,
Haſt ſlaine my men in this vnmanly maner,
And now triumpheſt in the piteous ſpoile
Of theſe poore folk, whoſe ſoules with black diſhonor
And foule defame doe decke thy bloudy baner?
The meede whereof ſhall ſhortly be thy ſhame,
And wretched end, which ſtill attendeth on her.
With that him ſelfe to battell he did frame;
So did his forty yeomen, which there with him came.

With dreadfull force they all did him aſſaile,
And round about with boyſtrous ſtrokes oppreſſe,
That on his ſhield did rattle like to haile
In a great tempeſt; that in ſuch diſtreſſe,
He wiſt not to which ſide him to addreſſe.
And euermore that crauen cowherd Knight,
Was at his backe with heartleſſe heedineſſe,
Wayting if he vnwares him murther might:
For cowardize doth ſtill in villany delight.

Whereof whenas the Prince was well aware,
He to him turnd with furious intent,
And him againſt his powre gan to prepare;
Like a fierce Bull, that being buſie bent
To fight with many foes about him ment,
Feeling ſome curre behinde his heeles to bite,
Turnes him about with fell auengement;
So likewiſe turnde the Prince vpon the Knight,
And layd at him amaine with all his will and might.

Who

Who when he once his dreadfull ſtrokes had taſted,
Durſt not the furie of his force abyde,
But turn'd abacke, and to retyre him haſted
Through the thick preaſe, there thinking him to hyde.
But when the Prince had once him plainely eyde,
He foot by foot him followed alway,
Ne would him ſuffer once to ſhrinke aſyde
But ioyning cloſe, huge lode at him did lay:
Who flying ſtill did ward, and warding fly away.

But when his foe he ſtill ſo eger ſaw,
Vnto his heeles himſelfe he did betake,
Hoping vnto ſome refuge to withdraw:
Ne would the Prince him euer foot forſake,
Where ſo he went, but after him did make.
He fled from roome to roome, from place to place,
Whyleſt euery ioynt for dread of death did quake,
Still looking after him, that did him chace;
That made him euermore increaſe his ſpeedie pace.

At laſt he vp into the chamber came,
Whereas his loue was ſitting all alone,
Wayting what tydings of her folke became.
There did the Prince him ouertake anone,
Crying in vaine to her, him to bemone;
And with his ſword him on the head did ſmyte,
That to the gound he fell in ſenſeleſſe ſwone:
Yet whether thwart or flatly it did lyte,
The tempred ſteele did not into his braynepan byte.

Which when the Ladie ſaw, with great affright
She ſtarting vp, began to ſhrieke aloud,
And with her garment couering him from ſight,
Seem'd vnder her protection him to ſhroud;

And falling lowly at his feet, her bowd
Vpon her knee, intreating him for grace,
And often him beſought, and prayd, and vowd;
That with the ruth of her ſo wretched caſe,
He ſtayd his ſecond ſtrooke, and did his hand abaſe.

Her weed ſhe then withdrawing, did him diſcouer,
Who now come to himſelfe, yet would not rize,
But ſtill did lie as dead, and quake, and quiuer,
That euen the Prince his baſeneſſe did deſpize,
And eke his Dame him ſeeing in ſuch guize,
Gan him recomfort, and from ground to reare.
Who riſing vp at laſt in ghaſtly wize,
Like troubled ghoſt did dreadfully appeare,
As one that had no life him left through former feare.

Whom when the Prince ſo deadly ſaw diſmayd,
He for ſuch baſeneſſe ſhamefully him ſhent,
And with ſharpe words did bitterly vpbrayd;
Vile cowheard dogge, now doe I much repent,
That euer I this life vnto thee lent,
Whereof thou caytiue ſo vnworthie art;
That both thy loue, for lacke of hardiment,
And eke thy ſelfe, for want of manly hart,
And eke all knights haſt ſhamed with this knightleſſe part.

Yet further haſt thou heaped ſhame to ſhame,
And crime to crime, by this thy cowheard feare.
For firſt it was to thee reprochfull blame,
To erect this wicked cuſtome, which I heare,
Gainſt errant Knights and Ladies thou doſt reare;
Whom when thou mayſt, thou doſt of armes deſpoile,
Or of their vpper garment, which they weare:
Yet doeſt thou not with manhood, but with guile
Maintaine this euill vſe, thy foes thereby to foile.

And

And lastly in approuance of thy wrong,
To shew such faintnesse and foule cowardize,
Is greatest shame: for oft it falles, that strong
And valiant knights doe rashly enterprize,
Either for fame, or else for exercize,
A wrongfull quarrell to maintaine by right;
Yet haue, through prowesse and their braue emprize,
Gotten great worship in this worldes sight.
For greater force there needs to maintaine wrong, then (right.

Yet since thy life vnto this Ladie fayre
I giuen haue, liue in reproch and scorne;
Ne euer armes, ne euer knighthood dare
Hence to professe: for shame is to adorne
With so braue badges one so basely borne;
But onely breath sith that I did forgiue.
So hauing from his crauen bodie torne
Those goodly armes, he them away did giue
And onely suffred him this wretched life to liue.

There whilest he thus was setling things aboue,
Atwene that Ladie myld and recreant knight,
To whom his life he graunted for her loue,
He gan bethinke him, in what perilous plight
He had behynd him left that saluage wight,
Amongst so many foes, whom sure he thought
By this quite slaine in so vnequall fight:
Therefore descending backe in haste, he sought
If yet he were aliue, or to destruction brought.

There he him found enuironed about
With slaughtred bodies, which his hand had slaine,
And laying yet a fresh with courage stout
Vpon the rest, that did aliue remaine;

Whom he likewiſe right ſorely did conſtraine,
Like ſcattred ſheepe, to ſeeke for ſafetie,
After he gotten had with buſie paine
Some of their weapons, which thereby did lie,
With which he layd about, and made them faſt to flie.

Whom when the Prince ſo felly ſaw to rage,
Approching to him neare, his hand he ſtayd,
And ſought, by making ſignes, him to aſſwage:
Who them perceiuing, ſtreight to him obayd,
As to his Lord, and downe his weapons layd,
As if he long had to his heaſts bene trayned.
Thence he him brought away, and vp conuayd
Into the chamber, where that Dame remayned
With her vnworthy knight, who ill him entertayned.

Whom when the Saluage ſaw from daunger free,
Sitting beſide his Ladie there at eaſe,
He well remembred, that the ſame was hee,
Which lately ſought his Lord for to diſpleaſe:
Tho all in rage, he on him ſtreight did ſeaze,
As if he would in peeces him haue rent;
And were not, that the Prince did him appeaze,
He had not left one limbe of him vnrent:
But ſtreight he held his hand at his commaundement.

Thus hauing all things well in peace ordayned,
The Prince himſelfe there all that night did reſt,
Where him *Blandina* fayrely entertayned,
With all the courteous glee and goodly feaſt,
The which for him ſhe could imagine beſt.
For well ſhe knew the wayes to win good will
Of euery wight, that were not too infeſt,
And how to pleaſe the minds of good and ill,
Through tempering of her words & lookes by wondrous skill.

Yet

Yet were her words and lookes but falſe and fayned,
To ſome hid end to make more eaſie way,
Or to allure ſuch fondlings, whom ſhe trayned
Into her trap vnto their owne decay:
Thereto, when needed, ſhe could weepe and pray,
And when her liſted, ſhe could fawne and flatter;
Now ſmyling ſmoothly, like to ſommers day,
Now glooming ſadly, ſo to cloke her matter;
Yet were her words but wynd, & all her teares but water.

Whether ſuch grace were giuen her by kynd,
As women wont their guilefull wits to guyde;
Or learn'd the art to pleaſe, I doe not fynd.
This well I wote, that ſhe ſo well applyde
Her pleaſing tongue, that ſoone ſhe pacifyde
The wrathfull Prince, & wrought her husbands peace.
Who natheleſſe not therewith ſatisfyde,
His rancorous deſpight did not releaſſe,
Ne ſecretly from thought of fell reuenge ſurceaſſe.

For all that night, the whyles the Prince did reſt
In careleſſe couch, not weeting what was ment,
He watcht in cloſe awayt with weapons preſt,
Willing to worke his villenous intent
On him, that had ſo ſhamefully him ſhent:
Yet durſt he not for very cowardize
Effect the ſame, whyleſt all the night was ſpent.
The morrow next the Prince did early rize,
And paſſed forth, to follow his firſt enterprize.

Cant. VII.

Turpine is baffuld, his two knights
doe gaine their treasons meed,
Fayre Mirabellaes punishment
for loues disdaine decreed.

LIke as the gentle hart it selfe bewrayes,
In doing gentle deedes with franke delight,
Euen so the baser mind it selfe displayes,
In cancred malice and reuengefull spight.
For to maligne, t'enuie, t'vse shifting slight,
Be arguments of a vile donghill mind,
Which what it dare not doe by open might,
To worke by wicked treason wayes doth find,
By such discourteous deeds discouering his base kind.

That well appeares in this discourteous knight,
The coward *Turpine*, whereof now I treat;
Who notwithstanding that in former fight
He of the Prince his life receiued late,
Yet in his mind malitious and ingrate
He gan deuize, to be aueng'd anew
For all that shame, which kindled inward hate.
Therefore so soone as he was out of vew,
Himselfe in hast he arm'd, and did him fast pursew.

Well did he tract his steps, as he did ryde,
Yet would not neare approch in daungers eye,
But kept aloofe for dread to be descryde,
Vntill fit time and place he mote espy,

Where

Where he mote worke him ſcath and villeny.
At laſt he met two knights to him vnknowne,
The which were arm'd both agreeably,
And both combynd, what euer chaunce were blowne,
Betwixt them to diuide, and each to make his owne.

To whom falſe *Turpine* comming courteouſly,
To cloke the miſchiefe, which he inly ment,
Gan to complaine of great diſcourteſie,
Which a ſtraunge knight, that neare afore him went,
Had doen to him, and his deare Ladie ſhent:
Which if they would afford him ayde at need
For to auenge, in time conuenient,
They ſhould accompliſh both a knightly deed,
And for their paines obtaine of him a goodly meed.

The knights beleeu'd, that all he ſayd, was trew,
And being freſh and full of youthly ſpright,
Were glad to heare of that aduenture new,
In which they mote make triall of their might,
Which neuer yet they had approu'd in fight;
And eke deſirous of the offred meed,
Said then the one of them; where is that wight,
The which hath doen to thee this wrongfull deed,
That we may it auenge, and puniſh him with ſpeed?

He rides (ſaid *Turpine*) there not farre afore,
With a wyld man ſoft footing by his ſyde,
That if ye liſt to haſte a litle more,
Ye may him ouertake in timely tyde:
Eftſoones they pricked forth with forward pryde,
And ere that litle while they ridden had,
The gentle Prince not farre away they ſpyde,
Ryding a ſoftly pace with portance ſad,
Deuizing of his loue more, then of daunger drad.

Then one of them aloud vnto him cryde,
Bidding him turne againe, falſe traytour knight,
Foule womanwronger, for he him defyde.
With that they both at once with equall ſpight
Did bend their ſpeares, and both with equall might
Againſt him ran; but th'one did miſſe his marke,
And being carried with his force forthright,
Glaunſt ſwiftly by; like to that heauenly ſparke,
Which glyding through the ayre lights all the heauens (darke.
But th'other ayming better, did him ſmite
Full in the ſhield, with ſo impetuous powre,
That all his launce in peeces ſhiuered quite,
And ſcattered all about, fell on the flowre.
But the ſtout Prince, with much more ſteddy ſtowre
Full on his beuer did him ſtrike ſo ſore,
That the cold ſteele through piercing, did deuowre
His vitall breath, and to the ground him bore,
Where ſtill he bathed lay in his owne bloody gore.

As when a caſt of Faulcons make their flight
At an Herneſhaw, that lyes aloft on wing,
The whyles they ſtrike at him with heedleſſe might,
The warie foule his bill doth backward wring;
On which the firſt, whoſe force her firſt doth bring,
Her ſelfe quite through the bodie doth engore,
And falleth downe to ground like ſenſeleſſe thing,
But th'other not ſo ſwift, as ſhe before,
Fayles of her ſouſe, and paſſing by doth hurt no more.

By this the other, which was paſſed by,
Himſelfe recouering, was return'd to fight;
Where when he ſaw his fellow lifeleſſe ly,
He much was daunted with ſo diſmall ſight;

Yet

Yet nought abating of his former ſpight,
Let driue at him with ſo malitious mynd,
As if he would haue paſſed through him quight:
But the ſteele-head no ſtedfaſt hold could fynd,
But glauncing by, deceiu'd him of that he deſynd.

Not ſo the Prince: for his well learned ſpeare
Tooke ſurer hould, and from his horſes backe
Aboue a launces length him forth did beare,
And gainſt the cold hard earth ſo ſore him ſtrake,
That all his bones in peeces nigh he brake.
Where ſeeing him ſo lie, he left his ſteed,
And to him leaping, vengeance thought to take
Of him, for all his former follies meed,
With flaming ſword in hand his terror more to breed.

The fearefull ſwayne beholding death ſo nie,
Cryde out aloud for mercie him to ſaue;
In lieu whereof he would to him deſcrie,
Great treaſon to him meant, his life to reaue.
The Prince ſoone hearkned, and his life forgaue.
Then thus ſaid he, There is a ſtraunger knight,
The which for promiſe of great meed, vs draue
To this attempt, to wreake his hid deſpight,
For that himſelfe thereto did want ſufficient might.

The Prince much muſed at ſuch villenie,
And ſayd; Now ſure ye well haue earn'd your meed,
For th'one is dead, and th'other ſoone ſhall die,
Vnleſſe to me thou hether bring with ſpeed
The wretch, that hyr'd you to this wicked deed,
He glad of life, and willing eke to wreake
The guilt on him, which did this miſchiefe breed,
Swore by his ſword, that neither day nor weeke
He would furceaſſe, but him, where ſo he were, would

(ſeeke.

So vp he roſe, and forth ſtreight way he went
Backe to the place, where *Turpine* late he lore;
There he him found in great aſtoniſhment,
To ſee him ſo bedight with bloodie gore,
And grieſly wounds that him appalled ſore.
Yet thus at length he ſaid, how now Sir knight?
What meaneth this, which here I ſee before?
How fortuneth this foule vncomely plight,
So different from that, which earſt ye ſeem'd in ſight?

Perdie (ſaid he) in euill houre it fell,
That euer I for meed did vndertake
So hard a taske, as life for hyre to ſell;
The which I earſt aduentur'd for your ſake.
Witneſſe the wounds, and this wyde bloudie lake,
Which ye may ſee yet all about me ſteeme.
Therefore now yeeld, as ye did promiſe make,
My due reward, the which right well I deeme
I yearned haue, that life ſo dearely did redeeme.

But where then is (quoth he halfe wrothfully)
Where is the bootie, which therefore I bought,
That curſed caytiue, my ſtrong enemy,
That recreant knight, whoſe hated life I ſought?
And where is eke your friend, which halfe it ought?
He lyes (ſaid he) vpon the cold bare ground,
Slayne of that errant knight, with whom he fought;
Whom afterwards my ſelfe with many a wound
Did ſlay againe, as ye may ſee there in the ſtound.

Thereof falſe *Turpin* was full glad and faine,
And needs with him ſtreight to the place would ryde,
Where he himſelfe might ſee his foeman ſlaine;
For elſe his feare could not be ſatisfyde.

So

So as they rode, he saw the way all dyde
With streames of bloud, which tracting by the traile,
Ere long they came, whereas in euill tyde
That other swayne, like ashes deadly pale,
Lay in the lap of death, rewing his wretched bale.

Much did the Crauen seeme to mone his case,
That for his sake his deare life had forgone;
And him bewayling with affection base,
Did counterfeit kind pittie, where was none:
For wheres no courage, theres no ruth nor mone.
Thence passing forth, not farre away he found,
Whereas the Prince himselfe lay all alone,
Loosely displayd vpon the grassie ground,
Possessed of sweete sleepe, that luld him soft in swound.

Wearie of trauell in his former fight,
He there in shade himselfe had layd to rest,
Hauing his armes and warlike things vndight,
Feareless of foes that mote his peace molest;
The whyles his saluage page, that wont be prest,
Was wandred in the wood another way,
To doe some thing, that seemed to him best,
The whyles his Lord in siluer slomber lay,
Like to the Euening starre adorn'd with deawy ray.

Whom when as *Turpin* saw so loosely layd,
He weened well, that he in deed was dead,
Like as that other knight to him had sayd:
But when he nigh approcht, he mote aread
Plaine signes in him of life and liuelihead.
Whereat much grieu'd against that straunger knight,
That him too light of credence did mislead,
He would haue backe retyred from that sight,
That was to him on earth the deadliest despight.

But that same knight would not once let him start,
But plainely gan to him declare the case
Of all his mischiefe, and late luckdesse smart;
How both he and his fellow there in place
Were vanquished, and put to foule disgrace,
And how that he in lieu of life him lent,
Had vow'd vnto the victor, him to trace
And follow through the world, where so he went,
Till that he him deliuered to his punishment.

He therewith much abashed and affrayd,
Began to tremble euery limbe and vaine;
And softly whispering him, entyrely prayd,
T'aduize him better, then by such a traine
Him to betray vnto a straunger swaine:
Yet rather counseld him contrarywize,
Sith he likewise did wrong by him sustaine,
To ioyne with him and vengeance to deuize,
Whyleſt time did offer meanes him sleeping to surprize.

Natheleſſe for all his speach, the gentle knight
Would not be tempted to such villenie,
Regarding more his faith, which he did plight,
All were it to his mortall enemie,
Then to entrap him by false treacherie:
Great shame in lieges blood to be embrew'd.
Thus whyleſt they were debating diuerslie,
The Saluage forth out of the wood issew'd
Backe to the place, whereas his Lord he sleeping vew'd.

There when he saw those two so neare him stand,
He doubted much what mote their meaning bee,
And throwing downe his load out of his hand,
To weet great store of forreſt frute, which hee

Had

Had for his food late gathered from the tree,
Himselfe vnto his weapon he betooke,
That was an oaken plant, which lately hee
Rent by the root; which he so sternely shooke,
That like an hazell wand, it quiuered and quooke.

Whereat the Prince awaking, when he spyde
The traytour *Turpin* with that other knight,
He started vp, and snatching neare his syde
His trustie sword, the seruant of his might,
Like a fell Lyon leaped to him light,
And his left hand vpon his collar layd.
Therewith the cowheard deaded with affright,
Fell flat to ground, ne word vnto him sayd,
But holding vp his hands, with silence mercie prayd.

But he so full of indignation was,
That to his prayer nought he would incline,
But as he lay vpon the humbled gras,
His foot he set on his vile necke, in signe
Of seruile yoke, that nobler harts repine.
Then letting him arise like abiect thrall,
He gan to him obiect his haynous crime,
And to reuile, and rate, and recreant call,
And lastly to despoyle of knightly bannerall.

And after all, for greater infamie,
He by the heeles him hung vpon a tree,
And baffuld so, that all which passed by,
The picture of his punishment might see,
And by the like ensample warned bee,
How euer they through treason doe trespasse.
But turne we now backe to that Ladie free,
Whom late we left ryding vpon an Asse,
Led by a Carle and foole, which by her side did passe.

She was a Ladie of great dignitie,
And lifted vp to honorable place,
Famous through all the land of Faerie,
Though of meane parentage and kindred base,
Yet deckt with wondrous giftes of natures grace,
That all men did her person much admire,
And praise the feature of her goodly face,
The beames whereof did kindle louely fire
In th'harts of many a knight, and many a gentle squire.

But she thereof grew proud and insolent,
That none she worthie thought to be her fere,
But scornd them all, that loue vnto her ment;
Yet was she lou'd of many a worthy pere,
Vnworthy she to be belou'd so dere,
That could not weigh of worthinesse aright.
For beautie is more glorious bright and clere,
The more it is admir'd of many a wight,
And noblest she, that serued is of noblest knight.

But this coy Damzell thought contrariwize,
That such proud looks would make her praysed more;
And that the more she did all loue despize,
The more would wretched louers her adore.
What cared she, who sighed for her sore,
Or who did wayle or watch the wearie night?
Let them that list, their luckless lot deplore;
She was borne free, not bound to any wight,
And so would euer liue, and loue her owne delight.

Through such her stubborne stifnesse, and hard hart,
Many a wretch, for want of remedie,
Did languish long in lifeconsuming smart,
And at the last through dreary dolour die:

Whyleſt

Whyleſt ſhe, the Ladie of her libertie,
Did boaſt her beautie had ſuch ſoueraine might,
That with the onely twinckle of her eye,
She could or ſaue, or ſpill, whom ſhe would hight.
What could the Gods doe more, but doe it more aright?

But loe the Gods, that mortall follies vew,
Did worthily reuenge this maydens pride;
And nought regarding her ſo goodly hew,
Did laugh at her, that many did deride,
Whileſt ſhe did weepe, of no man mercifide.
For on a day, when *Cupid* kept his court,
As he is wont at each Saint Valentide,
Vnto the which all louers doe reſort,
That of their loues ſucceſſe they there may make report.

It fortun'd then, that when the roules were red,
In which the names of all loues folke were fyled,
That many there were miſſing, which were ded,
Or kept in bands, or from their loues exyled,
Or by ſome other violence deſpoyled.
Which when as *Cupid* heard, he wexed wroth,
And doubting to be wronged, or beguyled,
He bad his eyes to be vnblindfold both,
That he might ſee his men, and muſter them by oth.

Then found he many miſſing of his crew,
Which wont doe ſuit and ſeruice to his might;
Of whom what was becomen, no man knew.
Therefore a Iurie was impaneld ſtreight,
T'enquire of them, whether by force, or ſleight,
Or their owne guilt, they were away conuayd.
To whom foule *Infamie*, and fell *Deſpight*
Gaue euidence, that they were all betrayd,
And murdred cruelly by a rebellious Mayd.

Fayre *Mirabella* was her name, whereby
Of all those crymes she there indited was:
All which when *Cupid* heard, he by and by
In great displeasure, wild a *Capias*
Should issue forth, t'attach that scornefull lasse.
The warrant straight was made, and therewithall
A Baylieffe errant forth in post did passe,
Whom they by name there *Portamore* did call;
He which doth summon louers to loues iudgement hall.

The damzell was attacht, and shortly brought
Vnto the barre, whereas she was arrayned:
But she thereto nould plead, nor answere ought
Euen for stubborne pride, which her restrayned.
So iudgement past, as is by law ordayned
In cases like, which when at last she saw,
Her stubborne hart, which loue before disdayned,
Gan stoupe, and falling downe with humble awe,
Cryde mercie, to abate the extremitie of law.

The sonne of *Venus* who is myld by kynd,
But where he is prouokt with peeuishnesse,
Vnto her prayers piteously enclynd,
And did the rigour of his doome represse;
Yet not so freely, but that natheless
He vnto her a penance did impose,
Which was, that through this worlds wyde wildernes
She wander should in companie of those,
Till she had sau'd so many loues, as she did lose.

So now she had bene wandring two whole yeares
Throughout the world, in this vncomely case,
Wasting her goodly hew in heauie teares,
And her good dayes in dolorous disgrace:

Yet

Yet had she not in all those two yeares space,
Saued but two, yet in two yeares before,
Throgh her dispiteous pride, whilest loue lackt place,
She had destroyed two and twenty more.
Aie me, how could her loue make half amends therefore.

And now she was vppon the weary way,
When as the gentle Squire, with faire *Serene*,
Met her in such misseeming soule array;
The whiles that mighty man did her demeane
With all the euill termes and cruell meane,
That he could make; And eeke that angry foole
Which follow'd her, with cursed hands vncleane
Whipping her horse, did with his smarting toole
Oft whip her dainty selfe, and much augment her doole.

Ne ought it mote auaile her to entreat
The one or th'other, better her to vse:
For both so wilfull were and obstinate,
That all her piteous plaint they did refuse,
And rather did the more her beate and bruse.
But most the former villaine, which did lead
Her tyreling iade, was bent her to abuse;
Who though she were with wearinesse nigh dead,
Yet would not let her lite, nor rest a little stead.

For he was sterne, and terrible by nature,
And eeke of person huge and hideous,
Exceeding much the measure of mans stature,
And rather like a Gyant monstruous.
For sooth he was descended of the hous
Of those old Gyants, which did warres darraine
Against the heauen in order battailous,
And sib to great *Orgolio*, which was slaine
By *Arthure*, when as *Vnas* Knight he did maintaine.

His lookes were dreadfull, and his fierie eies
Like two great Beacons, glared bright and wyde,
Glauncing askew, as if his enemies
He scorned in his ouerweening pryde;
And stalking stately like a Crane, did stryde
At euery step vppon the tiptoes hie,
And all the way he went, on euery syde
He gaz'd about, and stared horriblie,
As if he with his lookes would all men terrifie.

He wore no armour, ne for none did care,
As no whit dreading any liuing wight;
But in a Iacket quilted richly rare,
Vpon checklaton he was straungely dight,
And on his head a roll of linnen plight,
Like to the Mores of Malaber he wore;
With which his locks, as blacke as pitchy night,
Were bound about, and voyded from before,
And in his hand a mighty yron club he bore.

This was *Disdaine*, who led that Ladies horse
Through thick & thin, through mountains & through plains,
Compelling her, wher she would not by force
Haling her palfrey by the hempen raines.
But that same foole, which most increast her paines,
Was *Scorne*, who hauing in his hand a whip,
Her therewith yirks, and still when she complaines,
The more he laughes, and does her closely quip,
To see her sore lament, and bite her tender lip.

Whose cruell handling when that Squire beheld,
And saw those villaines her so vildely vse,
His gentle heart with indignation sweld,
And could no lenger beare so great abuse,

As

As such a Lady so to beate and bruise;
But to him stepping, such a stroke him lent,
That forst him th'halter from his hand to loose,
And maugre all his might, backe to relent:
Else had he surely there bene slaine, or fowly shent.

The villaine wroth for greeting him so sore,
Gathered him selfe together soone againe,
And with his yron batton, which he bore,
Let driue at him so dreadfully amaine,
That for his safety he did him constraine
To giue him ground, and shift to euery side,
Rather then once his burden to sustaine:
For booteless thing him seemed, to abide,
So mighty blowes, or proue the puissaunce of his pride.

Like as a Mastiffe hauing at a bay
A saluage Bull, whose cruell hornes doe threat
Desperate daunger, if he them assay,
Traceth his ground, and round about doth beat,
To spy where he may some aduauntage get;
The whiles the beast doth rage and loudly rore,
So did the Squire, the whiles the Carle did fret,
And fume in his disdainefull mynd the more,
And oftentimes by Turmagant and Mahound swore.

Natheless so sharpely still he him pursewd,
That at aduantage him at last he tooke,
When his foote slipt (that slip he dearely rewd,)
And with his yron club to ground him strooke;
Where still he lay, ne out of swoune awooke,
Till heauy hand the Carle vpon him layd,
And bound him fast: Tho when he vp did looke,
And saw him selfe captiu'd, he was dismayd,
Ne powre had to withstand, ne hope of any ayd.

Then vp he made him rise, and forward fare;
Led in a rope, which both his hands did bind;
Ne ought that foole for pitty did him spare,
But with his whip him following behynd,
Him often scourg'd, and forst his feete to fynd:
And other whiles with bitter mockes and mowes
He would him scorne, that to his gentle mynd
Was much more grieuous, then the others blowes:
Words sharpely wound, but greatest griefe of scorning growes.

The faire *Serena*, when she saw him fall
Vnder that villaines club, then surely thought
That slaine he was, or made a wretched thrall,
And fled away with all the speede she mought,
To seeke for safety, which long time she sought:
And past through many perils by the way,
Ere she againe to *Calepine* was brought;
The which discourse as now I must delay,
Till *Mirabellaes* fortunes I doe further say.

Cant. VIII.

Prince Arthure ouercomes Disdaine,
Quites Mirabell from dreed:
Serena found of Saluages,
By Calepine is freed.

YE gentle Ladies, in whose soueraine powre
Loue hath the glory of his kingdome left,
And th'hearts of men, as your eternall dowre,
In yron chaines, of liberty bereft,
Deliuered hath into your hands by gift;
Be well aware, how ye the same doe vse,
That pride doe not to tyranny you lift;
Least if men you of cruelty accuse,
He from you take that chiefedome, which ye doe abuse.

And as ye soft and tender are by kynde,
Adornd with goodly gifts of beauties grace,
So be ye soft and tender eeke in mynde;
But cruelty and hardnesse from you chace,
That all your other praises will deface,
And from you turne the loue of men to hate.
Ensample take of *Mirabellaes* case,
Who from the high degree of happy state,
Fell into wretched woes, which she repented late.

Who after thraldome of the gentle Squire,
Which she beheld with lamentable eye,
Was touched with compassion entire,
And much lamented his calamity,

That for her sake fell into misery:
Which booted nought for prayers, nor for threat
To hope for to release or mollify;
For aye the more, that she did them entreat
The more they him misust, and cruelly did beat.

So as they forward on their way did pas,
Him still reuiling and afflicting sore,
They met Prince *Arthure* with Sir *Enias*,
(That was that courteous Knight, whom he before
Hauing subdew'd, yet did to life restore,)
To whom as they approcht, they gan augment
Their cruelty, and him to punish more,
Scourging and haling him more vehement;
As if it them should grieue to see his punishment.

The Squire himselfe when as he saw his Lord,
The witnesse of his wretchednesse, in place,
Was much asham'd, that with an hempen cord
He like a dog was led in captiue case,
And did his head for bashfulnesse abase,
As loth to see, or to be seene at all:
Shame would be hid. But whenas *Enias*
Beheld two such, of two such villaines thrall,
His manly mynde was much emmoued therewithall.

And to the Prince thus sayd; See you Sir Knight,
The greatest shame that euer eye yet saw?
Yond Lady and her Squire with foule despight
Abusde, against all reason and all law,
Without regard of pitty or of awe.
See how they doe that Squire beat and reuile;
See how they doe the Lady hale and draw.
But if ye please to lend me leaue a while,
I will them soone acquite, and both of blame assoile.

The

The Prince assented, and then he streight way
Dismounting light, his shield about him threw,
With which approching, thus he gan to say;
Abide ye caytiue treachetours vntrew,
That haue with treason thralled vnto you
These two, vnworthy of your wretched bands;
And now your crime with cruelty pursew.
Abide, and from them lay your loathly hands;
Or else abide the death, that hard before you stands.

The villaine stayd not aunswer to inuent,
But with his yron club preparing way,
His mindes sad message backe vnto him sent;
The which descended with such dreadfull sway,
That seemed nought the course thereof could stay:
No more then lightening from the lofty sky.
Ne list the Knight the powre thereof assay,
Whose doome was death, but lightly slipping by,
Vnwares defrauded his intended destiny.

And to requite him with the like againe,
With his sharpe sword he fiercely at him flew,
And strooke so strongly, that the Carle with paine
Saued him selfe, but that he there him slew:
Yet sau'd not so, but that the bloud it drew,
And gaue his foe good hope of victory.
Who therewith flesht, vpon him set anew,
And with the second stroke, thought certainely
To haue supplyde the first, and paide the vsury.

But Fortune aunswerd not vnto his call;
For as his hand was heaued vp on hight,
The villaine met him in the middle fall,
And with his club bet backe his brondyron bright

So forcibly, that with his owne hands might
Rebeaten backe vpon him selfe againe,
He driuen was to ground in selfe despight;
From whence ere he recouery could gaine,
He in his necke had set his foote with fell disdaine.

With that the foole, which did that end awayte,
Came running in, and whilest on ground he lay,
Laide heauy hands on him, and held so strayte,
That downe he kept him with his scornefull sway,
So as he could not weld him any way.
The whiles that other villaine went about
Him to haue bound, and thrald without delay;
The whiles the foole did him reuile and flout,
Threatning to yoke them tow & tame their corage stout.

As when a sturdy ploughman with his hynde
By strength haue ouerthrowne a stubborne steare,
They downe him hold, and fast with cords do bynde,
Till they him force the buxome yoke to beare:
So did these two this Knight oft tug and teare.
Which when the Prince beheld, there standing by,
He left his lofty steede to aide him neare,
And buckling soone him selfe, gan fiercely fly
Vppon that Carle, to saue his friend from ieopardy.

The villaine leauing him vnto his mate
To be captiu'd, and handled as he list,
Himselfe addrest vnto this new debate,
And with his club him all about so bliſt,
That he which way to turne him scarcely wist:
Sometimes aloft he layd, sometimes alow;
Now here, now there, and oft him neare he mist;
So doubtfully, that hardly one could know
Whether more wary were to giue or ward the blow.

But

But yet the Prince so well enured was
With such huge strokes, approued oft in fight,
That way to them he gaue forth right to pas.
Ne would endure the daunger of their might,
But wayt aduantage, when they downe did light.
At last the caytiue after long discourse,
When all his strokes he saw auoyded quite,
Resolued in one t'assemble all his force,
And make one end of him without ruth or remorse.

His dreadfull hand he heaued vp aloft,
And with his dreadfull instrument of yre,
Thought sure haue pownded him to powder soft,
Or deepe emboweld in the earth entyre:
But Fortune did not with his will conspire.
For ere his stroke attayned his intent,
The noble childe preuenting his desire,
Vnder his club with wary boldnesse went,
And smote him on the knee, that neuer yet was bent.

It neuer yet was bent, ne bent it now,
Albe the stroke so strong and puissant were,
That seem'd a marble pillour it could bow,
But all that leg, which did his body beare,
It crackt throughout, yet did no bloud appeare;
So as it was vnable to support
So huge a burden on such broken geare,
But fell to ground, like to a lumpe of durt,
Whence he assayd to rise, but could not for his hurt.

Eftsoones the Prince to him full nimbly stept,
And least he should recouer foote againe,
His head meant from his shoulders to haue swept.
Which when the Lady saw, she cryde amaine;

Stay stay, Sir Knight, for loue of God abstaine,
For that vnwares ye weetlesse doe intend;
Slay not that Carle, though worthy to be slaine:
For more on him doth then him selfe depend;
My life will by his death haue lamentable end.

He staide his hand according her desire,
Yet nathemore him suffred to arize;
But still suppressing gan of her inquire,
What meaning mote those vncouth words comprize,
That in that villaines health her safety lies:
That, were no might in man, nor heart in Knights,
Which durst her dreaded reskue enterprize,
Yet heauens them selues, that fauour feeble rights,
Would for it selfe redresse, and punish such despights.

Then bursting forth in teares, which gushed fast
Like many water streames, a while she stayd;
Till the sharpe passion being ouerpast,
Her tongue to her restord, then thus she sayd;
Nor heauens, nor men can me most wretched mayd
Deliuer from the doome of my desart,
The which the God of loue hath on me layd,
And damned to endure this direfull smart,
For penaunce of my proud and hard rebellious hart.

In prime of youthly yeares, when first the flowre
Of beauty gan to bud, and bloosme delight,
And nature me endu'd with plenteous dowre,
Of all her gifts, that pleasde each liuing sight,
I was belou'd of many a gentle Knight,
And sude and sought with all the seruice dew:
Full many a one for me deepe groand and sight,
And to the dore of death for sorrow drew,
Complayning out on me, that would not on them rew.

But

But let them loue that liſt, or liue or die;
Me liſt not die for any louers doole:
Ne liſt me leaue my loued libertie,
To pitty him that liſt to play the foole:
To loue my ſelfe I learned had in ſchoole.
Thus I triumphed long in louers paine,
And ſitting careleſſe on the ſcorners ſtoole,
Did laugh at thoſe that did lament and plaine:
But all is now repayd with intereſt againe.

For loe the winged God, that woundeth harts,
Cauſde me be called to accompt therefore,
And for reuengement of thoſe wrongfull ſmarts,
Which I to others did inflict afore,
Addeem'd me to endure this penaunce ſore;
That in this wize, and this vnmeete array,
With theſe two lewd companions, and no more,
Diſdaine and *Scorne*, I through the world ſhould ſtray,
Till I haue ſau'd ſo many, as I earſt did ſlay.

Certes (ſayd then the Prince) the God is iuſt,
That taketh vengeaunce of his peoples ſpoile.
For were no law in loue, but all that luſt,
Might them oppreſſe, and painefully turmoile,
His kingdome would continue but a while.
But tell me Lady, wherefore doe you beare
This bottle thus before you with ſuch toile,
And eeke this wallet at your backe arreare,
That for theſe Carles to carry much more comely were?

Here in this bottle (ſayd the ſory Mayd)
I put the teares of my contrition,
Till to the brim I haue it full defrayd:
And in this bag which I behinde me don,

I put repentaunce for things past and gon.
Yet is the bottle leake, and bag so torne,
That all which I put in, fals out anon;
And is behinde me trodden downe of *Scorne*,
Who mocketh all my paine, & laughs the more I mourn.

The Infant hearkned wisely to her tale,
And wondred much at *Cupids* iudg'ment wise,
That could so meekly make proud hearts auale,
And wreake him selfe on them, that him despise.
Then suffred he *Disdaine* vp to arise,
Who was not able vp him selfe to reare,
By meanes his leg through his late luckelesse prise,
Was crackt in twaine, but by his foolish feare
Was holpen vp, who him supported standing neare.

But being vp, he lookt againe aloft,
As if he neuer had receiued fall;
And with sterne eye-browes stared at him oft,
As if he would haue daunted him with all:
And standing on his tiptoes, to seeme tall,
Downe on his golden feete he often gazed,
As if such pride the other could apall;
Who was so far from being ought amazed,
That he his lookes despised, and his boast dispraized.

Then turning backe vnto that captiue thrall,
Who all this while stood there beside them bound,
Vnwilling to be knowne, or seene at all,
He from those bands weend him to haue vnwound.
But when approching neare, he plainely found,
It was his owne true groome, the gentle Squire,
He thereat wext exceedingly astound,
And him did oft embrace, and oft admire,
Ne could with seeing satisfie his great desire.

Meane

Meane while the Saluage man, whom he beheld
That huge great foole oppressing th'other Knight,
Whom with his weight vnweldy downe he held,
He flew vpon him, like a greedy kight
Vnto some carrion offered to his sight,
And downe him plucking, with his nayles and teeth
Gan him to hale, and teare, and scratch, and bite;
And from him taking his owne whip, therewith
So sore him scourgeth, that the bloud downe followeth.

And sure I weene, had not the Ladies cry
Procur'd the Prince his cruell hand to stay,
He would with whipping, him haue done to dye:
But being checkt, he did abstaine streight way,
And let him rise. Then thus the Prince gan say;
Now Lady sith your fortunes thus dispose,
That if ye list haue liberty, ye may,
Vnto your selfe I freely leaue to chose,
Whether I shall you leaue, or from these villaines lose.

Ah nay Sir Knight (sayd she) it may not be,
But that I needes must by all meanes fulfill
This penaunce, which enioyned is to me,
Least vnto me betide a greater ill;
Yet no lesse thankes to you for your good will.
So humbly taking leaue, she turnd aside,
But *Arthure* with the rest, went onward still
On his first quest, in which did him betide
A great aduenture, which did him from them deuide.

But first it falleth me by course to tell
Of faire *Serena*, who as earst you heard,
When first the gentle Squire at variaunce fell
With those two Carles, fled fast away, afeard

In

Of villany to be to her inferd:
So fresh the image of her former dread,
Yet dwelling in her eye, to her appeand,
That euery foote did tremble, which did tread,
And euery body two, and two she foure did read.

Through hils & dales, through bushes & through breres
Long thus she fled, till that at last she thought
Her selfe now past the perill of her feares.
Then looking round about, and seeing nought.
Which doubt of daunger to her offer mought,
She from her palfrey lighted on the plaine,
And sitting downe, her selfe a while bethought
Of her long trauell and turmoyling paine;
And often did of loue, and oft of lucke complaine.

And euermore she blamed *Calepine*,
The good Sir *Calepine*, her owne true Knight,
As th'onely author of her wofull tine:
For being of his loue to her so light,
As her to leaue in such a piteous plight.
Yet neuer Turtle truer to his make,
Then he was tride vnto his Lady bright:
Who all this while endured for her sake,
Great perill of his life, and restlesse paines did take.

Tho when as all her plaints, she had displayd,
And well disburdened her engrieued brest,
Vpon the grasse her selfe adowne she layd;
Where being tyrde with trauell, and opprest
With sorrow, she betooke her selfe to rest.
There whilest in *Morpheus* bosome safe she lay,
Fearelesse of ought, that mote her peace molest,
False Fortune did her safety betray,
Vnto a straunge mischaunce, that menac'd her decay.

In

In these wylde deserts, where she now abode,
There dwelt a saluage nation, which did liue
Of stealth and spoile, and making nightly rode
Into their neighbours borders; ne did giue
Them selues to any trade, as for to driue
The painefull plough, or cattell for to breed,
Or by aduentrous marchandize to thriue;
But on the labours of poore men to feed,
And serue their owne necessities with others need.

Thereto they vsde one most accursed order,
To eate the flesh of men, whom they mote fynde,
And straungers to deuoure, which on their border
Were brought by errour, or by wreckfull wynde.
A monstrous cruelty gainst course of kynde.
They towards euening wandring euery way,
To seeke for booty, came by fortune blynde,
Whereas this Lady, like a sheepe astray,
Now drowned in the depth of sleepe all fearelesse lay.

Soone as they spide her, Lord what gladfull glee
They made amongst them selues; but when her face
Like the faire yuory shining they did see,
Each gan his fellow solace and embrace,
For ioy of such good hap by heauenly grace.
Then gan they to deuize what course to take:
Whether to slay her there vpon the place,
Or suffer her out of her sleepe to wake,
And then her eate attonce; or many meales to make.

The best aduizement was of bad, to let her
Sleepe out her fill, without encomberment:
For sleepe they sayd would make her battill better.
Then when she wakt, they all gaue one consent,

That since by grace of God she there was sent,
Vnto their God they would her sacrifize,
Whose share, her guiltlesse bloud they would present,
But of her dainty flesh they did deuize
To make a common feast, & feed with gurmandize.

So round about her they them selues did place
Vpon the grasse, and diuersely dispose,
As each thought best to spend the lingring space.
Some with their eyes the daintest morsels chose;
Some praise her paps, some praise her lips and nose;
Some whet their kniues, and strip their elboes bare:
The Priest him selfe a garland doth compose
Of fineſt flowres, and with full busie care
His bloudy vessels wash, and holy fire prepare.

The Damzell wakes, then all attonce vpstart,
And round about her flocke, like many flies,
Whooping, and hallowing on euery part,
As if they would haue rent the brasen skies.
Which when she sees with ghastly griefful eies,
Her heart does quake, and deadly pallid hew
Benumbes her cheekes: Then out aloud she cries,
Where none is nigh to heare, that will her rew,
And rends her golden locks, and snowy brests embrew.

But all bootes not: they hands vpon her lay;
And first they spoile her of her iewls deare,
And afterwards of all her rich array;
The which amongst them they in peeces teare,
And of the pray each one a part doth beare.
Now being naked, to their sordid eyes
The goodly threasures of nature appeare:
Which as they view with lustfull fantasyes,
Each wisheth to him selfe, and to the rest enuyes.

Her

Her yuorie necke, her alablaſter breſt,
Her paps, which like white ſilken pillowes were,
For loue in ſoft delight thereon to reſt;
Her tender ſides her bellie white and clere,
Which like an Altar did it ſelfe vprere,
To offer ſacrifice diuine thereon;
Her goodly thighes, whoſe glorie did appeare
Like a triumphall Arch, and thereupon
The ſpoiles of Princes hang'd, which were in battel won.

Thoſe daintie parts, the dearlings of delight,
Which mote not be prophan'd of common eyes,
Thoſe villeins vew'd with looſe laſciuious ſight,
And cloſely tempted with their craftie ſpyes;
And ſome of them gan mongſt themſelues deuize,
Thereof by force to take their beaſtly pleaſure.
But them the Prieſt rebuking, did aduize,
To dare not to pollute ſo ſacred threaſure,
Vow'd to the gods: religiõ held euen theeues in meaſure.

So being ſtayd, they her from thence directed
Vnto a litle groue not farre aſyde,
In which an altar ſhortly they erected,
To ſlay her on. And now the Euentyde
His brode black wings had through the heauens wyde
By this diſpred, that was the tyme ordayned
For ſuch a diſmall deed, their guilt to hyde:
Of few greene turfes an altar ſoone they fayned,
And deckt it all with flowres, which they nigh hand ob-
(tayned.

Tho when as all things readie were aright,
The Damzell was before the altar ſet,
Being alreadie dead with fearefull fright.
To whom the Prieſt with naked armes full net

Approching nigh, and murdrous knife well whet,
Gan mutter close a certaine secret charme,
With other diuelish ceremonies met:
Which doen he gan aloft t'aduance his arme,
Whereat they shouted all, and made a loud alarme.

Then gan the bagpypes and the hornes to shrill,
And shrieke aloud, that with the peoples voyce
Confused, did the ayre with terror fill,
And made the wood to tremble at the noyce:
The whyles she wayld, the more they did reioyce.
Now mote ye vnderstand that to this groue
Sir *Calepine* by chaunce, more then by choyce,
The selfe same euening fortune hether droue,
As he to seeke *Serena* through the woods did roue.

Long had he sought her, and through many a soyle
Had traueld still on foot in heauie armes,
Ne ought was tyred with his endlesse toyles,
Ne ought was feared of his certaine harmes:
And now all weetlesse of the wretched stormes,
In which his loue was lost, he slept full fast,
Till being waked with these loud alarmes,
He lightly started vp like one aghast,
And catching vp his arms streight to the noise forth past.

There by th'vncertaine glims of starry night,
And by the twinkling of their sacred fire,
He mote perceiue a litle dawning sight
Of all, which there was doing in that quire:
Mongst whom a woman spoyld of all attire
He spyde, lamenting her vnluckie strife,
And groning sore from grieued hart entire;
Eftsoones he saw one with a naked knife
Readie to launch her brest, and let out loued life.

With

With that he thrusts into the thickest throng,
And euen as his right hand adowne descends,
He him preuenting, layes on earth along,
And sacrifizeth to th'infernall feends.
Then to the rest his wrathfull hand he bends,
Of whom he makes such hauocke and such hew,
That swarmes of damned soules to hell he sends:
The rest that scape his sword and death eschew,
Fly like a flocke of doues before a Faulcons vew.

From them returning to that Ladie backe,
Whom by the Altar he doth sitting find,
Yet fearing death, and next to death the lacke
Of clothes to couer, what they ought by kind,
He first her hands beginneth to vnbind;
And then to question of her present woe;
And afterwards to cheare with speaches kind.
But she for nought that he could say or doe,
One word durst speake, or answere him awhit thereto.

So inward shame of her vncomely case
She did conceiue, through care of womanhood,
That though the night did couer her disgrace,
Yet she in so vnwomanly a mood,
Would not bewray the state in which she stood.
So all that night to him vnknowen she past.
But day, that doth discouer bad and good,
Ensewing, made her knowen to him at last:
The end whereof Ile keepe vntill another cast.

Cant. IX.

Calidore hoſtes with Melibœ
and loues fayre Paſtorell;
Coridon enuies him, yet he
for ill rewards him well.

NOw turne againe my teme thou iolly ſwayne,
Backe to the furrow which I lately left;
I lately left a furrow, one or twayne
Vnplough'd, the which my coulter hath not cleft:
Yet ſeem'd the ſoyle both fayre and frutefull eft,
As I it paſt, that were too great a ſhame,
That ſo rich frute ſhould be from vs bereft;
Beſides the great diſhonour and defame,
Which ſhould befall to *Calidores* immortall name.

Great trauell hath the gentle *Calidore*
And toyle endured, ſith I left him laſt
Sewing the *Blatant beaſt*, which I forbore
To finiſh then, for other preſent haſt.
Full many pathes and perils he hath paſt, (plaines
Through hils, through dales, throgh foreſts, & throgh
In that ſame queſt which fortune on him caſt,
Which he atchieued to his owne great gaines,
Reaping eternall glorie of his reſtleſſe paines.

So ſharply he the Monſter did purſew,
That day nor night he ſuffred him to reſt,
Ne reſted he himſelfe but natures dew,
For dread of daunger, not to be redreſt,

If he for slouth forslackt so famous quest.
Him first from court he to the citties coursed,
And from the citties to the townes him prest,
And from the townes into the countrie forsed,
And from the country back to priuate farmes he scorsed.

From thence into the open fields he fled,
Whereas the Heardes were keeping of their neat,
And shepheards singing to their flockes, that fed,
Layes of sweete loue and youthes delightfull heat:
Him thether eke for all his fearefull threat
He followed fast, and chaced him so nie,
That to the folds, where sheepe at night doe seat,
And to the litle cots, where shepherds lie
In winters wrathfull time, he forced him to flie.

There on a day as he pursew'd the chace,
He chaunst to spy a sort of shepheard groomes,
Playing on pypes, and caroling apace,
The whyles their beasts there in the budded broomes
Beside them fed, and nipt the tender bloomes:
For other worldly wealth they cared nought.
To whom Sir *Calidore* yet sweating comes,
And them to tell him courteously besought,
If such a beast they saw, which he had thether brought.

They answer'd him, that no such beast they saw,
Nor any wicked feend, that mote offend
Their happie flockes, nor daunger to them draw:
But if that such there were (as none they kend)
They prayd high God them farre from them to send.
Then one of them him seeing so to sweat,
After his rusticke wise, that well he weend,
Offred him drinke, to quench his thirstie heat,
And if he hungry were, him offred eke to eat.

The knight was nothing nice, where was no need,
And tooke their gentle offer: so adowne
They prayd him sit, and gaue him for to feed
Such homely what, as serues the simple clowne,
That doth despise the dainties of the towne.
Tho hauing fed his fill, he there beside
Saw a faire damzell, which did weare a crowne
Of sundry flowres, with silken ribbands tyde.
Ycladin home-made greene that her owne hands had dyde.
Vpon a litle hillocke she was placed
Higher then all the rest, and round about
Enuiron'd with a girland, goodly graced,
Of louely lasses, and them all without
The lustie shepheard swaynes sate in a rout,
The which did pype and sing her prayses dew,
And oft reioyce, and oft for wonder shout,
As if some miracle of heauenly hew
Were downe to them descended in that earthly vew.

And soothly sure she was full fayre of face,
And perfectly well shapt in euery lim,
Which she did more augment with modest grace,
And comely carriage of her count'nance trim,
That all the rest like lesser lamps did dim:
Who her admiring as some heauenly wight,
Did for their soueraine goddesse her esteeme,
And caroling her name both day and night,
The fayrest *Pastorella* her by name did hight.

Ne was there heard, ne was there shepheards swayne
But her did honour, and eke many a one
Burnt in her loue, and with sweet pleasing payne
Full many a night for her did sigh and grone:

But most of all the shepheard *Coridon*
For her did languish, and his deare life spend;
Yet neither she for him, nor other none
Did care a whit, ne any liking lend:
Though meane her lot, yet higher did her mind ascend.

Her whyles Sir *Calidore* there vewed well,
And markt her rare demeanure, which him seemed
So farre the meane of shepheards to excell,
As that he in his mind her worthy deemed,
To be a Princes Paragone esteemed,
He was vnwares surpriſd in subtile bands
Of the blynd boy, ne thence could be redeemed
By any skill out of his cruell hands,
Caught like the bird, which gazing still on others stands.

So stood he still long gazing thereupon,
Ne any will had thence to moue away,
Although his queſt were farre afore him gon;
But after he had fed, yet did he stay,
And sate there still, vntill the flying day
Was farre forth spent, discoursing diuersly
Of sundry things, as fell to worke delay;
And euermore his speach he did apply
To th'heards, but meant them to the damzels fantazy.

By this the moystie night approching fast,
Her deawy humour gan on th'earth to shed,
That warn'd the shepheards to their homes to haſt
Their tender flocks, now being fully fed,
For feare of wetting them before their bed;
Then came to them a good old aged syre,
Whose siluer lockes bedeckt his beard and hed,
With shepheards hooke in hand, and fit attyre,
That wild the damzell rise; the day did now expyre.

He was to weet by common voice esteemed
The father of the fayreſt *Paſtorell*,
And of her ſelfe in very deede ſo deemed;
Yet was not ſo, but as old ſtories tell
Found her by fortune, which to him befell,
In th'open fields an Infant left alone,
And taking vp brought home, and nourſed well
As his owne chyld; for other he had none,
That ſhe in tract of time accompted was his owne.

She at his bidding meekely did ariſe,
And ſtreight vnto her litle flocke did fare:
Then all the reſt about her roſe likewiſe,
And each his ſundrie ſheepe with ſeuerall care
Gathered together, and them homeward bare:
Whyleſt euerie one with helping hands did ſtriue
Amongſt themſelues, and did their labours ſhare,
To helpe faire *Paſtorella*, home to driue
Her fleecie flocke; but *Coridon* moſt helpe did giue.

But *Melibœe* (ſo hight that good old man)
Now ſeeing *Calidore* left all alone,
And night arriued hard at hand, began
Him to inuite vnto his ſimple home;
Which though it were a cottage clad with lome,
And all things therein meane, yet better ſo
To lodge, then in the ſaluage fields to rome.
The knight full gladly ſoone agreed thereto,
Being his harts owne wiſh, and home with him did go.

There he was welcom'd of that honeſt ſyre,
And of his aged Beldame homely well;
Who him beſought himſelfe to diſattyre,
And reſt himſelfe, till ſupper time befell.

By

By which home came the fayreſt *Paſtorell*,
After her flocke ſhe in their fold had tyde,
And ſupper readie dight, they to it fell
With ſmall adoe, and nature ſatisfyde,
The which doth litle craue contented to abyde.

Tho when they had their hunger ſlaked well,
And the fayre mayd the table ta'ne away,
The gentle knight, as he that did excell
In courteſie, and well could doe and ſay,
For ſo great kindneſſe as he found that day,
Gan greatly thanke his hoſt and his good wife;
And drawing thence his ſpeach another way,
Gan highly to commend the happie life,
Which Shepheards lead, without debate or bitter ſtrife.

How much (ſayd he) more happie is the ſtate,
In which ye father here doe dwell at eaſe,
Leading a life ſo free and fortunate,
From all the tempeſts of theſe worldly ſeas,
Which toſſe the reſt in daungerous diſeaſe?
Where warres, and wreckes, and wicked enmitie
Doe them afflict, which no man can appeaſe,
That certes I your happineſſe enuie,
And wiſh my lot were plaſt in ſuch felicitie.

Surely my ſonne (then anſwer'd he againe)
If happie, then it is in this intent,
That hauing ſmall, yet doe I not complaine
Of want, ne wiſh for more it to augment,
But doe my ſelfe, with that I haue, content;
So taught of nature, which doth litle need
Of forreine helpes to lifes due nouriſhment:
The fields my food, my flocke my rayment breed,
No better doe I weare, no better doe I feed.

Therefore I doe not any one enuy,
Nor am enuyde of any one therefore;
They that haue much, feare much to looſe thereby,
And ſtore of cares doth follow riches ſtore.
The litle that I haue, growes dayly more
Without my care, but onely to attend it;
My lambes doe euery yeare increaſe their ſcore,
And my flockes father daily doth amend it.
What haue I, but to praiſe th'Almighty, that doth ſend it?

To them, that liſt, the worlds gay ſhowes I leaue,
And to great ones ſuch follies doe forgiue,
Which oft through pride do their owne perill weaue,
And through ambition downe themſelues doe driue
To ſad decay, that might contented liue.
Me no ſuch cares nor combrous thoughts offend,
Ne once my minds vnmoued quiet grieue,
But all the night in ſiluer ſleepe I ſpend,
And all the day, to what I liſt, I doe attend.

Sometimes I hunt the Fox, the vowed foe
Vnto my Lambes, and him diſlodge away;
Sometime the fawne I practiſe from the Doe,
Or from the Goat her kidde how to conuay;
Another while I baytes and nets diſplay,
The birds to catch, or fiſhes to beguyle:
And when I wearie am, I downe doe lay
My limbes in euery ſhade, to reſt from toyle,
And drinke of euery brooke, when thirſt my throte doth boyle.

The time was once, in my firſt prime of yeares,
When pride of youth forth pricked my deſire,
That I diſdain'd amongſt mine equall peares
To follow ſheepe, and ſhepheards baſe attire:

For

For further fortune then I would inquire.
And leauing home, to roiall court I sought;
Where I did sell my selfe for yearely hire,
And in the Princes gardin daily wrought:
There I beheld such vaineneſſe, as I neuer thought.

With sight whereof soone cloyd, and long deluded
With idle hopes, which them doe entertaine,
After I had ten yeares my selfe excluded
From natiue home, and spent my youth in vaine,
I gan my follies to my selfe to plaine,
And this sweet peace, whose lacke did then appeare.
Tho backe returning to my sheepe againe,
I from thenceforth haue learn'd to loue more deare
This lowly quiet life, which I inherite here.

Whyleſt thus he talkt, the knight with greedy eare
Hong still vpon his melting mouth attent;
Whose sensefull words empierst his hart so neare,
That he was rapt with double rauishment,
Both of his speach that wrought him great content,
And also of the obiect of his vew,
On which his hungry eye was alwayes bent;
That twixt his pleasing tongue, and her faire hew,
He lost himselfe, and like one halfe entraunced grew.

Yet to occasion meanes, to worke his mind,
And to insinuate his harts desire,
He thus replyde; Now surely syre, I find,
That all this worlds gay showes, which we admire,
Be but vaine shadowes to this safe retyre
Of life, which here in lowlineſſe ye lead;
Feareleſſe of foes, or fortunes wrackfull yre,
Which tosseth states, and vnder foot doth tread
The mightie ones, affrayd of euery chaunges dread.

That euen I which daily doe behold
The glorie of the great, mongſt whom I won,
And now haue prou'd, what happineſſe ye hold
In this ſmall plot of your dominion,
Now loath great Lordſhip and ambition;
And wiſh th'heauens ſo much had graced mee,
As graunt me liue in like condition;
Or that my fortunes might tranſpoſed bee
From pitch of higher place, vnto this low degree.

In vaine (ſaid then old *Melibœ*) doe men
The heauens of their fortunes fault accuſe,
Sith they know beſt, what is the beſt for them:
For they to each ſuch fortune doe diffuſe,
As they doe know each can moſt aptly vſe.
For not that, which men couet moſt, is beſt,
Nor that thing worſt, which men do moſt refuſe;
But fitteſt is, that all contented reſt
With that they hold: each hath his fortune in his breſt.

It is the mynd, that maketh good or ill,
That maketh wretch or happie, rich or poore:
For ſome, that hath abundance at his will,
Hath not enough, but wants in greateſt ſtore;
And other, that hath litle, askes no more,
But in that litle is both rich and wiſe.
For wiſedome is moſt riches; fooles therefore
They are, which fortunes doe by vowes deuize,
Sith each vnto himſelfe his life may fortunize.

Since then in each mans ſelf (ſaid *Calidore*)
It is, to faſhion his owne lyfes eſtate,
Giue leaue awhyle, good father, in this ſhore
To reſt my barcke, which hath bene beaten late

With

With ſtormes of fortune and tempeſtuous fate,
In ſeas of troubles and of toyleſome paine,
That whether quite from them for to retrate
I ſhall reſolue, or backe to turne againe,
I may here with your ſelfe ſome ſmall repoſe obtaine.

Not that the burden of ſo bold a gueſt
Shall chargefull be, or chaunge to you at all;
For your meane food ſhall be my daily feaſt,
And this your cabin both my bowre and hall.
Beſides for recompence hereof, I ſhall
You well reward, and golden guerdon giue,
That may perhaps you better much withall,
And in this quiet make you ſafer liue.
So forth he drew much gold, and toward him it driue.

But the good man, nought tempted with the offer
Of his rich mould, did thruſt it farre away,
And thus beſpake; Sir knight, your bounteous proffer
Be farre fro me, to whom ye ill diſplay
That mucky maſſe, the cauſe of mens decay,
That mote empaire my peace with daungers dread.
But if ye algates couet to aſſay
This ſimple ſort of life, that ſhepheards lead,
Be it your owne: our rudeneſſe to your ſelfe aread.

So there that night Sir *Calidore* did dwell,
And long while after, whileſt him liſt remaine,
Dayly beholding the faire *Paſtorell*,
And feeding on the bayt of his owne bane.
During which time he did her entertaine
With all kind courteſies, he could inuent;
And euery day, her companie to gaine,
When to the field ſhe went, he with her went:
So for to quench his fire, he did it more augment.

But ſhe that neuer had acquainted beene
With ſuch queint vſage, fit for Queenes and Kings,
Ne euer had ſuch knightly ſeruice ſeene,
But being bred vnder baſe ſhepheards wings,
Had euer learn'd to loue the lowly things,
Did litle whit regard his courteous guize,
But cared more for *Colins* carolings
Then all that he could doe, or euer deuize:
His layes, his loues, his lookes ſhe did them all deſpize.

Which *Calidore* perceiuing, thought it beſt
To chaunge the manner of his loftie looke;
And doffing his bright armes, himſelfe addreſt
In ſhepheards weed, and in his hand he tooke,
In ſtead of ſteelehead ſpeare, a ſhepheards hooke,
That who had ſeene him then, would haue bethought
On *Phrygian Paris* by *Plexippus* brooke,
When he the loue of fayre *Benone* ſought,
What time the golden apple was vnto him brought.

So being clad, vnto the fields he went
With the faire *Paſtorella* euery day,
And kept her ſheepe with diligent attent,
Watching to driue the rauenous Wolfe away,
The whyleſt at pleaſure ſhe mote ſport and play;
And euery euening helping them to fold:
And otherwhiles for need, he did aſſay
In his ſtrong hand their rugged teats to hold,
And out of them to preſſe the milke: loue ſo much could.

Which ſeeing *Coridon*, who her likewiſe
Long time had lou'd, and hop'd her loue to gaine,
He much was troubled at that ſtraungers guize,
And many gealous thoughts conceiu'd in vaine,

That

That this of all his labour and long paine
Should reap the harueſt, ere it ripened were,
That made him ſcoule, and pout, and oft complaine
Of *Paſtorell* to all the ſhepheards there,
That ſhe did loue a ſtranger ſwayne then him more dere.

And euer when he came in companie,
Where *Calidore* was preſent, he would loure,
And byte his lip, and euen for gealouſie
Was readie oft his owne hart to deuoure,
Impatient of any paramoure:
Who on the other ſide did ſeeme ſo farre
From malicing, or grudging his good houre,
That all he could, he graced him with her,
Ne euer ſhewed ſigne of rancour or of iarre.

And oft, when *Coridon* vnto her brought
Or litle ſparrowes, ſtolen from their neſt,
Or wanton ſquirrels, in the woods farre ſought,
Or other daintie thing for her addreſt,
He would commend his guift, and make the beſt.
Yet ſhe no whit his preſents did regard,
Ne him could find to fancie in her breſt:
This newcome ſhepheard had his market mard.
Old loue is litle worth when new is more prefard.

One day when as the ſhepheard ſwaynes together
Were met, to make their ſports and merrie glee,
As they are wont in faire ſunſhynie weather,
The whiles their flockes in ſhadowes ſhrouded bee,
They fell to daunce: then did they all agree,
That *Colin clout* ſhould pipe as one moſt fit;
And *Calidore* ſhould lead the ring, as hee
That moſt in *Paſtorellaes* grace did ſit.
Thereat frown'd *Coridon*, and his lip cloſely bit.

But *Calidore* of courteous inclination
Tooke *Coridon*, and ſet him in his place,
That he ſhould lead the daunce, as was his faſhion;
For *Coridon* could daunce, and trimly trace.
And when as *Paſtorella*, him to grace,
Her flowry garlond tooke from her owne head,
And plaſt on his, he did it ſoone diſplace,
And did it put on *Coridons* in ſtead:
Then *Coridon* woxe frollicke, that earſt ſeemed dead.

Another time, when as they did diſpoſe
To practiſe games, and maiſteries to try,
They for their Iudge did *Paſtorella* choſe;
A garland was the meed of victory.
There *Coridon* forth ſtepping openly,
Did chalenge *Calidore* to wreſtling game:
For he through long and perfect induſtry,
Therein well practiſd was, and in the ſame
Thought ſure t'auenge his grudge, & worke his foe great (ſhame.

But *Calidore* he greatly did miſtake;
For he was ſtrong and mightily ſtiffe pight,
That with one fall his necke he almoſt brake,
And had he not vpon him fallen light,
His deareſt ioynt he ſure had broken quight.
Then was the oaken crowne by *Paſtorell*
Giuen to *Calidore*, as his due right;
But he, that did in courteſie excell,
Gaue it to *Coridon*, and ſaid he wonne it well.

Thus did the gentle knight himſelfe abeare
Amongſt that ruſticke rout in all his deeds,
That euen they, the which his riuals were,
Could not maligne him, but commend him needs:

For

For courtesie amongst the rudest breeds:
Good will and fauour. So it surely wrought
With this faire Mayd, and in her mynde the seeds
Of perfect loue did sow, that last forth brought
The fruite of ioy and blisse, though long time dearely (bought.

Thus *Calidore* continu'd there long time,
To winne the loue of the faire *Pastorell*;
Which hauing got, he vsed without crime
Or blamefull blot, but menaged so well,
That he of all the rest, which there did well,
Was fauoured, and to her grace commended.
But what straunge fortunes vnto him befell,
Ere he attain'd the point by him intended,
Shall more conueniently in other place be ended.

Cant. X.

Calidore sees the Graces daunce,
To Colins melody:
The whiles his Pastorell is led,
Into captiuity.

WHo now does follow the foule *Blatant Beast*,
Whilest *Calidore* does follow that faire Mayd,
Vnmyndfull of his vow and high beheast,
Which by the Faery Queene was on him layd,
That he should neuer leaue, nor be delayd
From chacing him, till he had it attchieued?
But now entrapt of loue, which him betrayd,
He mindeth more, how he may be relieued (grieued.
With grace from her, whose loue his heart hath sore en-

That from henceforth he meanes no more to sew
His former quest, so full of toile and paine;
Another quest, another game in vew
He hath, the guerdon of his loue to gaine:
With whom he myndes for euer to remaine,
And set his rest amongst the rusticke sort,
Rather then hunt still after shadowes vaine
Of courtly fauour, fed with light report,
Of euery blaste, and sayling alwaies on the port.

Ne certes mote he greatly blamed be,
From so high step to stoupe vnto so low.
For who had tasted once (as oft did he)
The happy peace, which there doth ouerflow,
And prou'd the perfect pleasures, which doe grow
Amongst poore hyndes, in hils, in woods, in dales,
Would neuer more delight in painted show
Of such false blisse, as there is set for stales,
T'entrap vnwary fooles in their eternall bales.

For what hath all that goodly glorious gaze
Like to one sight, which *Calidore* did vew?
The glaunce whereof their dimmed eies would daze,
That neuer more they should endure the shew
Of that sunne-shine, that makes them looke askew.
Ne ought in all that world of beauties rare,
(Saue onely *Glorianaes* heauenly hew
To which what can compare?) can it compare;
The which as commeth now, by course I will declare.

One day as he did raunge the fields abroad,
Whilest his faire *Pastorella* was elsewhere,
He chaunst to come, far from all peoples troad,
Vnto a place, whose pleasaunce did appere

To

To passe all others, on the earth which were:
For all that euer was by natures skill
Deuized to worke delight, was gathered there,
And there by her were poured forth at fill,
As if this to adorne, she all the rest did pill.

It was an hill plaste in an open plaine,
That round about was bordered with a wood
Of matchlesse hight, that seem'd th'earth to disdaine,
In which all trees of honour stately stood,
And did all winter as in sommer bud,
Spredding pauilions for the birds to bowre,
Which in their lower braunches sung aloud;
And in their tops the soring hauke did towre,
Sitting like King of fowles in maiesty and powre.

And at the foote thereof, a gentle flud
His siluer waues did softly tumble downe,
Vnmard with ragged mosse or filthy mud,
Ne mote wylde beastes, ne mote the ruder clowne
Thereto approch, ne filth mote therein drowne:
But Nymphes and Faeries by the bancks did sit,
In the woods shade, which did the waters crowne,
Keeping all noysome things away from it,
And to the waters fall tuning their accents fit.

And on the top thereof a spacious plaine
Did spred it selfe, to serue to all delight,
Either to daunce, when they to daunce would faine,
Or else to course about their bases light;
Ne ought there wanted, which for pleasure might
Desired be, or thence to banish bale:
So pleasauntly the hill with equall hight,
Did seeme to ouerlooke the lowly vale;
Therefore it rightly cleeped was mount *Acidale*.

They say that *Venus*, when she did dispose
Her selfe to pleasaunce, vsed to resort
Vnto this place, and therein to repose
And rest her selfe, as in a gladsome port,
Or with the Graces there to play and sport;
That euen her owne Cytheron, though in it
She vsed most to keepe her royall court,
And in her soueraine Maiesty to sit,
She in regard hereof refusde and thought vnfit.

Vnto this place when as the Elfin Knight
Approcht, him seemed that the merry sound
Of a shrill pipe he playing heard on hight,
And many feete fast thumping th'hollow ground,
That through the woods their Eccho did rebound.
He nigher drew, to weete what mote it be;
There he a troupe of Ladies dauncing found
Full merrily, and making gladfull glee,
And in the midst a Shepheard piping he did see.

He durst not enter into th'open greene,
For dread of them vnwares to be descryde,
For breaking of their daunce, if he were seene;
But in the couert of the wood did byde,
Beholding all, yet of them vnespyde.
There he did see, that pleased much his sight,
That euen he him selfe his eyes enuyde,
An hundred naked maidens lilly white,
All raunged in a ring, and dauncing in delight.

All they without were raunged in a ring,
And daunced round; but in the midst of them
Three other Ladies did both daunce and sing,
The whilest the rest them round about did hemme,

And

And like a girlond did in compaſſe ſtemme:
And in the middeſt of thoſe ſame three, was placed
Another Damzell, as a precious gemme,
Amidſt a ring moſt richly well enchaced,
That with her goodly preſence all the reſt much graced.

Looke how the Crowne, which *Ariadne* wore
Vpon her yuory forehead that ſame day,
That *Theſeus* her vnto his bridale bore,
When the bold *Centaures* made that bloudy fray.
With the fierce *Lapithes*, which did them diſmay;
Being now placed in the firmament,
Through the bright heauen doth her beams diſplay,
And is vnto the ſtarres an ornament,
Which round about her moue in order excellent.

Such was the beauty of this goodly band,
Whoſe ſundry parts were here too long to tell:
But ſhe that in the midſt of them did ſtand,
Seem'd all the reſt in beauty to excell,
Crownd with a roſie girlond, that right well
Did her beſeeme. And euer, as the crew
About her daunſt, ſweet flowres, that far did ſmell,
And fragrant odours they vppon her threw;
But moſt of all, thoſe three did her with gifts endew.

Thoſe were the Graces, daughters of delight,
Handmaides of *Venus*, which are wont to haunt
Vppon this hill, and daunce there day and night:
Thoſe three to men all gifts of grace do graunt,
And all, that *Venus* in her ſelfe doth vaunt,
Is borrowed of them. But that faire one,
That in the midſt was placed parauaunt,
Was ſhe to whom that ſhepheard pypt alone,
That made him pipe ſo merrily, as neuer none.

She was to weete that iolly Shepheards lasse,
Which piped there vnto that merry rout,
That iolly shepheard, which there piped, was
Poore *Colin Clout* (who knowes not *Colin Clout?*)
He pypt apace, whilest they him daunst about.
Pype iolly shepheard, pype thou now apace
Vnto thy loue, that made thee low to lout;
Thy loue is present there with thee in place,
Thy loue is there aduaunst to be another Grace.

Much wondred *Calidore* at this straunge sight,
Whose like before his eye had neuer seene,
And standing long astonished in spright,
And rapt with pleasaunce, wist not what to weene;
Whether it were the traine of beauties Queene,
Or Nymphes, or Faeries, or enchaunted show,
With which his eyes mote haue deluded beene.
Therefore resoluing, what it was, to know,
Out of the wood he rose, and toward them did go.

But soone as he appeared to their vew,
They vanisht all away out of his sight,
And cleane were gone, which way he neuer knew;
All saue the shepheard, who for fell despight
Of that displeasure, broke his bag-pipe quight,
And made great mone for that vnhappy turne.
But *Calidore*, though no lesse sory wight,
For that mishap, yet seeing him to mourne,
Drew neare, that he the truth of all by him mote learne.

And first him greeting, thus vnto him spake,
Haile iolly shepheard, which thy ioyous dayes
Here leadest in this goodly merry make,
Frequented of these gentle Nymphes alwayes,

Which

Which to thee flocke, to heare thy louely layes;
Tell me, what mote these dainty Damzels be,
Which here with thee doe make their pleasant playes?
Right happy thou, that mayst them freely see:
But why when I them saw, fled they away from me?

Not I so happy answerd then that swaine,
As thou vnhappy, which them thence didst chace,
Whom by no meanes thou canst recall againe,
For being gone, none can them bring in place,
But whom they of themselues list so to grace.
Right sory I, (saide then Sir *Calidore*,)
That my ill fortune did them hence displace.
But since things passed none may now restore,
Tell me, what were they all, whose lacke thee grieues so (sore.

Tho gan that shepheard thus for to dilate;
Then wote thou shepheard, whatsoeuer thou bee,
That all those Ladies, which thou sawest late,
Are *Venus* Damzels, all with in her fee,
But differing in honour and degree:
They all are Graces, which on her depend,
Besides a thousand more, which ready bee
Her to adorne, when so she forth doth wend:
But those three in the midst, doe chiefe on her attend.

They are the daughters of sky-ruling Ioue,
By him begot of faire *Eurynome*,
The Oceans daughter, in this pleasant groue,
As he this way comming from feastfull glee,
Of *Thetis* wedding with *AEcidee*.
In sommers shade him selfe here rested weary.
The first of them hight mylde *Euphrosyne*,
Next faire *Aglaia*, last *Thalia* merry:
Sweete Goddesses all three which me in mirth do cherry.

These three on men all gracious gifts bestow,
Which decke the body or adorne the myhde,
To make them louely or well fauoured show,
As comely carriage, entertainement kynde,
Sweete semblaunt, friendly offices that bynde,
And all the complements of curtesie:
They teach vs, how to each degree and kynde
We should our selues demeane, to low, to hie;
To friends, to foes, which skill men call Ciuility.

Therefore they alwaies smoothly seeme to smile,
That we likewise should mylde and gentle be,
And also naked are, that without guile
Or false dissemblaunce all them plaine may see,
Simple and true from couert malice free:
And eeke them selues so in their daunce they bore,
That two of them still forward seem'd to bee,
But one still towards shew'd her selfe afore;
That good should from vs goe, then come in greater store.

Such were those Goddesses, which ye did see;
But that fourth Mayd, which there amidst thē traced,
Who can aread, what creature mote she bee,
Whether a creature, or a goddesse graced
With heauenly gifts from heuen first enraced?
But what so sure she was, she worthy was,
To be the fourth with those three other placed:
Yet was she certes but a counrtey lasse,
Yet she all other countrey lasses farre did passe.

So farre as doth the daughter of the day,
All other lesser lights in light excell,
So farre doth she in beautyfull array,
Aboue all other lasses beare the bell,

Ne leſſe in vertue that beſeemes her well,
Doth ſhe exceede the reſt of all her race,
For which the Graces that here wont to dwell,
Haue for more honor brought her to this place,
And graced her ſo much to be another Grace.

Another Grace ſhe well deſerues to be,
In whom ſo many Graces gathered are,
Excelling much the meane of her degree;
Diuine reſemblaunce, beauty ſoueraine rare,
Firme Chaſtity, that ſpight ne blemiſh dare;
All which ſhe with ſuch courteſie doth grace,
That all her peres cannot with her compare,
But quite are dimmed, when ſhe is in place.
She made me often pipe and now to pipe apace.

Sunne of the world, great glory of the sky,
That all the earth doeſt lighten with thy rayes,
Great *Gloriana*, greateſt Maieſty,
Pardon thy ſhepheard, mongſt ſo many layes,
As he hath ſung of thee in all his dayes,
To make one minime of thy poore handmayd,
And vnderneath thy feete to place her prayſe,
That when thy glory ſhall be farre diſplayd
To future age of her this mention may be made.

When thus that ſhepherd ended had his ſpeach,
Sayd *Calidore*; Now ſure it yrketh mee,
That to thy bliſſe I made this luckeleſſe breach,
As now the author of thy bale to be,
Thus to bereaue thy loues deare ſight from thee:
But gentle Shepheard pardon thou my ſhame,
Who raſhly ſought that, which I mote not ſee.
Thus did the courteous Knight excuſe his blame,
And to recomfort him, all comely meanes did frame.

In ſuch diſcourſes they together ſpent
Long time, as fit occaſion forth them led;
With which the Knight him ſelfe did much content,
And with delight his greedy fancy fed,
Both of his words, which he with reaſon red;
And alſo of the place, whoſe pleaſures rare
With ſuch regard his ſences rauiſhed,
That thence, he had no will away to fare,
But wiſht, that with that ſhepheard he mote dwelling (ſhare.

But that enuenimd ſting, the which of yore,
His poyſnous point deepe fixed in his hart
Had left, now gan afreſh to rancle ſore,
And to renue the rigour of his ſmart:
Whch to recure, no skill of Leaches art
Mote him auaile, but to returne againe
To his wounds worker, that with louely dart
Dinting his breſt, had bred his reſtleſſe paine,
Like as the wounded Whale to ſhore flies frō the maine.

So taking leaue of that ſame gentle ſwaine,
He backe returned to his ruſticke wonne,
Where his faire *Paſtorella* did remaine:
To whome in ſort, as he at firſt begonne,
He daily did apply him ſelfe to donne,
All dewfull ſeruice voide of thoughts impare
Ne any paines ne perill did he ſhonne,
By which he might her to his loue allure,
And liking in her yet vntamed heart procure.

And euermore the ſhepheard *Coridon*,
What euer thing he did her to aggrate,
Did ſtriue to match with ſtrong contention,
And all his paines did cloſely emulate;

Whether

Whether it were to caroll, as they sate
Keeping their sheepe, or games to exercize,
Or to present her with their labours late;
Through which if any grace chaunst to arize
To him, the Shepheard streight with iealousie did frize.

One day as they all three together went
To the greene wood, to gather strawberies,
There chaunst to them a dangerous accident;
A Tigre forth out of the wood did rise,
That with fell clawes full of fierce gourmandize,
And greedy mouth, wide gaping like hell gate,
Did runne at *Pastorell* her to surprize:
Whom she beholding, now all desolate
Gan cry to them aloud, to helpe her all too late.

Which *Coridon* first hearing, ran in hast
To reskue her, but when he saw the feend,
Through cowherd feare he fled away as fast,
Ne durst abide the daunger of the end;
His life he steemed dearer then his frend.
But *Calidore* soone comming to her ayde,
When he the beast saw ready now to rend
His loues deare spoile, in which his heart was prayde,
He ran at him enraged in stead of being frayde.

He had no weapon, but his shepheards hooke,
To serue the vengeaunce of his wrathfull will,
With which so sternely he the monster strooke,
That to the ground astonished he fell;
Whence ere he could recour, he did him quell,
And hewing off his head, it presented
Before the feete of the faire *Pastorell*;
Who scarcely yet from former feare exempted,
A thousand times him thankt, that had her death preuen-ted.

From that day forth she gan him to affect,
And daily more her fauour to augment;
But *Coridon* for cowherdize reiect,
Fit to keepe sheepe, vnfit for loues content:
The gentle heart scornes base disparagement.
Yet *Calidore* did not despise him quight,
But vsde him friendly for further intent,
That by his fellowship, he colour might
Both his estate, and loue from skill of any wight.

So well he wood her, and so well he wrought her,
With humble seruice, and with daily sute,
That at the last vnto his will he brought her;
Which he so wisely well did prosecute,
That of his loue he reapt the timely frute,
And ioyed long in close felicity:
Till fortune fraught with malice, blinde, and brute,
That enuies louers long prosperity,
Blew vp a bitter storme of foule aduersity.

It fortuned one day, when *Calidore*
Was hunting in the woods (as was his trade)
A lawlesse people, *Brigants* hight of yore,
That neuer vsde to liue by plough nor spade,
But fed on spoile and booty, which they made
Vpon their neighbours, which did nigh them border,
The dwelling of these shepheards did inuade,
And spoyld their houses, and them selues did murder;
And droue away their flocks, with other much disorder.

Amongst the rest, the which they then did pray,
They spoyld old *Melibee* of all he had,
And all his people captiue led away,
Mongst which this luckless mayd away was lad,

Faire

Faire *Paſtorella*, ſorrowfull and ſad,
Moſt ſorrowfull, moſt ſad, that euer ſight,
Now made the ſpoile of theeues and *Brigants* bad,
Which was the conqueſt of the gentleſt Knight,
That euer liu'd, and th'onely glory of his might.

With them alſo was taken *Coridon*,
And carried captiue by thoſe theeues away;
Who in the couert of the night, that none
Mote them deſcry, nor reskue from their pray,
Vnto their dwelling did them cloſe conuay.
Their dwelling in a little Iſland was,
Couered with ſhrubby woods, in which no way
Appeard for people in nor out to pas,
Nor any footing fynde for ouergrowen gras.

For vnderneath the ground their way was made,
Through hollow caues, that no man mote diſcouer
For the thicke ſhrubs, which did them alwaies ſhade
From view of liuing wight, and couered ouer:
But darkeneſſe dred and daily night did houer
Through all the inner parts, wherein they dwelt.
Ne lightned was with window, nor with louer,
But with continuall candlelight, which delt
A doubtfull ſenſe of things, not ſo well ſeene, as felt.

Hither thoſe *Brigants* brought their preſent pray,
And kept them with continuall watch and ward,
Meaning ſo ſoone, as they conuenient may,
For ſlaues to ſell them, for no ſmall reward,
To merchants, which them kept in bondage hard,
Or ſold againe. Now when faire *Paſtorell*
Into this place was brought, and kept with gard
Of grieſly theeues, ſhe thought her ſelf in hell, (dwell.
Where with ſuch damned fiends ſhe ſhould in darkneſſe

But for to tell the dolefull dreriment,
And pittifull complaints, which there she made,
Where day and night she nought did but lament
Her wretched life, shut vp in deadly shade,
And waste her goodly beauty, which did fade
Like to a flowre, that feeles no heate of sunne,
Which may her feeble leaues with comfort glade.
But what befell her in that theeuish wonne,
Will in an other Canto better be begonne.

Cant. XI.

The theeues fall out for Pastorell,
While Melibee is slaine:
Her Calidore from them redeemes,
And bringeth backe againe.

THe ioyes of loue, if they should euer last,
Without affliction or disquietnesse,
That worldly chaunces doe amongst them cast,
Would be on earth too great a blessednesse,
Liker to heauen, then mortall wretchednesse.
Therefore the winged God, to let men weet,
That here on earth is no sure happinesse,
A thousand sowres hath tempred with one sweet,
To make it seeme more deare and dainty, as is meet.

Like as is now befalne to this faire Mayd,
Faire *Pastorell*, of whom is now my song,
Who being now in dreadfull darknesse layd,
Amongst those theeues, which her in bondage strong
Detaynd,

Detaynd, yet Fortune not with all this wrong
Contented, greater miſchiefe on her threw,
And ſorrowes heapt on her in greater throng;
That who ſo heares her heauineſſe, would rew
And pitty her ſad plight, ſo chang'd from pleaſaunt hew.

Whyleſt thus ſhe in theſe helliſh dens remayned,
Wrapped in wretched cares and hearts vnreſt,
It ſo befell (as Fortune had ordayned)
That he, which was their Capitaine profeſt,
And had the chiefe commaund of all the reſt,
One day as he did all his priſoners vew,
With luſtfull eyes, beheld that louely gueſt,
Faire *Paſtorella*, whoſe ſad mournefull hew
Like the faire Morning clad in miſty fog did ſhew.

At ſight whereof his barbarous heart was fired,
And inly burnt with flames moſt raging whot,
That her alone he for his part deſired
Of all the other pray, which they had got,
And her in mynde did to him ſelfe allot.
From that day forth he kyndneſſe to her ſhowed,
And ſought her loue, by all the meanes he mote;
With looks, with words, with gifts he oft her wowed:
And mixed threats among, and much vnto her vowed.

But all that euer he could doe or ſay,
Her conſtant mynd could not a whit remoue,
Nor draw vnto the lure of his lewd lay,
To graunt him fauour, or afford him loue.
Yet ceaſt he not to ſew and all waies proue,
By which he mote accompliſh his requeſt,
Saying and doing all that mote behoue;
Ne day nor night he ſuffred her to reſt,
But her all night did watch, and all the day moleſt.

At laſt when him ſhe ſo importune ſaw,
Fearing leaſt he at length the raines would lend
Vnto his luſt, and make his will his law,
Sith in his powre ſhe was to foe or frend,
She thought it beſt, for ſhadow to pretend
Some ſhew of fauour, by him gracing ſmall,
That ſhe thereby mote either freely wend,
Or at more eaſe continue there his thrall:
A little well is lent, that gaineth more withall.

So from thenceforth, when loue he to her made,
With better tearmes ſhe did him entertaine,
Which gaue him hope, and did him halfe perſwade,
That he in time her ioyaunce ſhould obtaine.
But when ſhe ſaw, through that ſmall fauours gaine,
That further, then ſhe willing was, he preſt,
She found no meanes to barre him, but to faine
A ſodaine ſickeneſſe, which her ſore oppreſt,
And made vnfit to ſerue his lawleſſe mindes beheſt.

By meanes whereof ſhe would not him permit
Once to approch to her in priuity,
But onely mongſt the reſt by her to ſit,
Mourning the rigour of her malady,
And ſeeking all things meete for remedy.
But ſhe reſolu'd no remedy to fynde,
Nor better cheare to ſhew in miſery,
Till Fortune would her captiue bonds vnbynde,
Her ſickeneſſe was not of the body but the mynde.

During which ſpace that ſhe thus ſicke did lie,
It chaunſt a ſort of merchants, which were wount
To skim thoſe coaſtes, for bondmen there to buy,
And by ſuch trafficke after gaines to hunt,

Arriued

Arriued in this Isle though bare and blunt,
T'inquire for slaues; where being readie met
By some of these same theeues at the instant brunt,
Were brought vnto their Captaine, who was set
By his faire patients side with sorrowfull regret.

To whom they shewed, how those marchants were
Arriu'd in place, their bondslaues for to buy,
And therefore prayd, that those same captiues there
Mote to them for their most commodity
Be sold, and mongst them shared equally.
This their request the Captaine much appalled;
Yet could he not their iust demaund deny,
And willed streight the slaues should forth be called,
And sold for most aduantage not to be forstalled.

Then forth the good old *Melibœ* was brought,
And *Coridon*, with many other moe,
Whom they before in diuerse spoyles had caught:
All which he to the marchants sale did showe.
Till some, which did the sundry prisoners knowe,
Gan to inquire for that faire shepherdesse,
Which with the rest they tooke not long agoe,
And gan her forme and feature to expresse,
The more t'augment her price, through praise of comlinesse.

To whom the Captaine in full angry wize
Made answere, that the Mayd of whom they spake,
Was his owne purchase and his onely prize,
With which none had to doe, ne ought partake,
But he himselfe, which did that conquest make;
Litle for him to haue one silly lasse:
Besides through sickneſse now so wan and weake,
That nothing meet in marchandise to passe.
So shew'd them her, to proue how pale & weake she was.

The ſight of whom, though now decayd and mard,
And eke but hardly ſeene by candle-light,
Yet like a Diamond of rich regard,
In doubtfull ſhadow of the darkeſome night,
With ſtarrie beames about her ſhining bright,
Theſe marchants fixed eyes did ſo amaze,
That what through wonder, & what through delight,
A while on her they greedily did gaze,
And did her greatly like, and did her greatly praize.

At laſt when all the reſt them offred were,
And priſes to them placed at their pleaſure,
They all refuſed in regard of her,
Ne ought would buy, how euer priſd with meaſure,
Withouten her, whoſe worth aboue all threaſure
They did eſteeme, and offred ſtore of gold.
But then the Captaine fraught with more diſpleaſure,
Bad them be ſtill, his loue ſhould not be ſold:
The reſt take if they would, he her to him would hold.

Therewith ſome other of the chiefeſt theeues
Boldly him bad ſuch iniurie forbeare;
For that ſame mayd, how euer it him greeues,
Should with the reſt be ſold before him theare,
To make the priſes of the reſt more deare.
That with great rage he ſtoutly doth denay;
And fiercely drawing forth his blade, doth ſweare,
That who ſo hardie hand on her doth lay,
It dearely ſhall aby, and death for handſell pay.

Thus as they words amongſt them multiply,
They fall to ſtrokes, the frute of too much talke,
And the mad ſteele about doth fiercely fly,
Not ſparing wight, ne leauing any balke,

But

But making way for death at large to walke:
Who in the horror of the griesly night,
In thousand dreadful shapes doth mongst them stalke,
And makes huge hauocke, whiles the candlelight
Out quenched, leaues no skill nor difference of wight.

Like as a sort of hungry dogs ymet
About some carcase by the common way,
Doe fall together, stryuing each to get
The greatest portion of the greedie pray;
All on confused heapes themselues assay,
And snatch, and byte, and rend, and tug, and teare;
That who them sees, would wonder at their fray,
And who sees not, would be affrayd to heare.
Such was the conflict of those cruell *Brigants* there.

But first of all, their captiues they doe kill,
Least they should ioyne against the weaker side,
Or rise against the remnant at their will;
Old *Melibœ* is slaine, and him beside
His aged wife, with many others wide,
But *Coridon* escaping craftily,
Creepes forth of dores, whilst darknes him doth hide,
And flyes away as fast as he can hye,
Ne stayeth leaue to take, before his friends doe dye.

But *Pastorella*, wofull wretched Elfe,
Was by the Captaine all this while defended,
Who minding more her safety then himselfe,
His target alwayes ouer her pretended;
By meanes whereof, that mote not be amended,
He at the length was slaine, and layd on ground,
Yet holding fast twixt both his armes extended
Fayre *Pastorell*, who with the selfe same wound
Launcht through the arme, fell down with him in drerie swound.

There lay she couered with confused preasse
Of carcases, which dying on her fell.
Tho when as he was dead, the fray gan ceasse,
And each to other calling, did compell
To stay their cruell hands from slaughter fell,
Sith they that were the cause of all, were gone.
Thereto they all attonce agreed well,
And lighting candles new, gan search anone,
How many of their friends were slaine, how many sone.

Their Captaine there they cruelly found kild,
And in his armes the dreary dying mayd,
Like a sweet Angell twixt two clouds vphild:
Her louely light was dimmed and decayd,
With cloud of death vpon her eyes displayd;
Yet did the cloud make euen that dimmed light
Seeme much more louely in that darknesse layd,
And twixt the twinckling of her eye-lids bright,
To sparke out litle beames, like starres in foggie night.

But when they mou'd the carcases aside,
They found that life did yet in her remaine:
Then all their helpes they busily applyde,
To call the soule backe to her home againe;
And wrought so well with labour and long paine,
That they to life recouered her at last.
Who sighing sore, as if her hart in twaine
Had riuen bene, and all her hart strings brast,
With drearie drouping eyne lookt vp like one aghast.

There she beheld, that sore her grieu'd to see,
Her father and her friends about her lying,
Her selfe sole left, a second spoyle to bee
Of those, that hauing saued her from dying,

Renew'd

Renew'd her death by timely death denying:
What now is left her, but to wayle and weepe,
Wringing her hands, and ruefully loud crying?
Ne cared she her wound in teares to steepe,
Albe with all their might those *Brigants* her did keepe.

But when they saw her now reliu'd againe,
They left her so, in charge of one the best
Of many worst, who with vnkind disdaine
And cruell rigour her did much molest;
Scarse yeelding her due food, or timely rest,
And scarsely suffring her infestred wound,
That sore her payn'd, by any to be drest.
So leaue we her in wretched thraldome bound,
And turne we backe to *Calidore*, where we him found.

Who when he backe returned from the wood,
And saw his shepheards cottage spoyled quight,
And his loue reft away, he wexed wood,
And halfe enraged at that ruefull sight,
That euen his hart for very fell despight,
And his owne flesh he readie was to teare,
He chaust, he grieu'd, he fretted, and he sight,
And fared like a furious wyld Beare,
Whose whelpes are stolne away, she being otherwhere.

Ne wight he found, to whom he might complaine,
Ne wight he found, of whom he might inquire;
That more increast the anguish of his paine.
He sought the woods; but no man could see there,
He sought the plaines; but could no tydings heare.
The woods did nought but ecchoes vaine rebound;
The playnes all waste and emptie did appeare:
Where wont the shepheards oft their pypes resound,
And feed an hundred flocks, there now not one he found.

At last as there he romed vp and downe,
He chaunst one comming towards him to spy,
That seem'd to be some sorie simple clowne,
With ragged weedes, and lockes vpstaring hye,
As if he did from some late daunger fly,
And yet his feare did follow him behynd:
Who as he vnto him approched nye,
He mote perceiue by signes, which he did fynd,
That *Coridon* it was, the silly shepherds hynd.

Tho to him running fast, he did not stay
To greet him first, but askt where were the rest;
Where *Pastorell*? who full of fresh dismay,
And gushing forth in teares, was so oppresst,
That he no word could speake, but smit his brest,
And vp to heauen his eyes fast streming threw.
Whereat the knight amaz'd, yet did not rest,
But askt againe, what ment that rufull hew:
Where was his *Pastorell*? where all the other crew?

Ah well away (sayd he then sighing sore)
That euer I did liue, this day to see,
This dismall day, and was not dead before,
Before I saw faire *Pastorella* dye.
Die? out alas then *Calidore* did cry:
How could the death dare euer her to quell?
But read thou shepheard, read what destiny,
Or other dyrefull hap from heauen or hell
Hath wrought this wicked deed, doe feare away, and tell.

Tho when the shepheard breathed had a whyle,
He thus began: where shall I then commence
This wofull tale? or how those *Brigants* vyle,
With cruell rage and dreadfull violence

Spoyld

Spoyld all our cots, and caried vs from hence?
Or how faire *Pastorell* should haue bene sold
To marchants, but was sau'd with strong defence?
Or how those theeues, whilest one sought her to hold,
Fell all at ods, and fought through fury fierce and bold.

In that same conflict (woe is me) befell
This fatall chaunce, this dolefull accident,
Whose heauy tydings now I haue to tell.
First all the captiues, which they here had hent,
Were by them slaine by generall consent;
Old *Melibæ* and his good wife withall
These eyes saw die, and dearely did lament:
But when the lot to *Pastorell* did fall,
Their Captaine long withstood, & did her death forstall,

But what could he gainst all them doe alone:
It could not boot; needs mote she die at last:
I onely scapt through great confusione
Of cryes and clamors, which amongst them past,
In dreadfull darknesse dreadfully aghast;
That better were with them to haue bene dead,
Then here to see all desolate and wast,
Despoyled of those ioyes and iolly head,
Which with those gentle shepherds here I wont to lead.

When *Calidore* these ruefull newes had raught,
His hart quite deaded was with anguish great,
And all his wits with doole were nigh distraught,
That he his face, his head, his brest did beat,
And death it selfe vnto himselfe did threat,
Oft cursing th'heauens, that so cruell were
To her, whose name he often did repeat;
And wishing oft, that he were present there,
When she was slaine, or had bene to her succour nere.

But after griefe awhile had had his course,
And spent it selfe in mourning, he at last
Began to mitigate his swelling sourse,
And in his mind with better reason cast,
How he might saue her life, if life did last;
Or if that dead, how he her death might wreake,
Sith otherwise he could not mend thing past;
Or if it to reuenge he were too weake,
Then for to die with her, and his liues threed to breake.

Tho *Coridon* he prayd, sith he well knew
The readie way vnto that theeuish wonne,
To wend with him, and be his conduct trew
Vnto the place, to see what should be donne.
But he, whose hart through feare was late fordonne,
Would not for ought be drawne to former drede,
But by all meanes the daunger knowne did shonne:
Yet *Calidore* so well him wrought with meed,
And faire bespoke with words, that he at last agreed.

So forth they goe together (God before)
Both clad in shepheards weeds agreeably,
And both with shepheards hookes: But *Calidore*
Had vnderneath, him armed priuily.
Tho to the place when they approched nye,
They chaunst, vpon an hill not farre away,
Some flockes of sheepe and shepheards to espy;
To whom they both agreed to take their way,
In hope there newes to learne, how they mote best assay.

There did they find, that which they did not feare,
The selfe same flocks, the which those theeues had reft
From *Melibœ* and from themseles whyleare,
And certaine of the theeues there by them left,

The which for want of heards themſelues then kept.
Right well knew *Coridon* his owne late ſheepe,
And ſeeing them, for tender pittie wept:
But when he ſaw the theeues, which did them keepe
His hart gan fayle, albe he ſaw them all aſleepe.

But *Calidore* recomforting his griefe,
Though not his feare: for nought may feare diſſwade;
Him hardly forward drew, whereas the thiefe
Lay ſleeping ſoundly in the buſhes ſhade,
Whom *Coridon* him counſeld to inuade
Now all vnwares, and take the ſpoyle away;
But he, that in his mind had cloſely made
A further purpoſe, would not ſo them ſlay,
But gently waking them, gaue them the time of day.

Tho ſitting downe by them vpon the greene,
Of ſundrie things he purpoſe gan to faine;
That he by them might certaine tydings weene
Of *Paſtorell*, were ſhe aliue or ſlaine.
Mongſt which the theeues them queſtioned againe,
What miſter men, and eke from whence they were.
To whom they anſwer'd, as did appertaine,
That they were poore heardgroomes, the which why-
Had frō their maiſters fled, & now ſought hyre elſwhere. (lere

Whereof right glad they ſeem'd, and offer made
To hyre them well, if they their flockes would keepe:
For they themſelues were euill groomes, they ſayd,
Vnwont with heards to watch, or paſture ſheepe,
But to forray the land, or ſcoure the deepe.
Thereto they ſoone agreed, and earneſt tooke,
To keepe their flockes for litle hyre and chepe:
For they for better hyre did ſhortly looke,
So there all day they bode, till light the sky forſooke.

Tho when as towards darkſome night it drew,
Vnto their helliſh dens thoſe theeues them brought,
Where ſhortly they in great acquaintance grew,
And all the ſecrets of their entrayles ſought.
There did they find, contrarie to their thought,
That *Paſtorell* yet liu'd, but all the reſt
Were dead, right ſo as *Coridon* had taught:
Whereof they both full glad and blyth did reſt,
But chiefly *Calidore*, whom griefe had moſt poſſeſt.

At length when they occaſion fitteſt found,
In dead of night, when all the theeues did reſt
After a late forray, and ſlept full ſound,
Sir *Calidore* him arm'd, as he thought beſt,
Hauing of late by diligent inqueſt,
Prouided him a ſword of meaneſt ſort:
With which he ſtreight went to the Captaines neſt,
But *Coridon* durſt not with him conſort,
Ne durſt abide behind, for dread of worſe effort.

When to the Caue they came, they found it faſt:
But *Calidore* with huge reſiſtleſſe might,
The dores aſſayled, and the locks vpbraſt.
With noyſe whereof the theefe awaking light,
Vnto the entrance ran: where the bold knight
Encountring him with ſmall reſiſtance ſlew;
The whiles faire *Paſtorell* through great affright
Was almoſt dead, miſdoubting leaſt of new
Some vprore were like that, which lately ſhe did vew.

But when as *Calidore* was comen in,
And gan aloud for *Paſtorell* to call,
Knowing his voice although not heard long ſin,
She ſudden was reuiued therewithall,

And

And wondrous ioy felt in her ſpirits thrall:
Like him that being long in tempeſt toſt,
Looking each houre into deathes mouth to fall,
At length eſpyes at hand the happie coſt,
On which he ſafety hopes, that earſt feard to be loſt.

Her gentle hart, that now long ſeaſon paſt
Had neuer ioyance felt, nor chearefull thought,
Began ſome ſmacke of comfort new to taſt,
Like lyfull heat to nummed ſenſes brought,
And life to feele, that long for death had ſought;
Ne leſſe in hart reioyced *Calidore*,
When he her found, but like to one diſtraught
And robd of reaſon, towards her him bore,
A thouſand times embraſt, and kiſt a thouſand more.

But now by this, with noyſe of late vprore,
The hue and cry was rayſed all about;
And all the *Brigants* flocking in great ſtore,
Vnto the caue gan preaſſe, nought hauing dout
Of that was doen, and entred in a rout.
But *Calidore* in th'entry cloſe did ſtand,
And entertayning them with courage ſtout,
Still ſlew the formoſt, that came firſt to hand,
So long till all the entry was with bodies mand.

Tho when no more could nigh to him approch,
He breath'd his ſword, and reſted him till day:
Which when he ſpyde vpon the earth t'encroch,
Through the dead carcaſes he made his way,
Mongſt which he found a ſword of better ſay,
With which he forth went into th'open light:
Where all the reſt for him did readie ſtay,
And fierce aſſayling him, with all their might
Gan all vpon him lay: there gan a dreadfull fight.

How many flyes in whotteſt ſommers day
Do ſeize vpon ſome beaſt, whoſe fleſh is bare,
That all the place with ſwarmes do ouerlay,
And with their litle ſtings right felly fare;
So many theeues about him ſwarming are,
All which do him aſſayle on euery ſide,
And ſore oppreſſe, ne any him doth ſpare:
But he doth with his raging brond diuide
Their thickeſt troups, & round about him ſcattreth wide.

Like as a Lion mongſt an heard of dere,
Diſperſeth them to catch his choyſeſt pray;
So did he fly amongſt them here and there,
And all that nere him came, did hew and ſlay,
Till he had ſtrowd with bodies all the way;
That none his daunger daring to abide,
Fled from his wrath, and did themſelues conuay
Into their caues, their heads from death to hide,
Ne any left, that victorie to him enuide.

Then backe returning to his deareſt deare,
He her gan to recomfort, all he might,
With gladfull ſpeaches, and with louely cheare,
And forth her bringing to the ioyous light,
Whereof ſhe long had lackt the wiſhfull ſight,
Deuiz'd all goodly meanes, from her to driue
The ſad remembrance of her wretched plight.
So her vneath at laſt he did reuiue,
That long had lyen dead, and made againe aliue.

This doen, into thoſe theeuiſh dens he went,
And thence did all the ſpoyles and threaſures take,
Which they from many long had robd and rent,
But fortune now the victors meed did make;

Of

Of which the beſt he did his loue betake;
And alſo all thoſe flockes, which they before
Had reft from *Melibæ* and from his make,
He did them all to *Coridon* reſtore.
So droue them all away, and his loue with him bore.

Cant. XII.

Fayre Paſtorella by great hap
her parents vnderſtands,
Calidorè doth the Blatant beaſt
ſubdew, and bynd in bands.

LIke as a ſhip, that through the Ocean wyde
Directs her courſe vnto one certaine coſt,
Is met of many a counter winde and tyde,
With which her winged ſpeed is let and croſt,
And ſhe her ſelfe in ſtormie ſurges toſt;
Yet making many a borde, and many a bay,
Still winneth way, ne hath her compaſſe loſt:
Right ſo it fares with me in this long way,
Whoſe courſe is often ſtayd, yet neuer is aſtray.

For all that hetherto hath long delayd
This gentle knight, from ſewing his firſt queſt,
Though out of courſe, yet hath not bene miſ-ſayd,
To ſhew the courteſie by him profeſt,
Euen vnto the loweſt and the leaſt.
But now I come into my courſe againe,
To his atchieuement of the *Blatant beaſt*;
Who all this while at will did range and raine,
Whilſt none was him to ſtop, nor none him to reſtraine.

Sir *Calidore* when thus he now had raught
Faire *Paſtorella* from thoſe *Brigants* powre,
Vnto the Caſtle of *Belgard* her brought,
Whereof was Lord the good Sir *Bellamoure*;
Who whylome was in his youthes freſheſt flowre
A luſtie knight, as euer wielded ſpeare,
And had endured many a dreadfull ſtoure
In bloudy battell for a Ladie deare,
The fayreſt Ladie then of all that liuing were.

Her name was *Claribell*, whoſe father hight
The Lord of *Many Ilands*, farre renound
For his great riches and his greater might.
He through the wealth, wherein he did abound,
This daughter thought in wedlocke to haue bound
Vnto the Prince of *Pictland* bordering nere,
But ſhe whoſe ſides before with ſecret wound
Of loue to *Bellamoure* empierced were,
By all meanes ſhund to match with any forrein fere.

And *Bellamour* againe ſo well her pleaſed,
With dayly ſeruice and attendance dew,
That of her loue he was entyrely ſeized,
And cloſely did her wed, but knowne to few.
Which when her father vnderſtood, he grew
In ſo great rage, that them in dongeon deepe
Without compaſſion cruelly he threw;
Yet did ſo ſtreightly them a ſunder keepe,
That neither could to company of th'other creepe.

Nathleſſe Sir *Bellamour*, whether through grace
Or ſecret guifts ſo with his keepers wrought,
That to his loue ſometimes he came in place,
Whereof her wombe vnwiſt to wight was fraught;

And

And in dew time a mayden child forth brought,
Which ſhe ſtreight way for dread leaſt, if her ſyre
Should know thereof, to ſlay he would haue ſought,
Deliuered to her handmayd, that for hyre
She ſhould it cauſe be foſtred vnder ſtraunge attyre.

The truſtie damzell bearing it abrode
Into the emptie fields, where liuing wight
Mote not bewray the ſecret of her lode,
She forth gan lay vnto the open light
The litle babe, to take thereof a ſight.
Whom whyleſt ſhe did with watrie eyne behold,
Vpon the litle breſt like chriſtall bright,
She mote perceiue a litle purple mold,
That like a roſe her ſilken leaues did faire vnfold.

Well ſhe it markt, and pittied the more,
Yet could not remedie her wretched caſe,
But cloſing it againe like as before,
Bedeaw'd with teares there left it in the place:
Yet left not quite, but drew a litle ſpace
Behind the buſhes, where ſhe her did hyde,
To weet what mortall hand, or heauens grace
Would for the wretched infants helpe prouyde,
For which it loudly cald, and pittifully cryde.

At length a Shepheard, which there by did keepe
His fleecie flocke vpon the playnes around,
Led with the infants cry, that loud did weepe,
Came to the place, where when he wrapped found
Th'abandond ſpoyle, he ſoftly it vnbound;
And ſeeing there, that did him pittie ſore,
He tooke it vp, and in his mantle wound;
So home vnto his honeſt wife it bore,
Who as her owne it nurſt, and named euermore.

Thus long continu'd *Claribell* a thrall,
And *Bellamour* in bands, till that her syre
Departed life, and left vnto them all.
Then all the stormes of fortunes former yre
Were turnd, and they to freedome did retyre.
Thenceforth they ioy'd in happinesse together,
And liued long in peace and loue entyre,
Without disquiet or dislike of ether,
Till time that *Calidore* brought *Pastorella* thether.

Both whom they goodly well did entertaine;
For *Bellamour* knew *Calidore* right well,
And loued for his prowesse, sith they twaine
Long since had fought in field. Als *Claribell*
No lesse did tender the faire *Pastorell*,
Seeing her weake and wan, through durance long.
There they a while together thus did dwell
In much delight, and many ioyes among,
Vntill the damzell gan to wex more sound and strong.

Tho gan Sir *Calidore* him to aduize
Of his first quest; which he had long forlore,
Asham'd to thinke, how he that enterprize,
The which the Faery Queene had long afore
Bequeath'd to him, forslacked had so sore;
That much he feared, least reprochfull blame
With foule dishonour him mote blot therefore;
Besides the losse of so much loos and fame,
As through the world thereby should glorifie his name.

Therefore resoluing to returne in hast
Vnto so great atchieuement, he bethought
To leaue his loue, now perill being past,
With *Claribell*, whylest he that monster sought

Through-

Troughout the world, and to destruction brought.
So taking leaue of his faire *Pastorell*,
Whom to recomfort, all the meanes he wrought,
With thanks to *Bellamour* and *Claribell*,
He went forth on his quest, and did, that him befell.

But first, ere I doe his aduentures tell,
In this exploite, me needeth to declare,
What did betide to the faire *Pastorell*,
During his absence left in heauy care,
Through daily mourning, and nightly misfare:
Yet did that auncient matrone all she might,
To cherish her with all things choice and rare;
And her owne handmayd, that *Melissa* hight,
Appointed to attend her dewly day and night.

Who in a morning, when this Mayden faire
Was dighting her, hauing her snowy brest
As yet not laced, nor her golden haire
Into their comely tresses dewly drest,
Chaunst to espy vpon her yuory chest
The rosie marke, which she remembred well
That litle Infant had, which forth she kest,
The daughter of her Lady *Claribell*,
The which she bore, the whiles in prison she did dwell.

Which well auizing, streight she gan to cast
In her conceiptfull mynd, that this faire Mayd
Was that same infant, which so long sith past
She in the open fields had loosely layd
To fortunes spoile, vnable it to ayd.
So full of ioy, streight forth she ran in hast
Vnto her mistresse, being halfe dismayd,
To tell her, how the heauens had her graste, (plaste.
To saue her chylde, which in misfortunes mouth was

The ſober mother ſeeing ſuch her mood,
Yet knowing not, what meant that ſodaine thro,
Askt her, how mote her words be vnderſtood,
And what the matter was, that mou'd her ſo.
My liefe (ſayd ſhe) ye know, that long ygo,
Whileſt ye in durance dwelt, ye to me gaue
A little mayde, the which ye chylded tho;
The ſame againe if now ye liſt to haue,
The ſame is yonder Lady, whom high God did ſaue.

Much was the Lady troubled at that ſpeach,
And gan to queſtion ſtreight how ſhe it knew.
Moſt certaine markes, (ſayd ſhe) do me it teach,
For on her breſt I with theſe eyes did vew
The litle purple roſe, which thereon grew,
Whereof her name ye then to her did giue.
Beſides her countenaunce, and her likely hew,
Matched with equall yeares, do ſurely prieue
That yond ſame is your daughter ſure, which yet doth liue

The matrone ſtayd no lenger to enquire,
But forth in haſt ran to the ſtraunger Mayd;
Whom catching greedily for great deſire,
Rent vp her breſt, and boſome open layd,
In which that roſe ſhe plainely ſaw diſplayd.
Then her embracing twixt her armes twaine,
She long ſo held, and ſoftly weeping ſayd;
And liueſt thou my daughter now againe?
And art thou yet aliue, whom dead I long did faine.

Tho further asking her of ſundry things,
And times comparing with their accidents,
She found at laſt by very certaine ſignes,
And ſpeaking markes of paſſed monuments,
That this young Mayd, whom chance to her preſents

Is her owne daughter, her owne infant deare.
Tho wondring long at those so straunge euents,
A thousand times she her embraced nere,
With many a ioyfull kisse, and many a melting teare.

Who euer is the mother of one chylde,
Which hauing thought long dead, she fyndes aliue,
Let her by proofe of that, which she hath fylde
In her owne breast, this mothers ioy descriue:
For other none such passion can contriue
In perfect forme, as this good Lady felt,
When she so faire a daughter saw suruiue,
As *Pastorella* was, that nigh she swelt
For passing ioy, which did all into pitty melt.

Thence running forth vnto her loued Lord,
She vnto him recounted all that fell:
Who ioyning ioy with her in one accord,
Acknowledg'd for his owne faire *Pastorell*.
There leaue we them in ioy, and let vs tell
Of *Calidore*, who seeking all this while
That monstrous Beast by finall force to quell,
Through euery place, with restlesse paine and toile
Him follow'd, by the tract of his outragious spoile.

Through all estates he found that he had past,
In which he many massacres had left,
And to the Clergy now was come at last;
In which such spoile, such hauocke, and such theft
He wrought, that thence all goodnesse he bereft,
That endlesse were to tell. The Elfin Knight,
Who now no place besides vnsought had left,
At length into a Monastere did light,
Where he him foūd despoyling all with maine & might.

Into their cloysters now he broken had,
Through which the Monckes he chaced here & there,

And them purſu'd into their dortours ſad,
And ſearched all their cels and ſecrets neare;
In which what filth and ordure did appeare,
Were yrkeſome to report; yet that foule Beaſt
Nought ſparing them, the more did toſſe and teare,
And ranſacke all their dennes from moſt to leaſt,
Regarding nought religion, nor their holy heaſt.

From thence into the ſacred Church he broke,
And robd the Chancell, and the deskes downe threw,
And Altars fouled, and blaſphemy ſpoke,
And th'Images for all their goodly hew,
Did caſt to ground, whileſt none was them to rew;
So all confounded and diſordered there.
But ſeeing *Calidore*, away he flew,
Knowing his fatall hand by former feare;
But he him faſt purſuing, ſoone approched neare.

Him in a narrow place he ouertooke,
And fierce aſſailing forſt him turne againe:
Sternely he turnd againe, when he him ſtrooke
With his ſharpe ſteele, and ran at him amaine
With open mouth, that ſeemed to containe
A full good pecke within the vtmoſt brim,
All ſet with yron teeth in raunges twaine,
That terrifide his foes, and armed him,
Appearing like the mouth of *Orcus* grieſly grim.

And therein were a thouſand tongs empight,
Of ſundry kindes, and ſundry quality,
Some were of dogs, that barked day and night,
And ſome of cats, that wrawling ſtill did cry.
And ſome of Beares, that groynd continually,
And ſome of Tygres, that did ſeeme to gren,
And snar at all, that euer paſſed by:

But most of them were tongues of mortall men,
Which spake reprochfully, not caring where nor when.

And them amongst were mingled here and there,
The tongues of Serpents with three forked stings,
That spat out poyson and gore bloudy gere
At all, that came within his rauenings,
And spake licentious words, and hatefull things
Of good and bad alike, of low and hie;
Ne Kesars spared he a whit, nor Kings,
But either blotted them with infamie,
Or bit them with his banefull teeth of iniury.

But *Calidore* thereof no whit afrayd,
Rencountred him with so impetuous might,
That th'outrage of his violence he stayd,
And bet abacke, threatning in vaine to bite,
And spitting forth the poyson of his spight,
That fomed all about his bloody iawes.
Tho rearing vp his former feete on hight,
He rampt vpon him with his rauenous pawes,
As if he would haue rent him with his cruell clawes.

But he right well aware, his rage to ward,
Did cast his shield atweene, and therewithall
Putting his puissaunce forth, pursu'd so hard,
That backeward he enforced him to fall,
And being downe, ere he new helpe could call,
His shield he on him threw, and fast downe held,
Like as a bullocke, that in bloudy stall
Of butchers balefull hand to ground is feld,
Is forcibly kept downe, till he be throughly queld.

Full cruelly the Beast did rage and rore,
To be downe held, and maystred so with might,

That he gan fret and fome out bloudy gore,
Striuing in vaine to rere him ſelfe vpright.
For ſtill the more he ſtroue, the more the Knight
Did him ſuppreſſe, and forcibly ſubdew;
That made him almoſt mad for fell deſpight.
He grind, hee bit, he ſcratcht, he venim threw,
And fared like a feend, right horrible in hew.

Or like the hell-borne *Hydra*, which they faine
That great *Alcides* whilome ouerthrew,
After that he had labourd long in vaine,
To crop his thouſand heads, the which ſtill new
Forth budded, and in greater number grew.
Such was the fury of this helliſh Beaſt,
Whileſt *Calidore* him vnder him downe threw;
Who nathemore his heauy load releaſt,
But aye the more he rag'd, the more his powre increaſt.

Tho when the Beaſt ſaw, he mote nought auaile,
By force, he gan his hundred tongues apply,
And ſharpely at him to reuile and raile,
With bitter termes of ſhamefull infamy;
Oft interlacing many a forged lie,
Whoſe like he neuer once did ſpeake, nor heare,
Nor euer thought thing ſo vnworthily:
Yet did he nought for all that him forbeare,
But ſtrained him ſo ſtreightly, that he chokt him neare.

At laſt when as he found his force to ſhrincke,
And rage to quaile, he tooke a muzzell ſtrong
Of ſureſt yron, made with many a lincke;
Therewith he mured vp his mouth along,
And therein ſhut vp his blaſphemous tong,
For neuer more defaming gentle Knight,
Or vnto louely Lady doing wrong:

And thereunto a great long chaine he tight,
With which he drew him forth, euē in his own despight.

Like as whylome that strong *Tirynthian* swaine,
Brought forth with him the dreadfull dog of hell,
Against his will fast bound in yron chaine,
And roring horribly, did him compell
To see the hatefull sunne, that he might tell
To griesly *Pluto*, what on earth was donne,
And to the other damned ghosts, which dwell
For aye in darkenesse, which day light doth shonne.
So led this Knight his captyue with like conquest wonne.

Yet greatly did the Beast repine at those
Straunge bands, whose like till then he neuer bore,
Ne euer any durst till then impose,
And chauffed inly, seeing now no more
Him liberty was left aloud to rore:
Yet durst he not draw backe; nor once withstand
The proued powre of noble *Calidore*,
But trembled vnderneath his mighty hand,
And like a fearefull dog him followed through the land.

Him through all Faery land he follow'd so,
As if he learned had obedience long,
That all the people where so he did go,
Out of their townes did round about him throng,
To see him leade that Beast in bondage strong,
And seeing it, much wondred at the sight;
And all such persons, as he earst did wrong,
Reioyced much to see his captiue plight, (Knight.
And much admyr'd the Beast, but more admyr'd the

Thus was this Monster by the maystring might
Of doughty *Calidore*, suppreſt and tamed,
That neuer more he mote endammadge wight
With his vile tongue, which many had defamed,

And many cauſeleſſe cauſed to be blamed:
So did he eeke long after this remaine,
Vntill that, whether wicked fate ſo framed,
Or fault of men, he broke his yron chaine,
And got into the world at liberty againe.

Thenceforth more miſchiefe and more ſcath he wrought
To mortall men, then he had done before;
Ne euer could by any more be brought
Into like bands, ne mayſtred any more:
Albe that long time after *Calidore*,
The good Sir *Pelleas* him tooke in hand,
And after him Sir *Lamoracke* of yore,
And all his brethren borne in Britaine land;
Yet none of them could euer bring him into band.

So now he raungeth through the world againe,
And rageth ſore in each degree and ſtate;
Ne any is, that may him now reſtraine,
He growen is ſo great and ſtrong of late,
Barking and biting all that him doe bate,
Albe they worthy blame, or cleare of crime:
Ne ſpareth he moſt learned wits to rate,
Ne ſpareth he the gentle Poets rime,
But rends without regard of perſon or of time.

Ne may this homely verſe, of many meaneſt,
H'ope to eſcape his venemous deſpite,
More then my former writs, all were they cleareſt
From blamefull blot, and free from all that wite,
With which ſome wicked tongues did it backebite,
And bring into a mighty Peres diſpleaſure,
That neuer ſo deſerued to endite.
Therfore do you my rimes keep better meaſure, (ſure.
And ſeeke to pleaſe, that now is counted wiſemens threa-

FINIS.